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# High Times

May '80

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**BEWARE  
OF THE  
MOTHMAN**

**Has He Come to Destroy Us?  
Was He Sent by the UFOs?  
Do You Believe Any of This?**  
(See p. 42, if you dare)

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HT 15



## 36 INTERVIEW: GEORGE CLINTON

by Glenn O'Brien

For the past 12 years George Clinton, aka Dr. Funkenstein, has been producing the baddest music the world has ever danced to. As impresario of a half dozen groups including Parliament, Funkadelic, Bootsy's Rubber Band and the Brides of Funkenstein, he has circled the globe with the funk a dozen times. He's given us such hits as "[I Just Wanna] Testify," "Tear the Roof Off Sucker," "Up for the Down Stroke," "Flashlight," "Bop Gun" and "One Nation Under a Groove." In a nutshell, George Clinton has made the world safe for funk. Contributing editor Glenn O'Brien talks to Clinton about why America is full of shit and whether white people got rhythm.



## 42 UFOs, MOTHMAN AND ME

by John A. Keel

John Keel is the author of the seminal *The Mothman Prophecies* and *The Eighth Tower*. While pounding the UFO beat for over 30 years he stumbled onto Mothman, a seven-foot flying monster with glowing red eyes and a ten-foot wingspan, uncovered the air force cover-up and tried not to become paranoid despite having his phone tapped and his mail monitored. For 20 of those years Keel was an ardent believer. Now he wonders whether UFOs might not be some kind of psychic phenomena. But, says Keel, if flying saucers are indeed extraterrestrial, we are in deep trouble.



## 46 SPRING PLANTING GUIDE

by Ed Rosenthal and Mel Frank

Some of the world's greatest grass is being grown in the United States these days. The coauthors of the definitive *Marijuana Grower's Guide* show you how to do it. Also the inside dope on hydroponics for practical urban farmers.



## 51 STEAM POWER

by Dave Noland

The tempest in your grandmother's teapot could solve some of today's energy problems. Steam power is clean, cheap and easy to harness. A look at some very down-to-earth ideas from innovative steam nuts.

## 55 CENTERFOLD: COQUETTE

We don't really mean to tease you, but have you ever seen rocks this size?



## 58 HOOKED ON HORSES

by Joe Schenkman

Trackrats know everything there is to know about horse racing—handicapping, breeding, odds, track conditions—except how to pick a winning horse. The *Daily Racing Form* is their bible, past performance records their psalms and the hippies and girls who sometimes frequent the races their plague. Schenkman gives us the inside track on the denizens of the daily double, with instructive asides on the proper way to bribe a jockey and dope up a horse.



Frank Frazetta needs no introduction to most HIGH TIMES readers. He is the premier sci-fi/fantasy artist in the world. His illustrations have been collected in several best-selling books. And Frank was particularly pleased with the original cover he produced for John Keel's story on UFOs. "It's one of the nicest things I've done in years," he told us. "I wanted to make it a kind of pretty cover and at the same time suggest sinister overtones. Keel's stuff makes a believer out of me."



## 63 CHILE PEPPERS

by Ed Ward

Hot cuisine is one of the quickest ways to alter your state of consciousness, and chile peppers are what give most hot foods their kick. Not only that, chile peppers are easy to grow, filled with vitamins and a great natural air conditioner. Ed Ward offers some tips on how to make it hot and how to cool down afterward.

## 68 A BOWL OF DREAMS

It's hard to portray the calm sensuality of opium visions, but we think these photographs come pretty close to doing just that.



## 77 COMIX

E Pluribus Pinhead—  
The Zippy Campaign, Part 3  
The Waldo Lowdown  
Butnik and Periwinkle



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# GROWING IN BETTER CLOSETS EVERYWHERE

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# Letters

## DOPE PARADISE REVISITED

After reading "R." 's article on high Hawaii (HIGH TIMES, "Paradise Regained," February '80) I couldn't resist writing. Some friends and I spent a week in Maui last year. It was the most partyin' place I've ever been in—lots of far-out people but no buds. That is, until I met this guy in Lahaina selling the most beautiful pipes made out of seashell and turquoise. I bought one and asked him where I could get some of that Maui wowie we'd heard so much about to go with it. He said if we chipped in a few bucks he would take us out sailing for a sunset bud-set. Later that day, me, my friends and about ten other people had one of the headiest experiences ever on this big sailboat. It was "manned" by a three-woman crew as our host rolled the jays. For the next eight days, we hooked up with the bud-set to see every sunset. It was one of the best times of my life, and I think of it every time I fill my beautiful seashell pipe.

—J.J., San Francisco, Ca.

Hawaii may be dope paradise, but ripoffs are still a problem. A lot of people use big



mean dogs to guard their plants. The one on the end of the leash is Bearcat. And he hasn't let me down yet.

Name withheld, Kailua, Hawaii

## FREEBASE HAZARDS

Laura Daltrey's article on freebase ("Freebase: Can You Smoke Cocaine without Getting Burnt?," HIGH TIMES, January '80) was misleading. I had the feeling that if I were a 16-year-old experimenter, I would run, not walk to the nearest freebase supply looking forward to a great new high. Those foxy Hollywood types with their cerebral orgasms are awfully seductive.

From my observations over a period of years, it seems to me that freebase coke is far more dangerous than the hydrochloride. In the area of drugs, nothing is absolutely black and white, but there is certainly more cause for concern than your article implied.

—Sheil Salasnek, M.D., San Francisco, Ca.

Far from glamorizing freebase coke, the article you refer to was devoted mainly to the unsanitized comments of aficionados—none of whom voiced unabashed enthusiasm for freebase—and the opinions of several of your medical colleagues, who appraised its pharmacology and spoke at length of its possible side effects. What more can we say?—Ed.

## HOMEGROWN USA

We all know that little acorns grow up to be big oak trees. But would you look at what grew from that tiny Colombo seed! This eight-foot-high jewel yielded about



two pounds. Those of us who sneered at the idea of homegrown have changed our minds. —Name withheld, Ord, Nebraska



Homegrown from Colombo seeds.

—A.H., Bridgeport, Conn.



I thought your readers might be interested in seeing that Hawaiian grass was alive and growing in southern Florida. When

Hurricane David was on the way, we dug up several of our best plants and moved them into the house. We hung the others up to cure and enjoyed smoking them as the 120 mph storm passed.

—S.S., North Lauderdale, Fla.



Here's a picture of some of my O-high-o homegrown. That's corn in the background.

—Name withheld, Ohio



Grown in a closet in Atlanta. Stem just as effective as crowns.

—Name and address withheld

## JOCKS AREN'T JERKS

As a former all-American baseball player, I'd like to thank Henry Korn for his "Sports" column "Football, Feudalism and Fascism" (HIGH TIMES, December '79), especially for showcasing a truly remarkable individual, Roy Campanella.

—Michael Barg, L.A., Ca.

## READIN', WRITIN' & REPRESSION

I was really pissed off when I read about those strip searches in Indiana high schools ("The Class of '84," HIGH TIMES, December '79). If they're going to punish teenage criminals as if they were adults, the good kids should have some rights, like adults!

—Lisa Miller, South Gate, Ca.

(continued)



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## SOLAR SATELLITE: BOON OR BOONDOGGLE?

I disagree with the Adviser in his view that there is a "Dim Future for Solar Satellites" (HIGH TIMES, December '79). The "great deal of money" spent on developing solar satellites (about \$40 million) is less than one-tenth the annual fusion budget, one-hundredth the annual fission budget and one-thousandth the cost of the MX missile. This money is at least being spent to address environmental questions. We should not be afraid of exploring any new energy ideas, including, as you suggest, land-based solar technologies as well as solar satellites. Tidal power and ocean thermal conversion also merit more study and financing.

Desperate times call for desperate measures. If solar satellites prove to be the boondoggle you think they are, I say it's time to throw away our cars and stay at home smoking homegrown (hopefully sinsemilla) cigars.

—Andrew Heugel, Rocky Point, N.Y.

## CLASS TRIPS

Here at Kent State, after studying, we like to take trips to "different" places. It's



cheaper than gasoline, says Mr. Natural.  
—Jeff S., Kent, Ohio

## HIDE AND PEAK

The other day while on my way to deliver some 20 hits of blotter acid, a policeman pulled me over. Rather than get busted, I decided I'd better eat the stuff, and so I did. The cop only gave me a traffic ticket, but what really puzzles me is the fact that not much has happened. It's been three days, and so far all that's happened is that the flesh on my face has melted off and slid into my lap, and I can't seem to stop laughing. Do you think maybe someone ripped me off?

—Jon C., Somewhere, Ind.

## CORRECTIONS

In reference to the December '79 "High Style" T-shirt pictorial. The correct price for the "Eat the Rich," "Right to Harvest" and "Yippie New Nation Flag" shirts is \$6.50 each from American Harvest Committee, 625 Post Street, Box 531, San Francisco, Ca. 94102.

The photographs illustrating "Fear of Falling" ("Sports," January '80) were taken by Jared Nicholson. □

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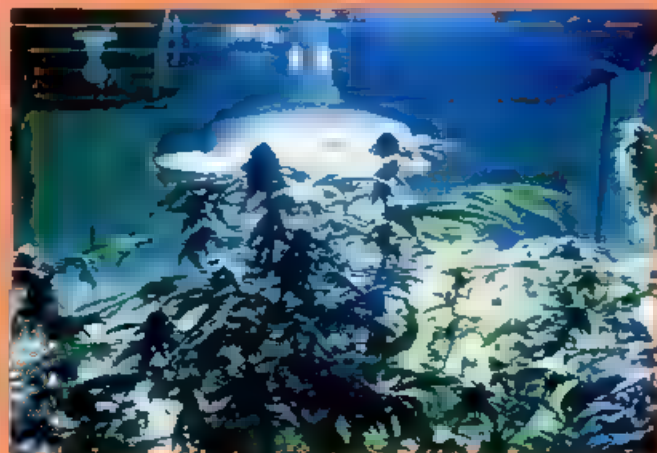
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# Adviser



## LUNG SAVERS

**Q:** What's the lowdown on tar and carcinogens in pot? I can't believe no one has asked this question, but I don't think you've ever answered it, except to refute the gross lies spread by the DEA and federal purse-string scientists. Is it really possible that deep-toking pot for decades does no permanent damage to our precious lungs?

—R E. Cottage Grove, Minn.

**A:** We'll be the first culture to find out for sure. The Rubin-Comutas study in Jamaica and the Carter-Coggins study in Costa Rica found no permanent health hazards from



pot; the studies did find a decline in lung efficiency. This decline was later determined by Dr. Donald Tashkin of UCLA to be a reversible 20 percent decline as long as one smokes anything—cigarettes, bongs or campfires. Both surveys found some old people who'd been taking as long as 35 years with no visible harm.

The thing to remember is that the link between tobacco smoking and lung cancer was not found until long-term statistics were gathered in a large population where lots of people live long enough to get lung cancer (not generally the case among the Third World poor). Such research has never been done on a ganja culture and will not be done in the United States for at least a few decades.

There is no easy way to compare the effects of pot and tobacco. Directly breathing any kind of smoke puts carcinogens in the lungs, including vinyl chloride, high-temperature tar products and polycyclic aromatic hydrocarbons (PAH) formed by burning. Puff for puff, pot smoke contains more tar and PAH than tobacco fume. But as the Pothibitionists never point out, the

equation isn't that simple. THC has been shown by National Cancer Institute tests to inhibit the growth of some types of lung cancer in rodents. But does it completely offset the tars? You have to bet your own alveoli to find out.

Even without a cancer risk, the smoke contains carbon monoxide (which lowers oxygen capacity by binding with hemoglobin) and hydrogen cyanide (which paralyzes the cilia that sweeps dirt from the lungs). Both of these effects are short-lived, but remember that most older toking societies have clean air, whereas most Americans combine their pot with smog.

Face it, though—you and I and 30 million other Americans will probably keep getting high, so the best thing we can do is try to separate the THC from the carcinogens. Two new paraphernalia inventions do just that, and both can be bought for about \$35 or, with a little ingenuity, they can be improvised.

The Healthguard (P.O. Box 60113, Chicago, Ill. 60660) smoke hydrolyzer uses a pollution-control technique—passing smoke through water churned by a motor-driven spatula—to reduce tars, hydrogen cyanide and several carcinogens by over 90 percent. Tests of the Healthguard smoke hydrolyzer were actually done with tobacco because the National Cancer Institute's laboratory (Naylor Dana Institute, Valhalla, N.Y. 10595) couldn't risk its credentials by testing the pipe on dope without a federal permit. The data should apply to pot, though, since much the same compounds escape from all cremated herbs.

A simpler way to avoid the carcinogens is not to create them in the first place. That's the idea behind the new Tilt (The Tilt, Woodstock, N.Y. 12498) low-temperature volatilizer. This pot roaster uses a variable-control heater to vaporize the THC at 185° to 195° C. Thus, the smoker benefits from 50 percent more delta-9 THC than would be obtainable through routine pipe smoking; the process also prevents formation of carcinogenic tars and PAH, made at 560° C. or above. Gas chromatography by an MIT graduate research assistant comparing the volatilizer with a clay pipe showed 80 percent more THC, 79 percent less tar and no carbon monoxide in the Tilt-ed vapors.

Both machines deliver more thrust than the Saturn 5, but the taste is inevitably much blander than a joint puffer is used to.

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Adviser," including all highs, health, sex, law, science, technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Please be specific. Anonymous queries are accepted. ☐



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## SEX WITH THE PROPER STRANGER

by Al Goldstein

**A**fter 11½ years as the publisher of *Screw* magazine, there is no doubt in my mind that the strangest place to have sex is in the marital bed. Married couples have elevated sex to such a plateau of unsurpassed mediocrity, such a bawdy ballet of unwaveringly boring repetition.

The outrageous near-impossibility of having satisfying sex in the connubial home is due simply to the fact that the utter predictability of marital fucking proportionately eliminates the potential for true erotic excitement. Routine equals boredom equals deadness.

Sexual excitement and vitality run along the tracks of the unexpected, the spontaneous and the bizarre. However, finding truly unexpected, spontaneous and bizarre sex isn't always so easy. Even the cream of our sexuality makes us hark back to the formula utterances of both printed and celluloid pornography. For example, when I am in my most intense sexual heat and I say, "Suck my cock... eat it... take it in all the way!" I cannot help but think how similar my words are to those in a passage from a hack porno novel. The question is, are my sentiments hacklike, or is the presentation hackwork?

For this reason, whenever I think about sex in unexpected places, the images of getting a blowjob in the back seat of a car or under the table at a fancy French restaurant (both of which I have experienced in my variegated sexual lifetime) sound so much like Harold Robbins-type sleazo fiction that I really can't take them very seriously. Slightly more stimulating was a storybook sexual encounter that took place several years back when I was on a Greyhound bus heading up to see Barry White at the Westchester Premiere Theater. My young female companion led me down the aisle bisecting the bus's marijuana-saturated interior to the little bathroom in the back. There, while bumping from side to side, my young lady friend proceeded to suck me off, doing a wonderful juggling act as my balls bounced off her chin and smacked against her nose. She did manage to be on target often enough so that I eventually shot my load into her talented mouth.

Of course, the ultimate pornographic cliché is getting a blowjob in the bathroom of a high-flying jet. There's even a name for it—get yourself sucked off on an airborne 747, and you become a member of the "Mile-High Club." For me, this isn't a high-falutin fantasy but rather a very comprehensible reality, since my second wife was a Pan Am stewardess for eight years.



So, how then can one trot past the trite porno passages of the imagination and come up with a memorable moment of spontaneous sex that doesn't read like a retarded pervert's freshman English essay? Seemingly, the only way is to resort to the nitty gritty, the unadulterated essence of reality—no matter how flawed or unromantic it might be.

**S**everal years ago, *Screw* had its executive offices at 41 Union Square West in New York City. The area was (and still is) a Mecca for society's sleaziest degenerates: winos, bums, junkies, pushers, perverts, con artists, three-card monte hustlers and various other pieces of human flotsam. And the building that housed *Screw* fit right in with the neighborhood. It was ramshackle, broken down, decrepit and disgusting—in short, a real shithole. While our offices were raunchy enough, the hallways were in even worse shape—they were so full of the stench of stale piss that they made the bathrooms in the Port Authority Bus Terminal smell like Chanel No. 5.

In those early days of *Screw's* existence, when I was putting in 70 to 90 hours a week on the paper, I hardly ever had time for actual sex. Sometimes I treated myself to a couple of quick, frenetic strokes as I jerked off to relieve anxiety or tension, but rarely could I ever spare a few moments to dip my dick into a warm, wet vagina. Naturally, the irony of this situation was not lost on me—a pornographer who never had time to practice what he was preaching in print.

However, my luck changed one steamy August afternoon while I was interviewing typesetters for an opening on *Screw's* production staff. A very lovely Brooklyn Jewess with dark, sultry, radiant eyes and well-turned, muscular legs applied for the job. This lady had as much right to be a typesetter for *Screw* as Stevie Wonder has to be a traffic cop. She was a spoiled, self-centered JAP, and the only concept of work she had was when she laid out the chores for her cleaning woman who came in three times a week to tidy up her Brooklyn Heights home.

Her first name was Bambi, and her last name ended with *stein* and the only thing



she was looking for in her job was "real fun." Bambi was a true dilettante who went out on job interviews so she could justify to her jazz-musician husband the seriousness of her job search. The truth of the matter is that she wanted to expedite her job hunt as much as possible so she would have a few extra hours to shop at Bloomingdale's.

**T**he interview for the typesetting job lasted only a couple of minutes before I realized that Bambi was not a serious candidate. I quickly tried to usher her out of my office so I could get back to more important work, like picking out masturbatory photos for *Screw*. But these were the days of the minidress, and as Bambi's hemline hiked up higher and higher, I got an increasingly tasty look of firm, white thigh. This struck a dormant, primeval lust chord deep within me, and I soon found myself getting a hard-on.

With her best foxy-lady mannerisms, Bambi gazed at my modest erection and calculatedly said, "Hey, listen, let's not make a big deal about this. I'm feeling a little horny too, so let's get it on." The problem was that the *Screw* offices back then were too small to have any suitable place for fucking. Bambi responded to my bewilderment by saying, "What about that broom closet I passed on the way to your office?" I replied, "Sure. It's tiny, but let's try it."

Quickly opening up the hallway door and bopping into the broom closet, we found a four-foot-square area containing a smelly sink in which five dirty mops were soaking. As Bambi wriggled out of her dress and I peeled off my pants, we kept banging into each other in that cramped area. I found the smell of ammonia overpowering, and the closet had all the ambience of an open sewer in Calcutta. But the very unpredictability and ridiculousness of the situation had set my cocklike plaster of Paris into a firm, throbbing hard-on.

Bambi and I didn't fool around with any preliminaries, as the closet's claustrophobic confines and the sweltering August heat had us dripping buckets of sweat. We immediately got into fucking, and with the first thrust of my dick she bounced off the sink and the mops fell on our heads. But in spite of the noisy clanging, which sounded like Santa Claus and his reindeer on Christmas Eve, we kept pumping along, reaching new heights of ecstasy with each passing minute. Soap suds, sperm, sweat, soot—it all blended together as we ricocheted off the dirt-encrusted walls. The faucets were leaking and we were forming a miniflood on the floor, but it didn't matter one bit. We pounded each other harder and harder until we climaxed together with a blazing fury that still amazes me even today.

As Bambi and I found our clothes and staggered out of the broom closet, we both came to the same raunchy realization—that the best fucking is surely the least sane fucking. ■

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## WHO RULES THE AIRWAVES?

by Michael McClard and  
Jeff Goldberg

**W**hen the shah was deposed in 1978, one of the first actions the Iranian Revolutionary Council took was to seize communications and broadcast facilities and ax Western programming: "I Love Lucy" was replaced with "I Love Khomeini." The Mullah of All Mullahs had already shown he was hep to the power of electronic communications when he launched his holy war on the Peacock Throne by mass-distributing his messages from exile on cassette tapes. This approach was not entirely unprecedented. When Ethiopia's Haile Selassie was overthrown in a bloodless revolution in 1974, the insurgents used a two-pronged media blitz, first seizing major broadcast facilities, then sending out squads of helicopters to drop transistor radios on the populace.

These incidents are examples of a growing awareness throughout the Third World of a fact industrialized nations have long recognized: Communication means power. This was clearly the case last fall when the issue of use and control of the airwaves erupted in diplomatic fireworks at the Sixth General World Administrative Radio Conference (WARC) in Geneva, Switzerland. Attended by some 1,500 delegates from 152 member nations, the stated purpose of the ten-week meeting was simple enough: to allocate various bandwidths for radio and television communications. However, in the eyes of the underdeveloped countries represented, the process of divvying up electronic communications frequencies was not purely technical: It had direct implications for their economic, political and social well-being.

The conflict has existed since 1959, the year of the last general WARC. At that time only 87 nations were represented, and on a one-vote-per-nation basis the power resided with the industrialized countries of the Northern Hemisphere (the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia and Japan). It was voted to allocate frequencies on a first-come first-served basis, without provision for the projected needs of developing countries. This policy has resulted in a virtual monopoly of the airwaves by Eastern and Western power bloc countries and interests. Under present conditions, 10 percent of the world's population controls 90 percent of the available radio and television spectrum. But in the 20-year interval since the last WARC conference, 76 new nations—most of them nonaligned Third World countries—have joined the administrative organization. The developing countries now have a two-



thirds voting majority and are demanding a bigger slice of the communications pie.

In the past 20 years, most of the sophisticated breakthroughs in telecommunications have been conscripted for financial, industrial, military and governmental data, which now constitute the bulk of all transmissions. Spy satellites providing the first effective monitoring of atomic devices—and not a sudden blossoming of goodwill—opened the door for a nuclear test-ban treaty. And newer experimental spy satellites, integrated with land-based sensing devices, can pinpoint a nuclear sub anywhere in the ocean, shifting the power balance again and leaving generals frantically revising their apocalypse plans.

**O**f special concern to developing countries is the possibility that satellite-gathered information about natural resources and crop production may leave a foreign government or multinational corporation better informed than the governments of the small countries under observation, undermining their economic stability and national security.

Explains Armando Vargas, Costa Rican delegate to the conference: "Such satel-

lites could detect the locations of the schools of tuna and the richest deposits of bauxite in our locale. Foreign countries having that knowledge can beat us to the fish and also come in to take up our most valuable land. We can't compete with that kind of technology.

"We want to see the frequencies used for the types of satellites that can provide inexpensive social services, such as education for people in remote areas, or health and agricultural consultations." Industrialized countries readily admit the dependence of their economic and social systems on a global communications network.

Heading the U.S. delegation, Glen Robinson outlined applications to expand the use of the high-frequency spectra for international broadcasts (Voice of America, etc.) while cutting back on its use by smaller countries for "fixed services" (mobile broadcasting and hospital and police communications). The United States also wants bigger chunks of the ultrahigh frequency (UHF), very high frequency (VHF) and superhigh frequency (SHF) bands—especially the latter, which is used for satellite communications, radio astronomy and space sciences.

While the haves who attended WARC



want to further expand their use of the spectrum, the have-nots have called for a "New World Information Order," in which telecommunication frequency allocation and access will be more equitable.

If industrialized nations remain unresponsive to Third World input, one of the few options open to non-aligned countries would be to vote each nation autonomous control over its own airspace, an action that would jumble global communications. "The position of the developing countries

## Ten percent of the world's population controls 90 percent of the radio and television spectrum.

is quite simple," said Curtis White, a communications attorney and adviser to the Organization for African Unity. "Either [the Third World nations] are to benefit from the development of technology and ensure that they have access to and control of new technology systems for their independent economic development, or if that's not the case, and if the transnational communications system must suffer, then there ought to be equal suffering all the way down the line."

Attempting a compromise, U.S. representatives at WARC proposed that additional radio frequencies be carved out of the intervals between present frequencies. Anyone who has ever toiled down the highway twirling the radio dial knows that each station kind of oozes around its specific bandwidth. Present technology could provide the more precisely engineered transmitting and receiving equipment needed to successfully insert extra frequencies into the radio band, and similar modifications could be applied to other communications systems. The catch-22 of the American proposal—and the reason the developing nations have rejected it—is that it would mean completely retooling present Third World communications resources (providing all their citizens with new radios, for starters) at a cost of hundreds of billions of dollars that they can ill afford.

As WARC recessed on December 5, the nonaligned countries were enjoying what many considered a major diplomatic breakthrough. The conference voted to postpone decisions on shortwave and satellite transmissions until the mid 1980s so that the bloc of smaller nations can have sufficient time to analyze their telecommunications needs in detail. Still, it is unlikely that the basic political-technological conflicts expressed so vehemently at WARC can be resolved as long as the airwaves are treated as property instead of a communications resource that could potentially link the far corners of the globe in a mutually beneficial and critically necessary network of shared information. ☐

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## HIGH GENEROSITY

by "R."

Let's talk about the so-called 'righteous dealer.' Does he or she exist anymore? Did they ever? What does it mean to be righteous these days besides giving good weight and a fair price?

These questions were raised by a communication received at HIGH TIMES from a grass growers' collective in the Southwest that calls itself "Stoney."

Stoney claims—and offers to verify—that it contributes a full 5 percent of all sales (not just of profit) to antinuke groups and prolegalization lobbies such as NORML and CAMP.

For one "family" in the Stoney group, that meant sending a \$3,000 check to a local division of Mobilization for Survival (an antinuclear weapons group), all of that sum coming from the proceeds of just three-quarters of an acre under cultivation. Stoney people say they've decided to do this as 'one way of putting the money

back into the community" from which they get their customers.

Should all growers and dealers be doing something like this? What sort of obligation, if any, do they have? Let's look at some theories of the righteous dealer and see if they offer any answers.

The classic text on the subject is unfortunately by Timothy Leary, whose later behavior—testifying against one of his own lawyers for supplying him hash in jail, among other things—might tend to disqualify him as a theorist of righteousness. Nonetheless, Leary's tract titled "Deal for Real," written in 1968 and reprinted in HIGH TIMES (April '78), has a provocative thesis, one that did become the official ideology of the righteous dealer a decade ago.

Basically, Leary said, dealers should think of themselves not as merchants but as evangelists. That's right, evangelists—apostles of the holy spirit residing in the substances they sell. Their real job is to tough themselves and communicate the righteous state they attain to their customers,

making converts by the high standards of their own consciousness and conduct. Sure they should be able to make a living from it, but the real rewards should come from the experience of righteousness itself, the high of generosity.

Now it's possible to be cynical about Leary's motives or his eventual unrighteous actions, but as a statement of the early, pure, primitive-Christian-like religious impulse of cannabis culture, "Deal for Real" is an important document. And the fact that grass these days has become less a religion than a way of life for consumers and dealers and growers should not mean that the whole idea of charity is invalid.

Take for example the mid-'70s actions of groups calling themselves the Gainesville Marijuana dealers, the Georgia Growers and other Southern collectives. They would make well-publicized, and often very large, gifts to TV telethon charity drives. This was both humane and good

public relations. When the Gainesville group delivered \$20,000 in cold cash to one telethon and got the gift announced in prime time, the national publicity certainly helped create a more benign view of the marijuana merchant than the DEA peddles. Then there was the time one evangelist walked into the office of former NORML president Keith Stroup and plumped down an attaché case filled with \$10,000 in small bills to support NORML's efforts.

One grower I spoke to said that his people make it a point to channel part of their proceeds to sympathetic political candidates. But this Stoney group is the first I've heard of that has carefully integrated community service into every crop transaction. So let's look more closely at what this group actually does, since they've obviously spent some time in figuring out how to organize their righteous efforts into a fairly elaborate system. First of all, they've got their own full-color brand-name Stoney labels printed up and pasted on the quart and gallon glass jars in which they package their crop. They use glass because their colas are so big and beautiful they don't want them to be crushed. It takes a quart jar to hold a single ounce.

The labels themselves are quite lovely flower-and-field designs.

Typically one might read like this.

STONEY  
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Net Wt. 4 oz.

Grown in New Mexico from Thai seeds. Any seeds present are likely female. 5% of sales will be contributed to NORML, CAMP and anti-nuclear organizations.

By announcing the 5 percent contribution and the name of the groups who get it, growers are letting the consumer know that he participated in the good deed and giving the groups a plug.

All very righteous if you ask me. A nice tip on the seeds, too. Sure, someone could cynically say that they're using the charities to boost their grass sales—and there is a problem that fake Stoney and fabricated brands might be used by unscrupulous middlemen who don't turn over a cent to charity despite their claims. But no in-





telligent consumer makes a buy on the basis of label claims anyway. (The subject of labeling now that domestic marijuana marketing has become big-time—should growers let consumers know what, if any, sprays and soil boosters have been used to hype up the crop, for instance—will be treated in a future column)

**T**he important thing, of course, is not what it says on the label but what it does in the head. I was fortunate recently to sample a bit of Stoney sinsemilla grown, it said on the label, "from Gold Colombian seeds."

It was as if Santa Marta had died and gone to heaven. You could sense that special spicy taste and fragrance of its South American forebears. It offered that brilliant, buoyant clarity of the classic blond Colombians with its own desert flower-sweet disposition.

It didn't have the oily, heavy, knockout-and-paralyze effect of some California sinsemillas, but in its own light and subtle way it was one of the two or three finest mainland marijuanas I've ever sampled. Many sinsemillas these days will get you high, but there are few that take you to a place you haven't been before—that turn you on to new phenomena outside and in. But this did. After that surprise of discovery, I began to feel generous and charitable in a happy, not guilt-induced way. Any marijuana that can make you stop in the middle of another crazy driven day in the midst of this selfish life and let you give in

**Stoney is the first group  
I've heard of that has  
carefully integrated  
community service into  
every crop transaction.**

to the better stirrings of your heart has got to be good stuff in my book. Righteous the way the Rastas use the word. Holy smoke. I think Stoney deserves credit for a job well done. In the true sense of the word they are righteous growers, and perhaps others will be inspired to make gestures of their own in the same spirit.

Now there are those who might accuse me of being self-righteous here. There are two people, in fact, who might accuse me of being uncharitable because I smoked up the entire sample of Stoney without sharing it with them. Practically stole it from them, if you want the truth. But I maintain that my selfishness doesn't disqualify me from praising the unselfishness of others. And I certainly know good dope when I smoke it. And, besides, a recent letter to *HIGH TIMES* in praise of "R." from an anonymous "multiton entrepreneur" in New Jersey stated: "I've figured it out now. 'R.' stands for Righteous."

That should settle that. ☐

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## U.S. Army Guilty of Illegal Drug Discharges



by Michele Schachere

A U.S. district court judge has found the U.S. Army in violation of military law and ordered the army to issue honorable discharge certificates to the thousands of Vietnam veterans who were forced to participate in drug detection tests without warning that the self-incriminating evidence would be used to have them dismissed from service with a less than honorable discharge (LTHD).

The decision by U.S. district court judge Barrington D. Parker which found "all people similarly situated, not just [those] filing the lawsuit, not guilty and deserving upgraded discharge papers, came in response to a suit filed by Antonio A. Giles, Jr., a former army private and victim of the drug tests. "This is the first class-action suit of its kind in the history of the army or other services," said Giles's attorney, Barton Stuchman.

A presidential order from Richard M. Nixon in 1973 for compulsory urinalysis testing was intended to locate drug users and to medically rehabilitate them. Soldiers were ordered to urinate into bottles without being told that subsequent tests would be used to

detect drugs, primarily heroin, ingested in a 24-hour period prior to the test. Evidence of drug usage led to a mandatory stint in a detoxification center and immediate reentry into duty as a "rehabilitated" soldier.

"In one 14-month period alone, four million orders were given, said attorney Stuchman. The testing was carried out on a random basis. If drug usage recurred, the individual was considered un-rehabilitated and penalized by being released from service with LTHD papers. This procedure affected 9154 men.

Bad paper" vets are denied all benefits including full-time education payments, loans and/or scholarships, home loan guarantees, pensions and disability claims. The stigma of an LTHD often hurts chances of employment. As Keith Snyder, coordinator for the Veterans Education Project of the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) puts it, "Who would want to hire anyone the U.S. government has declared unfit to serve his country?" Most of the LTHD veterans are 25 to 35 years of age, under-educated and of low

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## Open Letter from a Pot Grower

by Alex Smart

July through October I wake up in the predawn, the sky just beginning to silver over the eastern ridge. Everything's quiet. I slip from bed, pull on camouflage jacket, pat the pocket for the binoculars, step into my pants with water bottle at belt, grab the CB and head for the ridge-top to spend the next three hours staring at the distant roadway. I'm watching for dust—not the dust of an occasional solitary vehicle, but the clouds produced by a closely grouped convoy that can only mean one thing on this lightly trafficked road: bust. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

We need to begin with a very elementary and important fact: Marijuana is a plant, it needs to be cultivated if it is to prosper. From the selection of seed to the careful curing of the bud, someone must oversee the complex and magical process that changes sun, water and soil into psychoactive substance. This is the job of the growers—be they Colombian peasants, Mexican campesinos, Thai tribespeople or, increasingly, American homesteaders.

Producing top quality smoke is a multifaceted art requiring,

above all, time. It takes as long as seven months from seed to mature flowers in many growing regions. For the average smoker the details of this process are remote—buds in the bag are a far cry from plants in the ground. But whether you're conscious of it or not, there's been a grower involved with every toke you've ever taken.

Compared to other operatives in the business—dealers, middle people, transporters—the growers are in a unique position of risk. Not only are we "holding" for far longer, we do so in a manner that is neither compact nor portable. A crop of marijuana plants can be only minimally camouflaged. They are immobile, rooted in the earth, vulnerable to seizure or theft for a seeming eternity.

Even so, thousands upon thousands of domestic growers get away with it each year, and their success has attracted national attention to certain areas of the country. In some places, like Hawaii and California, we've learned the simple and sad lesson that media exposure leads to hel-

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# Open Letter from a Pot Grower



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copters, DEA, M-16 automatic weapons and flack jacketed sheriffs or National Guard sweeping out of the sky to reduce six months' work to naught. Between this and the threat of ripoff [which is occurring with increasing frequency], the growers' lives have been made somewhat less pleasant.

What a morass. Millions of people smoke pot, thus creating a demand that it be grown. The DEA poisons the Mexican crop and reduces to some extent the flow from Colombia. In response, despite the risk, numerous people in dozens of parts of the country are turning to cultivation in such quantities that officials in a number of rural regions are swiftly finding that marijuana is becoming the primary economic force in their communities. It is bringing needed income into areas where other resources have been exhausted or where agricultural land is marginal. But word gets out, law enforcement agencies perforce must respond. And we growers find ourselves on the defensive, wondering at each dawn for months whether the search planes or helicopters will find us that day. Consequently, increased risk sends the price upward, the consumer squirms and the high dollar value of confiscations encourages more heat. And season after season it just gets crazier.

Someday, I trust, reason will prevail and marijuana will be legalized. In California, where another attempt to qualify a ballot

initiative is under way, it may come as soon as this November. That's optimistic, and judging from the prevailing mood, the rest of the nation may be a bit slow (like ten years) in following suit. But barring a major repressive trend or some startling new medical-research disclosures, the only way that our society can resolve the myriad contradictions spawned by such a vast number of its citizens violating the law is to change the law.

One of the reasons that marijuana law has not changed more than it has is simply the lack of a well-organized and -financed pressure group. This is not to fault NORML [which really is the promarijuana lobby], because NORML depends on the support it gets from its constituency. For all the billions of dollars that the press reports are spent and made on marijuana, NORML sees but a precious fraction. Most of its funds come from smokers who cough up their \$15 annual membership, and NORML clearly limits its activities to fight for smokers' rights.

But how about growers' rights? Organizing a traditional advocacy group representing outlaws who are reticent to increase the spotlight of public (and thus police) attention upon themselves is an impossible task. Thus no lobby exists to promote the interests of what might by now be a multi-billion-dollar business.

The steady trend toward decriminalization lacks any input, organized or otherwise, from growers. The chief failure of de-

criminalization is that it doesn't take into account that marijuana is a plant, that it has and will continue to have a commodity value and that it has become a fundamental economic base of many people in the culture as well as many areas of the country. NORML's "Official Policy" (issued January 1979) states that "removal of criminal penalties for the private cultivation for personal use provides a legal source of supply for marijuana without the establishment of a legal distribution system." Thus it assumes that everybody who smokes marijuana will either grow his or her own or know somebody who does. Though this is a widely shared sentiment, it's hogwash. Just as not everybody grows his or her own tomatoes, though given the legal opportunity, not all marijuana users will grow their own pot. It is entirely unrealistic to believe that the illegal market would be banished if private cultivation is decriminalized. In fact the market is currently flourishing in decrim states and the prices keep going up.

Ah, yes, the prices, in some ways the crux of the issue. By supporting legalization, I am also guaranteeing a dramatic drop in prices. Currently, we growers receive tens of times the intrinsic value of the marijuana we grow simply because of its illegal status. Why then should we support legalization? Would it not just open the door to massive, highly capitalized agribusiness to grow vast acreages, squeezing us out of the market?

That it might, unless growers join with other elements of the marijuana culture and begin to discuss alternative models, begin to influence the course of legislative history. Many of us would be satisfied to use our land to make an honest living. Marijuana growing is a very gratifying occupation and most growers would accept substantial drops in prices if they could grow openly and be assured of a hassle-free harvest. But a mechanism needs to be found that will allow small growers to compete against larger landowners and corporate farms. Acreage or weight limitations are two suggestions, but there are probably others that will emerge as the conversation broadens.

Growers must begin meeting privately with each other in growing regions. We must begin writing to legislators (pseudonymously if necessary—it's the ideas that count), finding those friendly to the cause who can see beyond knee jerks unto the complexities of the issue. We need to find lawyers and other nongrowers to publicly represent our interests. We need to find means of educating the public. We need to establish a national growers' consensus about the issues of legalization, limitations, taxation and distribution.

The last five years have seen the emergence of significant domestic marijuana production. We the growers, with so much at stake, must in the next five years strive to alter this trend and aggressively yet discreetly begin to assure a place for ourselves in the future.



# Judge Threatens to Bust Disappearing DEA Agent

SAN JUAN—An arrest warrant went out for Drug Enforcement Administration special agent Rafael "Machine Gun" Garcia, after he mysteriously dropped out of sight after a coke bust here involving 13 pounds of uncut snort. The coke turned up at San Juan International Airport Customs among two golf bags and a suitcase that had been carried by a man, according to his flight ticket itinerary from Chicago to Miami to Rio, where it was lost, it was reclaimed at Buenos Aires, and went from there to Lima, Caracas, Martinique and San Juan. When Customs snoots turned up the contraband, the man manifested absolute surprise. The dope was turned over to the DEA, in the person of agent Garcia, who took charge of it and the luggage subsequently the defendant was cleared of all charges by a jury in San Juan federal district court.

Agent Garcia had originally reported that he sealed the dope in a plastic bag immediately on receipt, dated it, and sent it to a Miami lab for forensic testing. At the trial some eight months later, though, San Juan DEA jefe Ron Seibert presented in evidence a bag of alleged cocaine that had been sealed and dated some days after the date on Garcia's bust report. Thus, defense attorney Dominic Gentile pointed out to U.S. Territorial District Court judge Hernán Pesquera, directly contravenes DEA routine policy for handling evidence; if a sealed and dated bag of evidence narcotics is opened and then resealed, DEA handbooks clearly stipulate, the new bag must contain the old bag with the original date on it. Otherwise, it's conceivable that unprincipled federal officials might, between resealings, pinch the dope and replace it with marijuana or something.

Gentile accordingly asked to examine Garcia on the stand to clarify some obvious questions about the chain of custody to which the evidence had been subjected—questions that might even have touched on the exact contents of the 13-pound bag lying on the evidence table.

Garcia, however, was nowhere to be found. Federal prosecutor Justo Arenas was advised by the San Juan DEA office that "Machine Gun" had been on sick leave for a few weeks. When Garcia was still not found after 30 days had passed, Judge Pesquera began to get annoyed and asked regional DEA chief Seibert if Garcia might actually be on vacation. Seibert responded that no vacation time had been charged to Garcia. The judge then asked when agent Garcia might be expected in court, and Seibert confidently specified a particular day of the following week. Asked Pesquera, "If the guy's sick, how can you tell when he's going to get well?"

At this point attorney Gentile, who is a former associate dean of the National College of Criminal Defense Lawyers in Houston and now practices in Las Vegas, suggested that a bench warrant be sent out for Garcia. Prosecutor Arenas, whose conviction score to that point had been 160-0, objected. Judge Pesquera, who is said to carry a gun at all times, issued the warrant. "Machine Gun" was in court promptly the next morning, but by that time the jury had already returned the verdict of innocent.

The defense contention was simply that any one could have planted coke in the defendant's luggage while it was lost for four days between Rio and Buenos Aires. A retired Miami DEA official testified for the defense that, from his experience in smuggling cases, he thought it possible that airline employees may have been involved.

When the acquittal came down—a rare event in a Puerto Rico coke case—the local press played it up big, though without mentioning the DEA's peculiar performance in the case. Prosecutor Arenas took his first-ever reversal with absolute cool: "The government should not just put people in jail," he pointed out, "but see that justice is done."

As for agent Garcia, his role in this business was under investigation, at last report by the DEA Internal Security Division.

# U.S. Army Guilty of Illegal Drug Discharges

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income, minority background.

Until 1977 all veterans with general, undesirable bad conduct or dishonorable discharges could appeal on a case-by-case basis before a review board. President Carter streamlined board procedures to handle the approximately 792,000 Vietnam-era veterans, the new system allows for second reviews, disregards the normal 15-year statute of limitations and requires the Department of Defense (DOD) to publish uniform rules to govern the reviews.

The DOD admitted in a study in August 1978 that there were "wide disparities in the accordance of these discharges through arbitrary and capricious decisions varying from service to service, year to year." But since Judge Parker's decision the department has publicized information concerning the availability of the upgrading through only one small, obscure publication, the *Federal Register*, and have refused to release the addresses of the 9,154 veterans affected by the *Giles* decision.

Not a single press release has been issued, and though millions of dollars a year are spent for recruitment advertising, the DOD asked 8,600 radio stations to accept a broadcast of the upgrading as a public-service message. "The radio stations were incensed," says Snyder. "We can not point to a single station that has aired any such announcement."

In turn, the ACLU has filed suit against the DOD in an effort to obtain the addresses of these "bad paper" veterans and has created the Veterans Education Project as a center for information and legal assistance. (Their toll-free number is 1 (800) 424-5402.) Even incarcerated veterans can apply for help.

Veterans should apply for upgrading immediately, as the army is considering an appeal, refusing to be a scapegoat for the Defense Department. The *Giles* case points out the need for uniformity of military regulations, standards and disciplinary measures, and an end to what a recent House Appropriations Committee report labeled "grossly inequitable" practices.

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West Coast dopers were outraged when 15 portraits of Ayatollah Khomeini, nipped at Los Angeles International, turned up 40 pounds of O. 'An obvious SAVAK/CIA plant,' they grouched

## Iran Moves 600 Tons of O Under "Fundamentalist" Reign

TEHRAN One year of nominal domination by the revolutionary Islamic regime of the Ayatollah Khomeini has done this country's opium producers no harm at all. Between manufacturing confrontations with the West and struggling to keep the lid on internal dissident groups, the poorly armed and undisciplined revolutionary forces have had little time to spare for wiping out the smack trade. Within months after the shah's police-state structure was toppled early in 1979, farmers in traditional poppy areas like Kurdistan, Azerbaijan and Khorassan doubled the amount of acreage for O cultivation, and smack movers from all around the world moved in.

In most poppy states, and especially in Kurdistan, the farmers toil under the protection, more accurately, the compulsion of organized

insurgent forces who bitterly oppose the Tehran regime. SAVAK, the shah's secret police force, held O cultivation down to about 37,000 acres, just enough to serve Iran's 200,000 registered junkies and provide a sufficient export crop to enrich those of the shah's henchmen and family members who were into moving smack on the global market. When the Ayatollah took over and proclaimed the sale of opium to be contrary to Islam, some zealous revolutionary *komelehs* (militia bands) took to executing O movers along with insurgents and shah holdovers. A hundred kias of newly refined smack were confiscated in a helicopter raid near Hamadan in Kurdistan, and poppy growing peasants were herded into firing squad lines alongside SAVAK thugs. As internal and international difficulties mounted, though, word went forth from the Ayatollahs' cabal in Qum that revolutionary forces should address themselves to 'anti-Islamic' dissidents rather than mere dope movers.

As a result, superior brown Iranian smack has inundated the European market. Persian brown, relatively uncut, accounted for 40 percent of total heroin seizures by United Kingdom customs in 1979—up from just 5 percent in 1978. Persian smack has also flooded into West Germany, whose immigrant Turkish workers and huge international troop concentration make it the fastest shit connection in Europe.

It's impossible to tell if persons in the Tehran regime itself are profiting from the reinvigorated heroin trade. Oddly enough, many of the shah's 'narcotics experts' in the old bureaucracy were kept on by the Ayatollah, and U.N. narco officials still work closely with them. For the record, it's estimated that Iran produced 600 tons of smack last year, and the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration predicts that the 1980 yield will top 800 tons.

## Maori Magic vs. Tribal Dopers

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND—Any Maori who touches pot or heroin in the next two years will fall foul of a tribal *tapu*, a taint of supernatural uncleanness that can bring on irremediable bad luck, wasting sickness, madness and death. Over the years the Maori people, who make up 11 percent of New Zealand's population, have been forced to abandon their traditional way of life. Most of those here now live in city slums, many have migrated to Australia, a rise in venereal disease, alcoholism, general malaise and dope taking has occurred. In an effort to alleviate this, a two-year *rahui* ('ban') on illegal drugs has been instigated by Maori leaders.

Ironically, the prehistoric Polynesian rites of *tapu* and *rahui* were solemnly invoked by an Anglican Maori bishop at a national church service

## Cops Can't Afford to Buy Dope

KINNEWICK, WASHINGTON—Rampant inflation in the local dope racket is turning cops into nifty artists. "You can pay \$60 an ounce for marijuana and still get garbage," complains local police captain Lew Abernathy, who is pleading for a bigger buy-money budget for next year. The price of grass hereabouts shot up during last year's drought to \$55 and up for a lid of passable commercial, which deeply inconvenienced narcs. Cops throughout the northwest part of the state now report that they're reduced to making nickel-and-dime token busts because it's just too expensive for them to set up big buys with ki movers.

There've been cases, reveals Pasco lieutenant Glenn Butner, "where a guy quotes us a price and we have to say we can't come up with that kind of money right away. Then we come back to the station and wonder what to do next." Cops have even resorted to the tacky expedient of flashing a \$100 bill rubber-banded around a fat roll of ones to lure dealers. "Then you better be ready to bust someone," Butner observes, "because it's sure not safe to just stand around and watch them count it."

The three most grass-ridden counties hereabouts—Pasco, Richland and Benton—each receive \$3,000 for "special investigations" and the money has to be split up among dope, gambling and prostitution setups. "One grass investigation could, theoretically, deplete our entire budget, if it got up into large amounts," admits one detective.



That ain't potatoes. A Blackfoot, Idaho, detective shows off over 100 bags of boo taken from a Boise dealer who allegedly peddled the stuff from bar to bar. Since the arrest was made at the man's car, the cops will probably get that, too.



## Cure for Trots Has "Abuse" Potential

SYLMAR, CALIFORNIA—Two commonly prescribed diarrhea medications, Lomotil and Colonoil, have distinct opiate properties when taken in high doses, a doctor at the Olive View Medical Center here warns. Both drugs contain diphenoxylate hydrochloride, an antispasmodic compound related to meperidine, and atropine sulfate—a belladonna alkaloid that is included mainly to discourage people from taking the drugs in high doses. However, Dr. Jonathan Rubenstein reports the case of a local ex-junkie who, discovering that he could get off on his wife's antidiarrhea medicine, told his physician he was planning to travel abroad and scored a script for a Montezuma's revenge nostrum. Dr. Rubenstein suspects that the man "abused" the medication and urges other doctors to keep in mind the potential intoxicating effects of these Schedule V drugs.

## U.N. Global Narc Commission Drops Canada, Austria and Sweden

NEW YORK CITY—United Nations narcotics observers anticipate a shift back to old-fashioned, inefficient policies of global dope control now that the four most progressive member nations are slated to be dropped from the 30-member U.N. Commission on Narcotic Drugs. Last year the commission resolved to alter its structure to afford a broad representation of geographic blocs, since only six seats were available for the North American, Western Europe, Australian, Asian, and African blocs. Canada, Austria, and the Netherlands were bounced from the commission, Sweden was bounced from another bloc. The countries' narc delegates will be replaced this year by representatives from non-Western, mainly underdeveloped nations.

Canadian and European influence with the Commission on Narcotic Drugs has been largely responsible for a shift in narc activity in recent years, away from attempts to control individual drug use, toward a realistic policy of breaking up big international dope cartels and promoting the substitution of nondope cash crops for opium in Southeast Asia, Pakistan, and elsewhere.

U.N. observers believe that most of the commission seats will be taken by totalitarian countries such as Zaire, Argentina, and Thailand. These countries regularly send delegates to antidope strategy sessions hosted by the International Association of Chiefs of Police, a lobbying committee accredited with the United Nations that favors the harshest possible structures against drug consumers. At the assassinations convention in Zaire in 1974, a seminar on torture techniques was featured. The police chiefs do not stress the breaking of big dope syndicates, perhaps because many chiefs—as in Mexico, for example—are reputed to be on the take. The chairman of the outfit is Peter Bensinger of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration.

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# Jerry Lee Lewis Busted Again

He had barely finished serving one year on probation for a dope conviction when classic rock



Jerry Lee 'That "Great Balls of Fire" man is feeling the heat

abilly star Jerry Lee Lewis was busted again at his Hernando, Mississippi, home. Internal Revenue Service agents had come to seize some of the hapless 44-year-old singer's personal property in lieu of unpaid federal taxes when they found unspecified amounts of cocaine and marijuana. Lewis was released on \$3,000 bail.

• The German news magazine *Der Spiegel* recently ran a feature on the international smack trade, embellished with a gorgeous cover shot of a Turkish poppy oozing white sap—just after its publisher, Rudolf Augstein, was busted for dope in the middle of the Mediterranean Sea. Herr Augstein had gone on holiday to the lovely island of Sardinia the week before the big *Spiegel* smack special, and there he was popped with an ounce and a quarter of grass on his person. The Sardinians let him fly back to Frankfurt while they weighed the dope out, and ultimately decreed it was an 'only modest' quantity, not warranting a full-fledged extradition procedure.

• Christina von Opel, 32-year-old heiress to the West German automotive cartel, fell out flat in a swoon when a French court gave her ten years for hash smuggling. Even the prosecutor had only been asking for five years. Von Opel, along with seven associates, was up for running some 2.5 tons of red Leb to three St. Tropez villas aboard a yacht and distributing it about the Riviera. She was revived in the courtroom and promptly escorted to Draguignan prison.



Christina von Opel will be ten years older after serving time for moving hashish

## REEFER REFORM

### Cop's Mix-up Endangers Georgia Pot-Law Challenge

ATLANTA—The prime test case to challenge the constitutionality of Georgia's pot law nearly flopped before the first trial was played out when a cop made a blunder that very nearly exonerated all seven defendants in state superior court. The six men and one woman had all been busted at Hurt Park near the Capitol in April 1978 during the first annual smoke-in held by CAMP (the Coalition for the Abolition of Marijuana Prohibition). The evidence against all seven consisted of four roaches (allegedly handed to undercover narcs at the smoke-in) and a film can with less than a gram of shake inside. Counselor Scott McLarty of CAMP, which is subsidizing the defense for the seven, had high hopes for carrying the case to the state supreme court and using it there as a glaring example of the absurdity of the state pot law, which carries a penalty of up to one year in jail for any amount of grass under an ounce, even a roach tip.

However, on the second day of the four-day trial, McLarty caught one of the narcs in an awkward faux pas, which got the woman and two of the men off the hook right there. Officer Robert Muckle had pulled the biggest haul of the day at the smoke-in, nailing three people in one collar for a single joint. That is, Muckle swore on oath that one of the three handed him a half-smoked joint, whereupon his badge came out and the roach was dropped into an evidence bag and sealed after testing.

Then McLarty went out on a limb. Holding up the opaque manila envelope, McLarty had Muckle reaffirm that he'd dropped a half-smoked joint into it. With a dramatic flourish

(and considerable inward trepidation since McLarty really wasn't sure what was in the bag) he ripped open the envelope and out fell a mint condition, unsmoked reefer onto the evidence table.

This, of course, indicated either that Muckle was a highly unreliable witness or that the evidence had been tampered with while in police custody. Though McLarty directly asked for a dismissal for the three people involved, Judge Daniel Duke denied it. Somewhat further on in the trial as the prosecution's case continued to fall apart, state solicitor Hinson McAuliffe

*Undercover and uniformed Atlanta narcs put a hurting on the Hurt Park marijuana revelers in April 1978.*



himself entered the courtroom and drew Judge Duke aside into his chambers, courtroom observers report that 'loud shouting' was heard from the chambers, and assistant solicitor Lee O'Brien finished up his presentation shortly afterward.

The jury, after four hours, returned a verdict of innocent for the three people busted by Muckle, but convicted the other four for possession of weed. The judge sentenced them to 30 days 'public service'—chain gang road work.

All four remaining defendants are out on bail pending appeal to the state supreme court. McLarty is basing his appeal on the Fourteenth Amendment's guarantee of equal protection under the law to all citizens, in Georgia grass is the only drug that can't be down-scheduled from Schedule I by a hearing before the state Board of Pharmacy. Heroin could be so re-scheduled, but a state constitutional amendment would be required to change pot's legal status. This, McLarty intends to advise the supreme court, means junkies get a better deal than potheads in Georgia, depriving them of their Fourteenth Amendment rights.

CAMP coordinator Shay Addams had originally been set to go to trial with the others, having been busted at the Hurt Park smoke-in for battery allegedly committed upon three police officers all at once. However, his case was severed from the pot defendants, partly because under Georgia law a person can legally resist an illegal arrest. "Georgia started out as a prison colony," Addams explains. "They've got some weird laws down there."



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(A public service message from the editors of **High Times** magazine)

## HIGH CRIMES

*Coptic Leaders Busted on Smuggling Rap:*

# DEA Raids Tokers' Church

Six leaders of the pot smoking Ethiopian Zion Coptic Church were arrested on smuggling charges following an early morning raid by federal, state and local cops on the groups Star Island mansion off Miami Beach. Six of the 19 Coptics arrested were charged in a federal grand jury indictment with running a "continuous criminal enterprise" involving the smuggling of at least 105 tons of marijuana into Florida since 1973. All 19 were charged with conspiracy to violate the federal Controlled Substances Act.

A Drug Enforcement Administration tow truck rammed through the locked steel gates surrounding the building while Coptic members were engaged in morning prayer services.

"They were animals," said Jacqueline Towne, a Coptic and owner of the mansion. "They came in here waving guns and pushing around our children."

The Coptic Church believes in the use of marijuana as a religious sacrament provided by God, but after years of fighting the courts and hassling with Florida law-enforcement officials, including the seizing of an estimated \$105 million worth of grass in various raids, last fall the state supreme court ruled that the church was not exempt from state laws prohibiting marijuana use.

• Four separate off-load operations from the same mother-ship cruise were all popped in the same night off the Florida Keys, and ten tons of fume were netted altogether. Just at sundown, a 45-foot mosquito boat was busted by Coast Guard state marine patrol and park officers; at 1:20 A.M. the C.G. tipped Monroe County cops to a pot van; and at 1:35 A.M., other C.G. swabs in a "rescue" boat happened across the 55-foot *Time Out*, which was just then unloading. And around dawn, the abandoned 220-foot mother ship was found. Altogether

seven people got popped.

• Canadian narcs succeeded in extraditing from England the 28-year-old nephew of reputed Indian dope czar Gurdev Sangha who was himself extradited from Amsterdam last year for allegedly running 1,100 pounds of hash into Montreal in 1977. Sangha's case was the first successful international dope extradition case won by the RCMP, and his nephew who allegedly split from Vancouver to England last year—is the second. Sangha pulled 14 years as the "kingpin" of the global syndicate, and the nephew got 5 years as "money manager."

• De Kalb County, Georgia, cops popped a tractor trailer full of onions and marijuana after staking out a warehouse on Bouldercrest Drive for about a month. The 12 tons of grass, in burlap bags, had been packed with netbags of onions to make it real hard to smell the marijuana, speculated Georgia Bureau of Investigation (GBI) squad commander Paul Carter. The GBI it seems, may have blown a year-and-a-half federal investigation of a cross-country dope syndicate by bringing down the onion bust. The warehousemen involved had evidently just moved their operation into Georgia from Missouri, where the feds had them under long term surveillance. "This thing still has loose ends," says Carter complacently, "in Alabama, South Carolina, Florida, Illinois and several other states. This was just the tip of the iceberg." After the GBI bust, though, the iceberg may have sunk entirely out of sight.

• Canadian customs snoops intercepted a package crossing from the United States into Ontario and seized one copy of **HIGH TIMES** magazine. They notified the addressee, a Thunder Bay, Ontario, woman, that the material was immoral or indecent under the prohibitory provisions of Tariff Item 99201-1, and forwarded it to the postmaster general for disposal.



*Heat in the hothouse. An Oxnard, California, police sergeant examines the goods that will never be brought to market.*



# Laguna Beach Coke Connection Broken

An elaborate cocaine-smuggling operation stretching from Lima, Peru, to Laguna Beach, California, was smashed by a series of key arrests recently. The ring is estimated to have brought \$72.5 million worth of pure coke into the United States from 1974 to 1979. The accused ringleader is a former Laguna Beach resident now being held in Reno under \$500,000 bail. The man allegedly set up the pipeline after being introduced to a major coke dealer in Lima.

Three methods of smuggling were employed in the operation. One method involved sending women couriers to Lima carrying \$100,000 to \$200,000 in cash to pay for the coke, which they would bring to Tijuana and transfer to another group of couriers. From there the powder, hidden in the bindings of large books, would be brought to San Diego and then up to Laguna Beach.

A second ploy involved transporting the coke in scuba tanks filled with 25 pounds, and a third method utilized former Costa Rican agricultural envoy Rudolfo Araya-Porras as a mule for the uncult toot.

The government became suspicious of the alleged ringleader in 1975 when it was learned he was making fortnightly trips to Peru, flying first

class, even though he had no apparent income. Assistant U.S. attorney Lee Luftly said that of the 20 persons named in a Reno grand jury indictment 12 were arrested, with an additional 20 to 30 ring-related indictments imminent.



Narcs display booty from large West Coast bust: 30 pounds of cocaine, 50 pounds of morphine base and 100 pounds of high grade Mexican heroin.

## HIT PARADE

By now all of last year's dope has been accounted for—by either friends or foes of the pesky plant. What follows are the stats that indicate a rush of law-enforcement activity attendant to the last burst of 1979's fall Colombian harvest, dope that until just weeks ago was being eagerly sought by a constituency still reeling from spot-market shortages. The bust rate should remain high as the spring '80 crop enters the picture, to be presented in all its gory detail next month.

- 80,000 lbs of Colombian aboard stateless 100-foot coastal freighter 240 miles southeast of Miami by U.S. Coast Guard cutter *Cape Shoal*; water; 11 Colombian crew members turned over to the DEA.
- 50,000 lbs of Colombian aboard barge being

pushed by 60-foot tug *Nautilus* and accompanied by the 41-foot yacht *Summer Madness* in the Mississippi River Gulf Outlet, U.S. Customs seized all 3 ships and arrested 6.

- 48,000 lbs of Colombian aboard 68-foot fisher *Sea Horse* in the Straits of Florida by USCG cutter *Dependable*; 9 arrested.

- 30,000 lbs of Colombian from 70-foot fisher *Cayman Man* off St. Augustine, Florida, by Mayport USCG cutter *Point Roberts*; 6 arrested.

- 20,000 lbs from assorted vehicles and 55-foot fisher at dock in McClellanville, South Carolina, 16 arrests.

- 18,000 lbs of Colombian from abandoned DC-7 cargo plane at Pueblo Airport, Colorado; 2 men sought.

- 16,000 lbs aboard 42-foot lobster boat 80 miles southeast of Miami by Coast Guard, 7 arrests.

- 15,409 lbs inside three mobile homes near Greenville, Florida, by local cops following 3-day investigation, 14 arrests.

- 10,000 lbs of Colombian aboard cargo plane stolen from Miami International Airport and just landed in Fort Lauderdale; 2 of 3 caught.

- 8,000 lbs in bales on farm 16 miles east of Kaufman, Texas, by county, federal and Dallas narcs; 7 vehicles confiscated, 10 arrests.

- 2,500 plants on a 233-acre pot plantation in Warner Springs, California, by Customs, DEA and San Diego narcs; 4 caretakers arrested; owners of property not charged.



Apocalypse Aloha. Some of the drama of last fall's Operation Green Harvest was captured on camera on the rugged Na Pali coast of Kauai. More than two tons were nabbed by chopper-driven Hawaiian cops in a period of four days, proving ruinous to many growers on the verge of their last harvest of the season.

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## TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

# Colombian, Sinsemilla Square Off

In what could be the biggest boon to pot smokers since the invention of the safety match, it now appears that 1980 will see a struggle of titanic proportions for control of the multibillion-dollar pot market as a confrontation shapes up between the Colombian connection and U.S. sinsemilla farmers. In the battle for supremacy of the pot market, as in the gas wars of old, prices will almost certainly fall.

During the first big buying surge of the '79-'80 marijuana fiscal year—roughly from Thanksgiving through New Year's—top-grade Colombian was edging \$800 a pound while so-so sinsemillas were going for a grand an elbow. Colombian importers reach for a few dollars more to recoup losses suffered during last year's catastrophic drought, and sinsemilla farmers drop their prices due to a glut and attempts to be more competitive. Meanwhile, as this battle was waged, there was a sort of demilitarized zone filed with mutants, poseurs and frauds. The struggle for the dope dollar this year will be crucial in determining the future of the pot industry.

**Bogus Buds.** A spin-off bumper of last year's drought is the flooding of the market with mislabeled pot. Weird-looking herb claiming pedigree from Afghanistan, Thailand, Africa, Hawaii, the celebrated Mexican states of Oaxaca and Michoacán, Peru, Panama and the Lesser Antilles have turned up on the sell lists sporting equally exotic price tags. A favorite ruse is the "Hawaiian" née Californian. Don't be a chump. Real Hawaiian and other exotics these days push \$3,000 a pound and should get you so stoned you have trouble counting the money.

**Mouse Pot for Sale:** If you're one of the unfortunate thousands who have discovered their pot filled with broken seed hulls, don't blame the guy who runs the garbage compactor. It's mice, whose numbers are accelerating apace with the so-called warehousing phenomenon. Pot that is stored for very long has a good chance of attracting the ravenous rodents. Some Florida sellers stashed up on cats when irate buyers returned bales. The half seeds are a bitch to clean, can't be grown and give the smoke an oily texture. If you do get stuck with some mouse pot, make sure not to smoke the stuff that looks like little fingers of hash.

**Pot Watch.** The Aussies continue to report agri-pot advances. A whole generation of pot farmers was born following the success of the fabled Mullumbimby madness homegrown reefer, and now they are turning out some fine weed indeed. Observers have long noted Australia's ideal climate, sparse settlement and laissez-faire attitudes and regarded her as a potential pot source. Now a pot-growing collective from California, after a brief stopover in Hawaii to pick up some pointers, has set up shop down under and will soon report their results.

**Chasing the Dragon:** A lot of people are predicting opium will be the dope of the '80s. If so,

Iran is in the forefront of this revolution, providing U.S. heads with the best O in years for around \$40 to \$60 a gram. A real treat but big league stuff, so play it cool.

**The Dragon Chasing You:** Acid aficionados report that red dragon is just about the best thing to hit the market since Owsley cashed in his chips, and the purveyors of the same say they're all set for this summer's buying crush. Red dragon is assured of a place in the greatest hits list along with orange sunshine, white lightning and purple haze after peaking out last summer at over a million hits sold in one week in September.

**What Big Feet You Have:** After a brief price adjustment upward and a complementary rise in quality, coke appears to be falling victim to the steps of many hands. If your nose don't know, look at the record-breaking sales of manna last year. Sources say the pot drought also affected the coke market, since they often travel together.

**My Kingdom for a 'Lude:** Whatever happened to methaqualone? Well, after tightening the noose at home, U.S. D men put the knuckle on foreign distributors as well. While basement chemists were able to fill the void with boots, it is getting harder and harder to get the ingredients as pharmaceutical houses get hipped by the narcs. Like speed, it will probably suffer a three- or four-year depression and then reappear when everyone has forgotten the uproar.

**Casey Jones Again:** With ersatz blow alienating the up crowd, there has been corresponding interest in good old speed. Prices have skyrocketed on pure, pharmaceutical speed and a gram of good crystal meth now costs only a few bucks less than a gram of so-so toot. \$90 to \$100. Speed suffered a bad rap a few years back but now it's gotten fashionable again. Besides, as Japan has amply proved, it might be good for the economy.

**Hash Flash:** Dissatisfactions with the pot market have driven many consumers to hash lately, making 1979 a record year for hash imports and, not surprisingly, hash busts. What Colombian pot did survive the drought was not all that potent, and most sinsemilla watchers agree that this year's California harvest, while bigger than ever, was not as high in quality as last year's. Consequently, hash is back in the dope news in a big way—some towns in the Midwest survived the drought entirely on hash and have now cultivated a taste for it. Unfortunately, the best hash—Nepalese, Pakistani and Indian—is almost impossible to get. Lebanese is by far the biggest seller with Afghan and Moroccan close behind.

**Pilot's Advisory:** Don't forget to file those flight plans! Pilots who ignore local airport requirements for filing flight plans are now considered potential smugglers, especially in the South. It's one of those seemingly inconsequential items that can suddenly get you in big trouble—like when a cop pulls a dope-laden vehicle over because of a broken taillight.



## AUSTRALIA

Domestic grass	quality varies	oz	30-40
Mullumbimby	legendary smoke	b	350-550
madness		b	55-75
Coombian pot	mostly mesh	b	550-850
		b	75-225
		b	800-1200
Thai sticks	super but sparse	one	15-20
Pseudo sticks	useless	one	100-1200
		one	8-13
		oz	00-120
New Zealand	growing	oz	75
homegrown		lb	600-750
Domestic hash	truly shit	oz	50-100
		lb	300-500
Putty hash	adulterated	oz	210-250
	Lebanese	lb	2800-3000
Nepalese	slabs too	oz	250-400
ringers	top-notch	lb	3000-4500
Indian hash oil	at times primo	gm	20-45
		oz	420-620
Pakistan hash	knocks your socks off	oz	350-400
		lb	3500-4000
Mushrooms	ubiquitous	oz	50-75
LSD	files, biots	one	4-8
		100	300-500
Mandrax	rare but there	one	2-3.50
		100	100-200
Cocaine	almost nonexistent	one	140-175
	of late	oz	3000-3200

## CANADA

Commercial	increasing daily	oz	65-80
Colombian		b	600-800
Gold and red	rich	oz	80-100
Colombian		lb	750-1000
Hawaiian buds	forget it	oz	250-150
		lb	2500-3500
Jamaican	in the cities	oz	75-125
pot	but rare	lb	800-1200
Mexican tops	yo-yo market	oz	60-100
		lb	600-800
California	top dog on the streets	oz	175-275
sinsemilla		lb	1750-3000
Homegrown	decent	oz	25-35
pot	considering	lb	100-250
Hash	one of the best	oz	90-135
		lb	1200-1500
LSD	choice of varieties	one	4-10
	a good	100	200-450
MDA	mostly PCP	one	3-5
Cocaine	not much	gm	85-150
		oz	1850-2500

## COLOMBIA

Santa Marta	a good season	oz	7-15
golds, reds		lb	60-100
Commercial	megatons	oz	2-5
domestic		lb	50-80
Colombian	still trying	oz	10-30
hash		lb	90-250
Hash oil	a loser	oz	150-200
	surprisingly	lb	500-2000
Mushrooms	coming to JS soon	oz	40-75
Cocaine	on market	oz	175-225
	a top year	lb	2500-3000

## ENGLAND

African grass	some thohum	oz	120-150
sticks		oz	1250-1300
Colombian	on blue moons	oz	120
grass	only	lb	1000
Kashmir twist	small but good	one	b
sticks		one	25
Thai sticks	great	one	free to 50
Homegrown	good yea	b	100-350
		oz	90-20
Jamaican	seedy super	oz	900-200
pot		b	180-225
Black Kashmir	knockout scarce	oz	90-100
hash		lb	950-1000
Moroccan	average strong	oz	20
hash	supply	lb	450-1500
Pakistan	black slabs	oz	25-30
hash		oz	450-540
Hash oil	unlimited	one	450-750
	embargoed	100	300
LSD	by cops	gm	135-180
	drought	oz	270
Cocaine		oz	180-300
Opium	vintage yea	b	1800-2100
		one	1-1.50
Mandrax	rimy dudes	one	

## JAPAN

Colombian	scarce	oz	120
pot		b	1200-1600
Philippine	plentiful but	oz	90-20
pot	shitty	oz	900-1200

Homegrown	around not bad	oz	90-120
		lb	900-1200
Thai sticks	taste-test first	one	30-40
		oz	300-600
Buddha sticks	rarely superb	one	40-60
Philippine	not bad for	gr	25
hash	firsts	oz	300-350
LSD	much blotter	one	4-12
	some dots		

## MEXICO

Oaxacan tops	bigger than your head	oz	5-10
		lb	50-90
Mexican	much polinated	oz	5-10
sinsemilla		lb	50-80
Acapulco gold	there for jet setters	oz	10-20
		lb	50-100
Guerrero gold	mucho pesos	oz	7-12
	when around	lb	65-125
Emerald	solid mostly	oz	35-75
hash	to LA	lb	400-500
Cocaine	sucker's buy	gm	30-60
		oz	400-700
Opium	searching for a market	oz	50-100
		lb	400-600

## NEW ZEALAND

Buddha sticks	chewed looking but great	one	12-15
Homegrown	ace pot	oz	50-85
'heads			
Afghan hash	impotent	gm	20
		oz	120-175
Hash oil	good stuff	cap	15-20
		oz	80
Psychedelic	local varieties	oz	30-50
cactus			
LSD	less than impressive	one	4-6

## NORWAY

Moroccan	like white bread	gm	5-10
hash		k o	3000-5000
Lebanese	pungent and	gm	10-17
hash	potent	k o	3000-6000
Chitra	smoke of	gm	15-20
hash	Vikings	k o	5000-8000
Cocaine	badly cul	gm	100-150
		oz	3000-5000

## PERU

Brown buds	prices dropping	oz	4-5
		lb	40-60
Gold buds	mucho bueno	oz	10
		lb	70-80
Lechuga	effluce pot	lb	35
grass	from the coast		
Coca leaves	more fun than gum	kilo	2-3
Coca paste	for pros only	gm	150-2
		k o	1100-1300
Cocaine	90 percent pure	gm	8-20
	'world's best'	k o	7000-8500

## USA

Contiguous			
Top-grade	like hen's teeth	oz	50-75
Mexican		lb	4-5-650
Mexican	quality control	oz	50-65
sinsemilla	problems	lb	500-600
Quality	some potent reeta	oz	40-60
vanilla		b	475-550
Jamaican	idiot's but sometimes	oz	75-25
sinsemilla	seedy	b	800-250
Commercial	much at cheap	oz	30-45
Colombian	prices	b	450-500
Connoisseur	on the rebound	oz	50-85
Colombian	infested with	lb	550-850
shake	seeds	oz	20
Colombian	take your chances	lb	200-275
hash		lb	25
Pseudo Thai	go home	oz	75-125
sticks		lb	750-1250
Thai sticks	caveat emptor	one	15-20
		oz	150-175
Loose Thai	good buy if	oz	150-200
	leg	b	1500-2250
California	record harvest	oz	175-225
sinsemilla		b	1200-2000
Chilean	much A material	oz	100-75
sinsemilla		lb	900-700
Hawaiian	top-dolla	oz	200-320
		lb	2000-3200
Moroccan	a good last	oz	75-100
hash	resort	lb	675-900
Lebanese	sh loads	oz	85-120
hash		lb	1000-1400

Black Afghan	costly but boss	oz	150-200
hash		lb	1500-1800
Nepalese	pressed balls	oz	100-150
hash	and fingers	lb	1000-1250
Pak hash	surfactant slashes	oz	100
		b	1350
Indian hash	from the old	oz	125-160
	masters	lb	1000-1350
Hash oils	several passable	gm	30-60
		oz	500-1000
Psilocybin	healthy cottage	oz	25-45
mushrooms	industry	lb	100-250
Peayote	strong supply	oz	15-25
		b	125-400
LSD	many "brand	one	150-5.00
	names	100	100-250
Cocaine	sniff around	gm	75-125
	for buys	oz	1500-2200
Methaqualone	boots and	one	3.50-5
	mporis	100	300-500
MDA	truly wondrous	gm	45-75
	if real		
Crysta meth	here and there	gm	40-75
		oz	750-900
PCP	the pits	gm	60-75
Opium	much top-notch Iranian	gm	40-60

## Alaska

Commercial	grabbed up	oz	65-90
Colombian	fast	lb	525-650
Connoisseur	scarce as seal	oz	90-125
Colombian	feathers	b	650-900
Domestic	good AM smoke	oz	25-40
weed		b	100-200
Mexican	an oddity	oz	50-75
weed		lb	550-750
Hawaiian	stash supply	oz	275-375
Puna buds	only	lb	3000-3800
Hawaiian	worth the	oz	175-200
shake	money	lb	850-1500
Lebanese	standard issue	gm	15-20
hash		oz	130-200
Hash oil	sleazy too often	gm	50-75
Cocaine	like snowflakes	gm	125-175
	in heat	oz	2000-3000
Methaqualone	many bogus	one	6-15
Whit cross	main and boots	one	50
		100	20-35

## Hawaii

Puna buds	potent stuff	oz	175-250
		lb	1800-2500
Kona gold	forever amber	oz	160-225
		lb	1500-2500
Mauna Loa	wet with resin	oz	50-225
		lb	1500-2500
Mau wowie	Ror's Royce of	oz	175-275
	manuvas	lb	2000-3000
Oahu shake	pounds like	oz	50-90
	p. lous	lb	500-900
Leaf sticks	l. j. fly clean	one	7-15
Mountain	like Ping Pong	lb	25
seeds	balls		
LSD	dots and biots	one	2-4
Mushrooms	for cheap	free	
Cocaine	taste for	gm	75-125
	every nose	oz	1500-2000
Amphetamines	crosses, black	one	2
	beats		

## WEST GERMANY

Thai wood	great	stick	10
		1000	7000
Moroccan hash	tourist grade	gm	3
		kilo	2400
Lebanese hash	same old same	gm	4
		kilo	2500-3000
Turkish hash	available of late	gm	5
		kilo	3000-4000
Afghan hash	popular best seller	gm	6
		kilo	1000
Manau hash	knocks off your	gm	7
socks		kilo	5000-5500
Nepalese hash	scarce	gm	7
		kilo	5500
LSD	mikes and	one	3-4
	blotterstoned	100	25-50
Cocaine	cheap European	gm	110
	prices		

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## NATIONAL WEED

*Reefer-Madness Item of the Month:*

# Pot Smoking Makes You Gay



The growing gay population is largely due to cannabis, declared one Vince Stone, president of the Marijuana Education Society of British Columbia. Stone leveled the charge at a B.C. "Social Credit" convention, an open forum convened to discuss human resources. According to Stone, marijuana contains enough of the female hormone estrogen to turn male smokers into homosexuals—and poor drivers to boot. Health minister Robert McClelland told Stone he didn't agree with some of his findings but did feel that pot was a problem.

## Copping a Buzz

Rustlers are making a comeback in North Dakota and Minnesota, but their target isn't cattle or horses. This new breed is after bees, and the North Dakota Beekeeper's Association is offering a \$10,000 reward for capturing the sticky-fingered varmints. The theft of hives has become lucrative due to the rise in the price of a pound of honey from 45 to 52 cents in the past year.

## True Grit

Among seekers after world records, Ronnie Farmer of Pampa, Texas, must be wholly commended for really laying his life on the line. Farmer, 29, copped the jalapeño-eating record last winter by consuming 100 of the volcanic Texas peppers in an incredible 14 minutes and 19 seconds. It started a "small campfire" in his belly. Farmer stoically conceded afterward. The previous jalapeño record was 94 peppers downed over one hour and 51 minutes, set by a Michigan man.

## Captain Cook Regurgitated

Iniquity in paradise will remain a local affair if Hawaiian hoods have anything to say about it. Two thugs from Las Vegas syndicates recently flew to Hawaii to try to infiltrate the Company the Hawaiian mob that runs gambling, hooking and fencing in such lurid hotspots as Honolulu and Waikiki Beach, and which itself has been muscling further into the independent *pakalolo*

trade with each of Hawaii's biannual harvests over the last few seasons. Evidently the Company has no intention of linking up with the Vegas mob, though. The bodies of the two visitors were shipped back to the mainland in a trunk with a note reading, "Delicious, send more."

## Death Row: Just a Shot Away

Some death-row prisoners are doomed to suffer their penalty via the intravenous injection of an ultrashort-acting barbiturate in combination with a chemical paralytic agent. Four states—Oklahoma, Texas, Idaho and New Mexico—have already enacted death by drug legislation, although the first actual death shot will probably take years to be administered due to expected legal appeals. The injection causes its subject to fall asleep and officially suffer cardiac arrest. At the Oklahoma State Penitentiary 27 convicts are earmarked for the blast, referred to among jailbirds as the ultimate high.

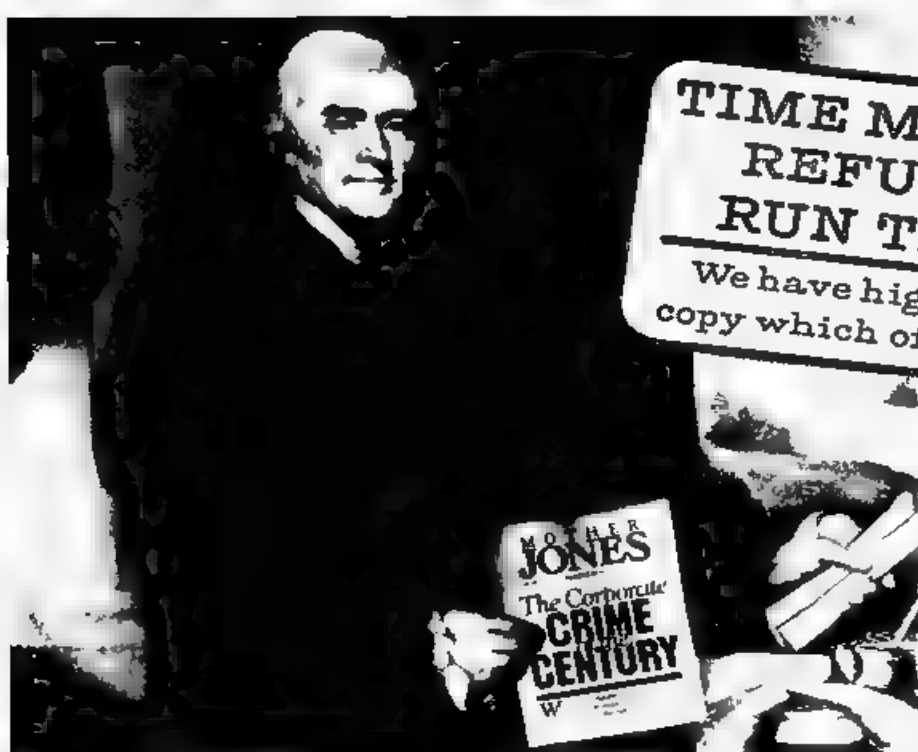
## Pot Fells Fireman

I was just watching them burn the stuff, and an hour after it was all over I got a severe head ache, and then an hour after that I had to get home. I'll tell you one thing. After the experience I had with that, I don't know what anyone gets out of snorting it or sniffing it. It's beyond me.

So said fire department captain Jerry Hlavaty of River Forest, Illinois, after being caught in the smoke of an evidence potfire. It was the biggest batch of dope in recent local memory—three pounds—so instead of just flushing it down the toilet as usual, town cops ceremoniously placed two plastic bags full of pot on the ground, doused them with kerosene and set them afire. Hlavaty, watching with others from a nearby garage, felt indisposed afterward. "I can't really say what it was, just that I don't like it," Hlavaty insisted. "I didn't get high. I knew what I was doing."

River Forest police lieutenant Harold Blesy had his own diagnosis, though. "You know how firemen slide down the poles. Well, [Hlavaty] was sliding up the pole."





## Mother Jones Is Exactly What Our Founders Had In Mind When They Wrote The First Amendment.

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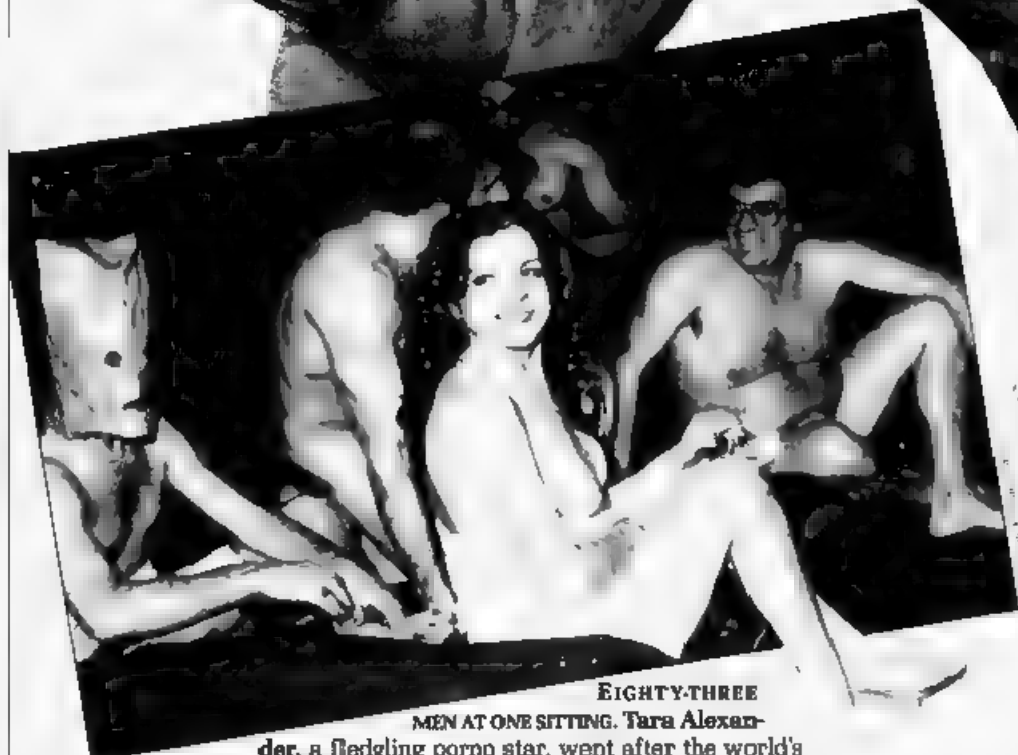
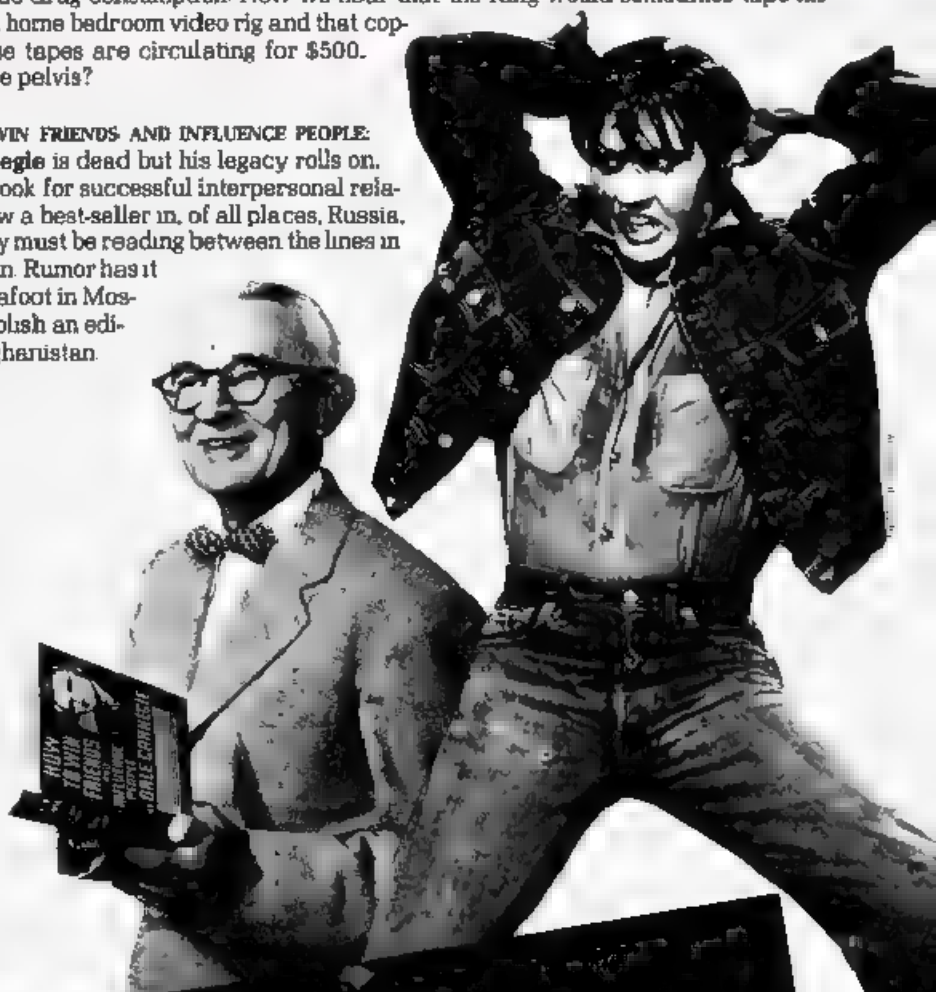
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# High Society



**FEET OF CLAY DEPARTMENT:** Enough already. First the new book by Elvis's in-laws, Elvis. We Love You Tender (New York: Delacorte), tells all about Elvis's bouts with the needle and his fantastic drug consumption. Now we hear that the King would sometimes tape his trysts on a home bedroom video rig and that copies of these tapes are circulating for \$500. What price pelvis?

**HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE:** Dale Carnegie is dead but his legacy rolls on. His handbook for successful interpersonal relations is now a best-seller in, of all places, Russia, where they must be reading between the lines in the Kremlin. Rumor has it plans are afoot in Moscow to publish an edition in Afghanistan.



**EIGHTY-THREE MEN AT ONE SITTING.** Tara Alexander,

a fledgling porno star, went after the world's record recently at Plato's Retreat in New York City, using every available orifice (almost) and free hand. Here Tara takes a cigarette break between number 63 and numbers 64, 65, 66 and 67 (with bag).





**ROBIN DOES DENVER.** The stadium wasn't the only thing a mile high in Denver that day when Mork joined the Broncos' Pony Express chorus line. But then again **Robin Williams** is one wild and crazy guy who, in his incarnation as Grandpa Funk, has been known to feed methadone to pigeons "so they'll come back. Then I cut them off and watch them go cold squab."

**IS THAT A SWORD IN YOUR POCKET OR ARE YOU JUST HAPPY TO SEE ME?** Errol Flynn was a Nazi spy, smuggled marijuana on his yacht, and had a one-night stand with **Truman Capote**, says author **Charles Higham**. Higham claims Flynn picked up Capote at a party. "But I only have a small cold-water walk-up," protested Truman. "Does it have a bed?" asked Flynn. ☐



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Interview:

# George Clinton

**Dr. Funk just wanna testify on mind control,  
Sir Nose, the Bible, Marcus Wellsby and the  
Promentalshitbackwashpsychosisenema squad.  
Say whaa?**

**by Glenn O'Brien**

George Clinton didn't invent the funk—it's been with us from the beginning of time—but he sure as hell has put it out there where you can work with it. George has given us more funk than anybody since James Brown, the Godfather of Soul. He has also been one of the most underrated major influences on Western civilization for at least 12 years.

George first came to the attention of the funky public in 1968 with his first single, "(I Just Wanna) Testify." Remember? That was with Parliament—a singing group. Subsequently Parliament's record label went bust, and instead of waiting around for two years to get the rights to their name, they put the backup musicians up front, took acid, put on crazy clothes and became Funkadelic. The rest is funk history.

Parliament and Funkadelic became two bands in one. At least. But you could call them P-Funk too. And the split personality aspect of the band paid off in spades, aesthetically and businesswise. Parliament broke out the heaviest dance groove of the '70s with sounds like "Up for the Down Stroke," "Chocolate City," "Bop Gun," "Flashlight" and "Tear the Roof Off Sucker (Give Up the Funk)." Meanwhile, in another crazy incarnation, Funkadelic, they turned out album after album of the most bizarre fusion ever attempted, carrying on the spirit of funky psychedelics long after most people had forgotten the 60s. But they didn't even stop there.

Bootsy Collins, a James Brown alumnus and George's bass-playing partner in funk, spun off Bootsy's Rubber Band while continuing as a songwriting and recording partner in P-Funk. With George, Bootsy produced several albums of the funkuest funk of all time. And since Bootsy, the P-Funk ensemble has started to turn out great solo albums under the direction of

George, Dr. Funkenstein. The horn section has done it as Fred Wesley and the Horny Horns, featuring Maceo Parker, James Brown's favorite former tenor player. (Fred Wesley, trombonist, also is a former James Brown sideman.) The backup singers have done it as The Brides of Funkenstein and Parlet, two different aggregations of lovely

**"Funk is the rhythm of life,  
but it can grow all into  
whatever it has to be to  
keep one from committin'  
suicide. It's that ability  
to say, 'Funk it!'"**

and funky ladies. Bernie Worrell, keyboard virtuoso and one of George's main songwriting partners, is the latest member of the group to go solo. But now that George has begun his own record label we may assume that everyone in P-Funk will get their turn. (Not everybody could wait, however. P-Funk's great guitarist Glen Goins and drummer Jerome Brailey split a while back to form Quazar. Glen died, and Jerome has carried on with his Mutiny on the Mama-ship without Dr. Funkenstein.)

George is the impresario, the lyricist, the conceptualizer, the guru, the producer and, until quite recently, was the illumined, madcap referee of one of the wildest stage shows in the world. While George is not an amazing singer, he is an unparalleled performer in terms of funky presence. In his long white wig and paramilitary beret and shades, George dominated a stage loaded with great singers and players with his sheer funk. A natural shaman and an electronic witch doctor, he moved the P-Funk through a rhythmic spectrum of dance-motivating, mind-expanding sound.

A P-Funk concert is not just a rock concert. It's a funk opera, a funk ballet, a funk control panel of the cosmos. It's as high art as Sophocles and as low art as you can go. George Clinton is a poet, a philosopher, a singer and just about everything else that the funk can make one.

George recently announced his retirement from the stage. He's not burned out, but he's been on the road with P-Funk constantly for ten years—while putting out 21 great albums, including his latest, Parliament's Glory Halla Stoopid (Casablanca NBLP 7195).

HIGH TIMES' Glenn O'Brien tracked down Dr. Funk in "Chocolate City" (as he calls Washington, D.C.) and "Fun City" (as we call New York), two of his favorite locations for reflecting on the state of the funk.

**High Times:** Can you remember when you first heard the word funk?

**Clinton:** It must have been around '57 or '58. I don't know exactly. I remember when I first knew I wanted to do funky things, funky songs: hearing Lee Dorsey's record of "Get Out My Life Woman"... "You don't love me no more." That sucker hit a primal urge for me. 'Bout made my dick hard. I knew I wanted to sing that kind of shit. Before that it was always stand-up, suits-alike groups: Clefstones, Velours, Heartbeats. Everybody wanted to be that groove. That was the cool groove that got you the pussy, got you into things. There was a quick reward for singing it. Blues and shit was your mother's music and it was old and country, so most of the young kids didn't want to be bothered with it.

**High Times:** Who else was funky at that time?

**Clinton:** Guess the only other one that I could appreciate was Ray Charles. I guess there was a lot of 'em. Whenever Joe Tex

was doing it. James Brown of course.

**High Times:** How old are you, George?

**Clinton:** Thirty-eight. But even then James was more blues than he was funky. When he said, "Papa's Got a Brand New Bag," that's when he seriously got funky. He meant it. He had a brand-new bag. Wasn't no nickel bag either. He was really workin' hard. He worked real hard to have the horn lines and everything right together. The uniformity, the sheer oneness of that group made it, made it seriously funky. When everybody playing everything on the one, just alka, one's a big number. And if you're playing it good individually, and all on the one, it can be the simplest thing in the world and it's strong. It was about advanced rhythms. He didn't have to say no words—it could just be "Uhh... Ahh... Good-God" or "Hit me" or hummin' or gruntin' or grumblin'—it doesn't matter what you say.

**High Times:** Does Dr. Funkenstein have a definition for funk?

**Clinton:** It is forever growing. Funk can be anything it needs to be. It's basically the rhythm of life, but it can grow all into whatever it has to be to keep one from committin' suicide. It's that ability to say, "Funk it! This is cool too." 'Cause it's a bitch to try to be what is programmed through TV as cool. It was hard as hell to be Dr. Wellsby. That's some hard shit in real life, and after seeing it on TV and in magazines you can think that you supposed to be that way and if you ain't there's something wrong with you. It is that deep. But if you got a little bit of funkability, you gonna funk that shit. There's nothing wrong with makin' money—we try to make all we can—but the idea of lettin' it become the dominant thing put's someone on your funk. When it starts to get commercial, it starts to get fucked up. Hippies was cool in the '60s. Now they are selling brand-new jeans all prefaded and patched up with Fuck You patches. They dustin' the acid.

**High Times:** Adulteration is a main theme with P-Funk: "Don't want my funk stepped on..."

**Clinton:** It's based on competin' and gettin' over at all costs. We don't watch it. We don't check it out. We just do it. Now they made it almost an instinctive urge. When you look at TV and see what they have as the good life, and your existence don't look like that shit... "What kind of drink you want, Pop?" "Oh, champagne." Dr. Wellsby got all the answers. Everybody lookin' like they're rich. It ain't no such thing. In real life a lot of people is laid off. So you got people fightin' for what they think everybody's got but them. And then the concept that anybody can become president. If you got all that shit in the back of your head. It's all possible. You have to work extremely hard.

You can't be laid-back and comfortable. Either you're a fool, a bum and no good—unless you're lucky and get rich, then you can be eccentric. It's all about the interpretation they put on shit. So there are people

running around with their heads cut off, competin' and fightin', with no thoughts in their head about what that can lead to, aside from maybe some money, if they can get it. So you have people actually robbing and stealing and killing and they ask why, why they can't maintain control. It's impossible to maintain control with all the woo that's aimed at you, all the advertising that says if you have this, you'll be happy. It's impossible to just sit back and say, "They're full of shit. I'm not going to do nothing." You'll feel like you don't exist. Nobody loves you. You won't get no pussy. If you're a bitch you won't get no dick. You have to really be out here involved, to try to look what's hip, try to be hip what's hip. Unless you really know that it don't mean shit and that you can make up your own set of

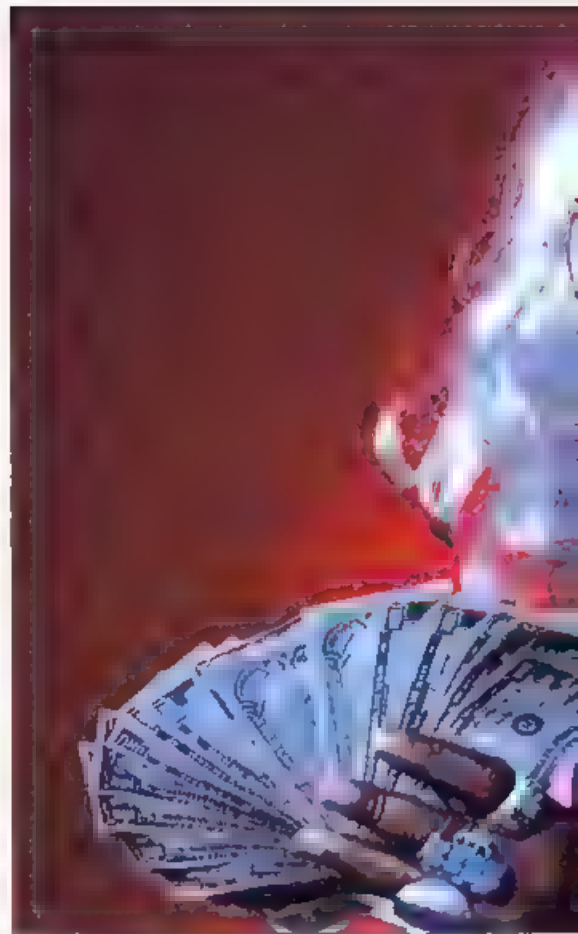
**"You got to have some media. It took us a long time, because ain't nobody wants to see no ten ugly motherfuckers running around up there acting the fool."**

rules. Even then it's going to be hard until you prove it.

You got to have some media. We did it ourselves. We took the opposite of what was supposed to be cute, hip or what would get you over. It took us a long time, because ain't nobody wants to see no ten ugly motherfuckers running around up there with bald heads, screaming, shouting and acting the fool. They were supposed to be calm and in order. We was going out the other door. Took us a long while and every once in a while we had to show 'em we could do it the other way but didn't want to. And when you're accepted like that, you're accepted on a much wider scale. We could do almost anything now and it'd be cool. It just takes a little longer that way, but it's more fun. It's our own interpretation now and it's out of sight. It might be crazy to a lot of people, but we're doing it. We made that room for ourselves.

We don't have to seriously compete with nobody. We don't even look at competin'. The battle of the bands is a big political trap. If you battlin' the other groups you in trouble, 'cause it ain't you against the other groups, it's you against the business. So most people won't come together 'cause of all the competition. As long as you're thinkin' about competin', you'll never have a chance to see who's in the same boat as you.

**High Times:** Did you grow up with blues? **Clinton:** The blues had to go to England to get back. Blues was so uncool for little young blacks. "Shit, man, what's that shit, get that shit off the radio." I was grown before I realized, wait a minute. The first



Funkadelic album says it all. I was from North Carolina and I went to New York and got my head laid. I was cool but I had no groove. I got into the funk. You ain't cool until you got into the funk.

But they're still trying to stop New Orleans music. There is rhythms of a basic primal nature that everybody can relate to. The same rhythm is used on all TV commercials, but it's sophisticated and it's colored and it's hid in the background music. And they only take certain parts, like the part that gets your attention and primes you for programming. But there's a basic funk rhythm that everybody can relate to and get those urges off and not have to go buy nothing. All they're doing is selling you yourself. All those advertisers are doing is selling you your own primal urges and needs and wants. But when you get this funk and all the rhythms that satisfy that nut, when you run into a mother tellin' you this toothpaste got sex appeal, you know damn well this toothpaste don't have no sex appeal. And you won't try to fuck no toothpaste and you won't get upset because your dick don't get hard when you're trying to get some real pussy.

Right now, people are screamin', "I can't come." Everybody's impotent. It's only because all of the technology is pullin' at your senses and your urges all day, so after it pullin' at you all day, and inside primally thinking you're getting ready to have sex and being on your guard, by the time you're really ready to have some you're tired and fidgety. Your body doesn't know if you're lyin' again or not. 'Cause you been prepar-





in' to fuck toothpaste all day.

**High Times:** I don't know if you know any Rastas.

**Clinton:** I've met Bob Marley.

**High Times:** Well, one of the things I like best about them is that they always say what they mean. You'll never hear them be sarcastic or ironic. They say what they mean. They stand by their word. But in American society the standard of speech is so sarcastic that the most common form of humor is saying the opposite of what you mean. People will say anything just to test out how it sounds. People have no concept of standing by their words. I don't think it's very funny to say the opposite of what you mean.

**Clinton:** Either that or you have to say it different at all times. There's no set way to say it. At one time I have no doubt that the Bible was the perfect rhythm to say all that's in it. It all seems basically true. When you get it broke down and clear, it all seems to be the same thing that most anybody say in any religion. But to even mention the Bible is a turn-off. To even mention religion is a turn-off. I've been thinking that there's a rhythm for all times and a way for all times to communicate things. As soon as you get a good communication going with people, even if it's underground and everything, Sir Nose pop up and he put his paw in the drain of interpretation and it's no longer safe to talk that way. That's why slang keep developin'. Sir Nose keep getting in there.

**High Times:** My Gideon Bible was opened to the same page as yours in Proverbs. It says here, "A contentious wife is like a con-

tinual dropping." That probably meant a bitchy wife is like diarrhea, but it's lost something in the translation.

**Clinton:** You can say it so many thousands of ways, but whoever wrote it was poetic, and the shit will go and come.

**High Times:** Well, you have a lot of similar references: Roto-Rooter, Promentalshit-backwashpsychosisenema squad, the Doo Doo Chasers. Do you think America has a big bathroom problem?

**Clinton:** They're full of shit.

**High Times:** But don't you think it's literally true?

**Clinton:** I have no doubt about that one. We just full of shit. That's just the way it is. And the only way we gonna get it out is to realize that we are full of it. And once we realize we are full of shit, we can go on en-

**"Right now, people are screamin', 'I can't come.' Everybody's impotent. It's only because all of the technology is pullin' at your senses and your urges all day."**

joying the shit for however long we need to keep doing it.

But there shouldn't be guilt, 'cause that's the real trap that the church, the state and the scientists got you trapped in. It's hard to get rid of your shit, because you're gonna start to feel real guilty when you start to educate yourself about the shit you got in you. But fuck that. Go on. You ain't got to feel guilty. It ain't your fault. Somebody done programmed you to be like this for a long time. You ain't really got nothing to do with it. A lot of people think, "I don't want to face all that shit I done did. I don't want to face the shit I'm hung up in." To face it makes it go away. And it ain't your fault, so fuck feelin' guilty.

The church really got you where you really don't want to know. You might go to hell. You might be the devil. You is just a human computer that's been programmed to act the fool for a minute. If you realize that's all it is, it ain't no reprimand to realize it. That's a trap. No sex education. No, don't even look at that.

You see everybody going crazy at Son of Sam. Nobody really wanted to know what that is. They all said, "He's crazy." That's it. "He's crazy. He's not one of us." They don't even want their bodies in the same funeral home. We're programmed not to understand what makes that happen and to just treat it as an isolated incident that happened to a crazy motherfucker. When, in fact, the same trip is happening to all of us, driving everybody out there. You won't look at it if you of the church, 'cause to play some shut like that mean you got some seri-

ous animal instinct in you, and you're being programmed through those animal instincts by somebody else. And that means that you a devilish ass.

You watch what they do for cults now since Jonestown. They're gonna crack their asses. You better not even say, "What's your sign?" They're gonna wipe out all interest groups of more than three people. Four people will be a cult.

**High Times:** It already is in Philadelphia.

**Clinton:** It's getting so systematic now. They don't want no mixture of ideas. The deejays is gonna be like Muzak. No emotional nothing. There's a great effort to shut us up, emotionally and intellectually. "Think. It ain't illegal yet."

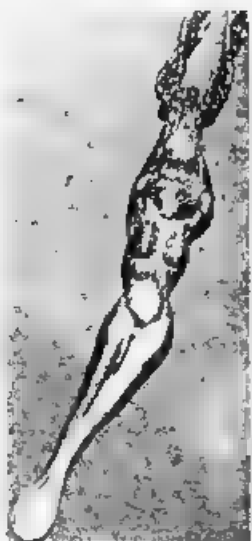
Did you see that mind-control thing on TV the other day? It was so jive. They was trying to tell us, "We busted the mind controllers just in time." They had a couple of scapegoats. Two of the dudes were dead. One was alive. He was expendable but he didn't want to come on TV. They tried to make it seem like it was over. When I know the shit they was doing was amateur shit compared to the shit Manson, Cinque and them dudes was up to. And they learned it from Vacaville, a prison, where they really do the old monkey thing on ya. These dudes was do-loops from Vacaville. That's a album, man. I'm scared to do it. But I'm gonna do it. Timothy Leary, he sound weird to me now. He was there. I have no doubt when you go to sleep there them mothers fuck with you. But I think now it's so sophisticated they ain't even got to get you in prison to do it no more.

**High Times:** They can probably just put the beam on your head.

**Clinton:** Hey, man. You know the dude from *Hustler*? They just rhythmically drew some vibe... with enough of that writing about his conviction and his pornography and his religion. You get those two together and boy, you got the sacred fire. Those are the two that they ain't never want you to have, 'cause they got that one and they don't want you to fuck with that. They don't like pornography. Pornography deal with it on that low level like funk. Not hiding too much and giving you a lot of it. Which means eventually you'll get educated. You'll see the real trip in it all. The novelty will wear off and you'll have to see the joke in it. Or it'll just be plain life. It won't mean shit. But that a little bit at a time. *Playboy* having subliminal sex behind the page—that shit is just too erratic. You don't know what the picture is. You don't see real life in it. When it sneak up on you like that it gets a little erratic.

They don't even need the beam to get you. They don't have to go lure nobody. They got us so rhythmically fucked up now that if they write certain things in a certain rhythm, people are drawn to write it that way in a magazine, the news is prone to report it that way on TV, it will pull a do-loop out of the audience of the world and he will show up and BANG. And you can't

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never tell which side he's on. He might be on the pornographers' side. "You're slanderer pornography with God!"

They can infiltrate you. That's why it's not safe to be no serious leader, 'cause if you're a serious leader you will be the martyr for whatever happens to you. And people will put an interpretation on you. When you start gettin' too visible, when you start gettin' too many followers, when you start sayin', "I am it," then they'll exploit that part of you that's in all of us, a subinstinctive, survival, animalistic thing way back in the primal brain with no thoughts or nothing.

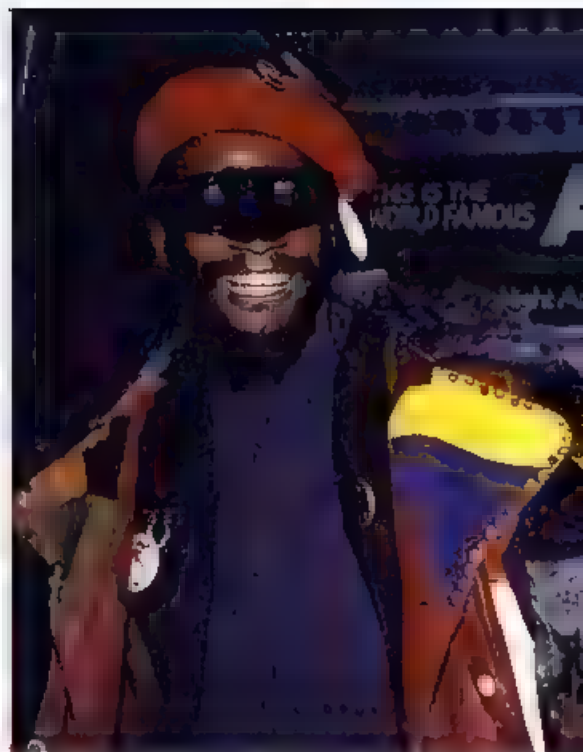
**High Times:** But working with the funk

**"Acid made you  
breathe in rhythm  
until your  
head exploded.  
Funk is  
the same thing."**

you're not saying, "I am it." You're saying, "This is it."

**Clinton:** The funk is it. I would not be it. No way. That's why there's gonna be a lot of us. I didn't start it and I ain't it. It's coming through me, but it don't live here. I'll be one with it, but it's not yours to be. That part of the funk is in everybody free. And all religions sell somebody is their own ability to hyperventilate and feel good. That's all you be doing when you be singing in church. Hare Krishnas do the same thing. All it is is chanting till you get past that point of attention span when you transcend it and you feel good. Holy and sanctified people—I used to be amazed at 'em talkin' about they see God. But I know these little old ladies didn't lie. They felt something. And I found out that at a certain point in any rhythm you just trip right on out. Acid was the same thing. It made you breathe in rhythm until your head exploded. Funk is the same thing. We're saying, "Hey, that's yours. If you want to do it at home with your records, it'll work." It ain't nothing but your own ability to get a cheap high.

When somebody's selling it to you over a political speech and it sound good—bullshit. It's you making yourself feel excited 'cause they know the key words and rhythms to get you started. But that shit is ultimately you. You can do it yourself. Freedom, love, national unity—there are certain words that politicians know are primal. Also abortion, antiabortion, homosexuality... And masses of people can be much more stupid than one person can be. If somebody's manipulat'n, you better know you're susceptible to it. Not just "Yeah, yeah, yeah, right on." With the funk you have a choice—to say, "Those mothers are silly." There's so many variations of what the funk can be that you still got your choice to be whatever in the end is you.



We have no concepts of good and bad. It's just all life. To look at things one way or another, you're being set up to like one and dislike the other. And when they get tired of you liking this then they'll make you switch it, 'cause you will get bored. And then they'll call you perverted 'cause you switched and God was watchin' you and you got to get back and it's all confusin', and what the fuck am I doing here? And when you jump they say, "Why did you lose control?" And they be making unisex it while telling you to be a real man or a real woman. Everybody's saying, "I don't understand how people can do that," and they ain't more than a few block behind 'em. And if you don't know you're doing it, you'll be doing it in giant steps. You'll be right behind the dude that did the crazy shit. And you'll be saying, "I was only kidding. I didn't mean it the same way he did."

Logic is out to lunch. Everybody wants to say, "Why do they do that?" Anybody that can say, "Why do a junkie become a junkie?"—that's full of shit. Valiums and Librium's. If you go to the doctor's office and you don't get a prescription you'll feel like you been cheated. It's a drug society. So somebody else can't afford the serious Medicare, so they get a \$5 bag and they get strung out on that end of it. It ain't nothing but degrees, and the lower the degree the more fucked up you're gonna get, that's the only difference. The higher the degree, the more sophisticated you are. But I don't know about that. Rich and sophisticated seems like the punishment for being rich and sophisticated. It might be horrible to be rich and martined and Valium'd. That's a deep one. Maybe the junkie way out ain't the real grind. They know they ain't did it. When they get busted for shit they know they been programmed and pushed. And because of that they think





they can fight it. God damn! Fuck!

**High Times:** Well, if you were President George what would you do about heroin?

**Clinton:** It's the causes. Forget the heroin. They should never even get to that. It's about all the erratic rhythms that you can come up with. But it'll be really rough now, because we had this so long that we're into it and it's programmed. To ask people to break a lot of habits can be erratic too. But the solution has got to be education of all the biorhythm fuckup that's been made. And people will have to think their own individual ways out of it.

**High Times:** What do you think about white people and the funk?

**Clinton:** They've got their rhythm. And they can dance to the funk. Anybody can do the funk. It just takes exposure.

**High Times:** The average American watches six hours of television a day. Do you think there's hope of beating that control system?

**Clinton:** Yeah. Everybody's gonna start being stupid and silly and funny and start dancing and having a good time and just disregard it on a light, head-trip level. The same thing that happened in the '60s, but it'll be mental this time, not physical. It won't be like long hair. It'll be overground, not underground. It will be head communication. Sir Nose will try to follow us, but he won't do it. You'll do whatever you need to do and keep your eye on Sir Nose this time, give him the respect that he's always gonna be there, he's never gonna go nowhere. 'Cause you ain't never going to be seriously happy. The pursuit is what's happening. If you're happy, you ain't got nowhere to go.

**High Times:** Are you really retiring from the stage, or is this a fake?

**Clinton:** Dear me, no. This is definitely the thang. But you know I ain't saying I ain't gonna jump on stage with Bootsy if he

come through town, Parliament or Funkadelic. But I'm talking about a road thing, because now I feel the pressure of having to keep the hits out there and trying to keep the group alive. And it ain't easy no more. When you get a "Knee Deep" that's almost sold a million and you can't get nowhere near crossover or exposure... I know I have to keep putting out that kind of record. I just might as well get used to it. All I can do is not have to do the road thing. I have to do it with Bootsy and the Brides and Parliament and pretty soon they'll get frustrated if I have to divide my time between all of them and the stage too.

**"Rich and sophisticated seems like the punishment for being rich and sophisticated. It might be horrible to be rich and martinied and Valium'd."**

I've planned this. For a couple of years I've been singing less and less onstage and Gary's been doing more and more and Michael's been doing more and more, and now Philippe is there. And they are all peaking now. So it's the best time in the world to do it. It's about the singer now. It's got a lot of voices now. They're really singing. It's been a serious, thought-out thing and I think I can get away with it right now. I've got to. Otherwise I couldn't do it all. And I've got Uncle Jam that's being formed, my own label. And I'll still be doing the records with the groups.

**High Times:** Are you going to produce James Brown?

**Clinton:** Well, we did a record together, James, Bootsy and myself. That's going to be on Uncle Jam Records. It's called "Go for Your Funk." We did three tracks so far. It'll be an album before we finish it. I did it for history. I played it for a few people and everybody liked it, but they wanted to keep the interpretation that it's just another record. I know this is history and it ain't gonna be played as just another record. So I had to save it until we had our own label, so that whether it's a hit or not it will be treated like the history it is.

**High Times:** Could you imagine producing rock groups, like new wave-type rock groups?

**Clinton:** I can't consider it now, cause I'm leaving the road now just to be able to do what I have to do on my own. Now once I get off the road and get caught up and get everything going I'd really like to work with a couple of groups. The Talking Heads thing, I could dig that. I saw them on TV. And just for an outlet into another thang.

Funk and rock should bridge anyway, especially right now because they're in the same boat with the industry not wanting to

(continued on page 86)

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# UFOs, Mothman and Me

Twenty years on  
the flying – saucer beat  
John A. Keel

Ma Bell hates the FBI.

The FBI loathes the CIA.

The CIA doesn't get along with Air Force Intelligence.

And none of them is a match for the Great Intergalactic Council headquartered on Ganymede, a satellite of Jupiter, which is out to befuddle, bewilder, betray and ultimately annihilate the entire human race. While laying their fiendish long-range plans against us they have enlisted thousands of screwballs to spread propaganda and convince us that the flying-saucer folks are kindly, benevolent, peace-loving humanoids. If you are one of the millions who have swallowed this cosmic crapola, if you believe that flying saucers are real and that they are of extraterrestrial origin, then you'd better start digging a deep shelter in your backyard because all of the evidence accumulated over the past 33 years indicates that the Great Intergalactic Council has been engaged in a wholesale brain-fucking operation that has our inept bureaucracies totally confused, our military services cringing in cowardice and our great scientists mumbling to themselves in rubber rooms.

For 20 years I was an ardent believer in extraterrestrial intelligences myself. I had taken up the holy cause of unidentified flying objects even before an Idaho businessman named Kenneth Arnold made the first nationally publicized saucer sighting in 1947. As a boy I had already been influenced by the work of Charles Fort, a writer in the 1920s who spent his life burrowing into old newspapers and magazines, dredging up forgotten reports of strange aerial objects and bizarre animals from the 19th century. The first wave of UFO sightings in this century took place in 1909, anticipating the basic patterns of the later waves. In fact, those earlier objects, usually described as dirigibles, followed the same routes as the modern flying saucers would from New Zealand to Oklahoma. Mr. Fort puzzled over the early sightings and announced, with some glee, that we were hosting visits from people who lived in the sky. (He also proposed that the heavens were fake and that the stars were lights hanging from strings only a few thousand feet over our heads.)

Fort had no evidence, aside from tattered newspaper clippings, and as a True Believer (TB) I didn't need any. In 1952 I wrote and produced a radio program, "Things in the Sky," that was aired throughout Europe and stimulated an unprecedented amount of mail. Between 1947, the beginning of the modern epoch, and 1966, the year of the greatest UFO wave, many subtle things occurred within the government and among



Contactee George Adamski's classic three-balled UFO. Also identified as a floor waxer.

the civilian saucer chasers. The field was in utter chaos and anyone who tried to make sense of the UFO scene was doomed to frustration. The crazies were in command, particularly in the government, and the civilian UFO buffs and their slaphappy organizations were diligently dedicated to suppressing important UFO cases because they did not conform to their particular theories. The U.S. Air Force carried out token investigations from time to time and issued an annual poop sheet outlining the number of sightings and so on. The effort was so shamelessly directed that their columns of figures were incorrectly added and their basic statistics were ruthlessly altered and juggled from year to year. A college professor, hired to find astronomical explanations for sightings, often blamed stars and celestial objects that weren't even visible in the sky at the time of the event. It was the age of the Big Lie and the UFO buffs were so diverted by the nonsensical machinations of the ill-managed air-force PR factory that they had little time to actually investigate the UFO phenomenon itself. In fact, during the first 19 years of Chicken Little melodramatics we learned no more about flying saucers than we knew in the first weeks of July 1947 when novelist Tiffany Thayer and the hardy members of his Fortean Society announced to the world that we were receiving visitors from Venus. (When Thayer founded the Fortean Society in 1932 Charles Fort refused to join, declaring that he would no sooner sign up than he would join the Elks.) Thayer had far-reaching influence, however, and his peculiar political ideas dominated ufology for over a quarter of a century. He believed that the U.S. government was engaged in a massive conspiracy of silence about everything.

I was pushed into the flying-saucer fracas in 1966 by a *Playboy* editor who wanted a "definitive" article on the subject. The first logical step was to seek out experts. I quickly discovered there weren't any. There were people who called them-

selves experts, all wallowing in egocentric delusions of self-importance, all feuding with their fellow experts. Paranoia was rampant in the field and every teenager and little old lady in tennis shoes involved in UFO hunting was convinced the government, and particularly the air force and CIA, was spending millions to mess up their personal mail and telephones. There was a big overlap, too, of wild-eyed right-wingers, and many of the more bizarre beliefs of the John Birch Society and even the KKK were absorbed into the UFO lore. The legendary Illuminati (a secret group who rule the world) replaced the Communists as the favored menace of the right wing in the 1960s, and soon the ufologists were looking over their shoulders even though they wouldn't have known an Illuminatus if they fell over him. The then Washington-based National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP) nearly fell apart at one point when a black volunteer was rejected by the director of the group. Only little green men needed to apply.

A few UFO books, mostly in the crackpot category, had been published in the 1950s,

If you are one of the millions who have swallowed this cosmic crapola, if you believe flying saucers are real and of extraterrestrial origin, then you'd better start digging a deep shelter in your backyard.

but copies of them were now almost impossible to locate. (The average UFO book sells about 3,000 copies, even today—a pathetically small number when you consider how much publicity UFOs have received.) Ivan Sanderson, zoologist, author and well-known TV personality, had a library of

some of the better books. He lived on a farm in the wilds of northern New Jersey. A charismatic Briton usually surrounded by hordes of visitors, Ivan had single-handedly introduced the subject of the Abominable Snowman and Bigfoot to the American public. We met originally because I had once tracked the elusive Abominable Snowman in the Himalayas and Ivan was preparing a massive book on those hairy horrors. He was also a longtime observer of the UFO scene and at the beginning of my quest he gave me the best advice I would receive. "Don't take this flying saucer business too seriously," he warned me. "Just think of the whole thing as an intellectual exercise."

I made several trips to Washington and the Pentagon in an earnest effort to present the air force's side of the controversy fairly. The various air-force officials openly and repeatedly lied to me about several things. I discovered that Project Bluebook, the air-force UFO investigating group, was actually in the hands of a sergeant who didn't give a shit. Their files were a total shambles. Their investigations were Keystone Kop farces. Their biggest fears were that the public would discover that they didn't know a thing about flying saucers and that the scope of the phenomenon was much broader than any casual observer might think. UFOs were, and are, successfully eluding our defensive systems and landing frequently in farm fields, on highways, and even—believe it or not—on airport runways. They have been causing considerable damage to property for many years. The air force has been unable to protect us from these intrusions and the FBI and other law-enforcement agencies have not stopped them from breaking all our laws. So there has been a scramble for years to cover up these things in a standard bureaucratic maneuver known as "protecting your ass."

Thayer and his cohorts started yelling "Cover-up!" long before the air force is-



UFO occupant, as most frequently described. Elongated eyes, lipless mouth and no nose.





Three Saturn-shaped objects buzzed England while the RAF gritted its teeth.

sued Project Grudge in 1949. Project Grudge was a 600-page opus that attempted to prove that all UFOs were clouds, weather balloons, errant stars or swarms of bees. Numerous physicists and astronomers were called upon to contribute learned papers to this joke. None of them had bothered to investigate a single UFO event. Each received an average of \$5,000 for his or her contribution to Grudge.

The real story is more interesting and vastly more expensive. In 1947 the Air Technical Intelligence Command (ATIC) at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio was assigned to investigate the new UFO sensation. ATIC was composed of experienced intelligence experts who threw themselves into their task with skill and enthusiasm. A year later they prepared a report called *Top Secret Estimate of the Situation*. Their conclusion was that UFOs were real, were not from Russia and might be extraterrestrial. The estimate went to the chief of the air force, Gen. Hoyt Vandenburg, and to the secretary of defense, James V. Forrestal. General Vandenburg had served as chief of the Central Intelligence Group (CIG), forerunner of the CIA, until May 1, 1947, when he was replaced by Rear Adm. Roscoe H. Hillenkoetter. Vandenburg was thus not only top dog in the air force, he was also a highly respected member of the intelligence community. He ordered ATIC to get out of the flying-saucer business by issuing a public denial—what would later become Project Grudge. Then he turned the UFO "problem" over to the covert CIG even though President Truman had specifically limited the CIG, forbidding it to operate within the continental United States.

Mr. Forrestal's reaction to the *Top Secret Estimate* was far more personal. According to newspaper reports of the day, he ran through the halls of the Pentagon crying, "We're being invaded and we can't stop them!" He was convinced his telephone was tapped and he was dragged away to a hospital. Although he was placed in a room on a low floor, he somehow man-

aged to get to a higher floor where he jumped out of a window and killed himself.

Years later Rear Admiral Hillenkoetter became a member of NICAP's board of governors.

After Project Grudge appeared in 1949, the U.S. Air Force tried to drop the whole matter. But there is plenty of evidence indicating that someone was actively following

up reports. That someone was probably the CIG, which was rapidly mushrooming into another bureaucratic nightmare, gobbling up as much money as possible while performing as little work as possible. After all, the government is not in the business of performing productive work. It is in the business of spending money. The issue of flying saucers was never a big enough rat hole for the bureaucracy. The CIA convened a special panel of scientists in 1952 to decide that flying saucers didn't exist and were a waste of time. From 1952 to 1967 the government (including the CIA) apparently paid only token attention to the phenomenon, even though air force captain Edward Ruppelt claimed the government was spending a million bucks a year on UFO research. Then he modestly admitted that he had even found himself examining a piece of cow dung as evidence of extraterrestrial visitants. In the late 1960s, half a million of your tax dollars were passed away by the University of Colorado when it began an air force-sponsored UFO study that collapsed because of personality conflicts. The head of the project, Dr. Edward Condon, even sent a brass band to a desert

area when he received a tip that a UFO would land there. When you consider all the other silliness connected with this insane project, that was Dr. Condon's finest hour. Later he had some of his key scientists arrested for allegedly smoking pot.

A Pentagon officer once told me that it cost \$10,000 to investigate a single UFO sighting. I tried for a long time to get the Project Bluebook budget but it was buried in the general public-relations budget and couldn't be extricated. According to a secretary, their biggest task was answering "kiddie mail." However, one day when I was visiting Lt. Col. Maston Jacks a girl came into the office and put a newspaper clipping into a big red folder marked *Top Secret*, so maybe a clipping service was part of their expenses.

My brushes with the civilian experts, the air-force apologists and the pot-smoking scientists convinced me there was only one way to find out what was going on. I would have to go into the field and investigate some fresh sightings firsthand.

In November 1966 four young people in Point Pleasant, West Virginia, reported a chilling encounter with a seven-foot-tall monster with glowing red eyes and a ten-foot wingspan. The press labeled it *Mothman*, and during the next year more than 100 West Virginians would see it. If it had been just another ten-foot-tall hairy monster I would have ignored the report. After all, Bigfoot sightings were superabundant. But the West Virginia critter had wings, could take off straight up like a helicopter and was fond of pursuing automobiles at 90 miles an hour. In short, he was my kind of weirdie. I consulted Ivan Sanderson, the animal expert. He was busy trying to file a torrent of kangaroo reports from New England. (He called them "mysterious marsupials.") Phantom kangaroos pop up somewhere in the United States every year. Ivan was one of the few who

(continued on page 72)



A rare lenticular cloud. A natural phenomenon mistaken for a flying saucer—until it blows away

# Spring Planting Guide

by Ed Rosenthal and Mel Frank

**M**arijuana is fun and fascinating to grow, from the first perky sprout to the resinous coles sparking in the autumn light. This spring, millions of people all over the United States are planning marijuana. If you have a yard, an open terrace or even a sunny window, you can grow it too. The cultivation of marijuana even for personal use is a felony in all states except Alaska and Oregon. (Growers: Check with NORML for prosecution standards in your state.) Because it is illegal, growers are threatened not only by the law. Their crops are particularly susceptible to thieves because there is usually no legal recourse. It is imperative that growers hide their marijuana from the view of passersby and backyard burglars.

## Plan Ahead

If your yard is visible to outsiders, or if you have a roof area or sunny porch, you might construct a simple greenhouse. A wooden frame at least eight feet high covered with polyethylene film or rigid plastic is easy to set up and inexpensive. Frosted or light-diffusing plastic works particularly well by distributing light more evenly and keeping the plants from view. Some gardeners hide marijuana among tall-growing crops such as corn, sunflowers or pole beans or near existing bamboo stands or other tall bushes. Marijuana can also be trained to grow along fences or walls. Even a cement patio is no excuse for not growing. Potted marijuana can be moved in any sunny area. Pots add portability should the plants ever need to be placed in any sunny area. Given the opportunity, that tiny marijuana seed can become a 20-foot giant, bearing over two pounds of sinsemilla buds.

In this country these giants flourish in areas with a long, warm and clear-skied growing season, such as California. Most growers try to keep their plants small, or short growing season limits the plant's growth. Some backyard growers intentionally keep watering and fertilizing to a minimum.

An inexpensive and easy-to-construct greenhouse can hold pounds of grass







These are a good source of bright light for indoor gardens.

A hidden grower's small and simple setup.

mum. The plants remain small and inconspicuous. Three- to five-gallon pots can support robust plants six to eight feet tall. For healthy growth and good bud development, marijuana needs sunlight, including a minimum of four hours of direct sun daily. The more sunlight the plants get, the larger they can grow.

### Prepare Your Soil


Marijuana can behave like a weed and when given a fertile enough soil can outgrow practically any other plant. If you already have a healthy vegetable garden, your soil is probably in good condition for growing marijuana. Marijuana and corn have similar soil preferences. They prefer a well-drained soil that is not too acid or too alkaline (best pH is between 6.3 and 7.0) and that is fertile and rich with organic matter.

The most important factor is the soil's consistency. It must retain some water yet allow excess water to drain through. Hard-packed or sticky soil, or soil that has too much clay, should be mixed with humus, compost, sand, perlite and peat moss to loosen and aerate the soil. Any time your hands can't penetrate the topsoil, turn or break the soil with a pitchfork or shovel and work the soil with additives to a loose consistency.

Loams and sandy soils usually don't need to be turned, but it is a good idea to work in some manure or blood meal before planting and at least clear the surface debris and loosen the top few inches of soil where the seeds will be sown. The soil pH is a measure of its acidity or alkalinity. Acid soils are associated with wetness, and most soils east of the Mississippi and in the Northwest are acid. Soil's acidity is counteracted by adding lime, which raises the pH. Alkaline soils characterize dry areas found in the western part of the country. There the pH is lowered by working into the soil Epsom salts, iron sulfate or gypsum. Pine needles, cottonseed meal, peat moss, manure, peat moss

Seham (left) is almost full size. Columbus (right) is kept small by withholding water and fertilizer.





and coffee grounds are all acidic and will help lower soil pH. The water in your area is also a clue to whether the soil is acid or alkaline. Soft water indicates an acid area while hard water, treat your soil for alkalinity; if you have soft water, treat the soil with lime.

If you are cultivating an area for the first time, you could test the soil for nutrients and pH. Buy a simple, inexpensive test kit at a nursery or plant store or have the soil analyzed at an agricultural test station. Kits contain tests for pH as well as for nitrogen (N), phosphoric acid (P O<sub>5</sub>) and soluble potash (K O). The three major plant nutrients and those most likely to be deficient in a soil. Test results or the kit's instructions will give advice on the addition of fertilizer. In general, it is a good idea to work into the soil some manure, blood meal, fish meal, rose food or other fertilizer that contains a good proportion of nitrogen. Fertilizer packages list three numbers in that order. The amount of nitrogen your K in the mix, and always will usually determine how large your plants can grow (given that light is adequate). While the plants are growing, most growers regularly fertilize their plants with water-soluble fertilizers. Fish emulsion (5-5-1) is the most commonly used organic fertilizer. Rapid Gro (23-19-17) and Miracle-Gro (15-30-15) are two popular chemical fertilizers.

## Choose Your Seeds

When you consider what seeds to plant, think of each stash of grass as a unique, distinctive variety of marijuana. Your choice is crucial to a successful harvest of potent buds. Potency is an inherited characteristic. Potent grass grows from seeds of potent grass. As long as your plants are healthy and fully mature at harvest your grass should be about equal to the grass from which the seeds came.

Characteristics such as potential size and maturation time are also inherited but can be influenced by growing conditions. For instance, a Colombian variety planted in central California, if given plenty of room, direct sunlight, ample water and a full growing season, could grow 18 feet tall and yield two pounds of dried buds when harvested at the end of November. In upstate New York the same seed would grow to about half the size because of the shorter, cooler season and overcast skies. Because of frost it would have to be harvested prematurely, before buds have formed.

The following list describes the more common





sinsemilla per plant.

**Thai.** Thai and other Southeast Asian plants are cultivated because of their high potency. They are usually very tall and fast growing and have a tendency to be sparse and gangly, particularly if grown without a long period of daily sunlight. They can present problems for sinsemilla growers because many varieties are naturally hermaphroditic, resulting in some pollination and partially seeded buds. On the other hand, all the plants are basically female so there are no males to remove. Female flowers first appear from early September to early October. They mature from early November through early December. Full sun is needed late in the season for good, tight bud formation. If they don't receive it, the flowers tend to "run" or spread out rather than develop compactly. This variety should be planted only if your area remains frost free through mid November. The plants grow from 14 to over 20 feet tall with long, upward-reaching branches. Yield is good but not as heavy as Mexican.

## Start Your Plants

The best time of the year to start the plants is during April or May, after the last threat of frost. This allows the plant plenty of time to grow to its potential. Plants started earlier will not grow larger; in fact, a plant started in January will very likely be the same size at season's end as one started in May. The only advantage to starting the plants in February or March is that the knowledgeable grower can determine the sex fairly accurately early in the season.

If you wish to keep the plants small, you can start them later. Plants started in late June or in July will not grow large and will mature only about a week later than plants started in the early spring. Late starts are particularly helpful for window boxes and hidden gardens.

Most growers plant their seeds in small pots and transplant them when they are past the precarious seedling stage. There are several advantages to this method. Seedlings are relished by many insects, rodents and other animals, especially early in the season when there isn't much vegetation to eat. By starting the plants early you can assure a successful start. In colder parts of the country you can get a jump on the growing season by starting seeds indoors or in a cold frame in April, while there are still frosts, and placing them outdoors in June. This head start will yield larger, more mature plants at season's end.

Plants to be transplanted within two weeks of germination should be started in two- to four-inch pots. Plants that will be transplanted later can be started in half-gallon or one-gallon pots. Large milk containers can support plants for up to two months.

Some growers start their plants in three- to eight-gallon containers and transplant af-



Looking up at the top of a Colombian with well over a pound of pure sinsemilla tops.

**Clip the shoots several times during the season to shape the plant to the desired height and profile. The shoots can be a potent relief from the summer marijuana drought.**

ter the sex is determined, usually sometime in July. Sinsemilla growers prefer this method because gardens can be planted with females only and they can be spaced just right.

Seeds can be started right in the garden in rows two feet apart with seeds spaced four to six inches apart. As the plants grow, remove the weaker ones and the males as they show their sex. If you are digging holes or building mounds, space them three to eight feet apart with 10 to 20 seeds or several seedlings in each space. Eventually, only one or two females will be left in each hole.

Sow seeds a half inch deep and cover with soil. The soil must be kept constantly moist until the seedlings show. Some growers cover the planting bed with clear plastic film to keep the soil from drying too quickly. Once the seeds germinate, the soil surface should be allowed to dry between waterings.

## Insect Control

Marijuana is most vulnerable during the first two months of growth. An insect munching on a few leaves can devastate a seedling but hardly bother a large healthy

plant. Handpicking and physical barriers such as collars and sticky substances (tanglefoot, for example) may be the most effective means of controlling crawling insects in a small garden. They are easiest to find and catch in the early morning when the air is cool and they are slow. Diatomaceous earth, an organic substance, can be spread around each plant and dusted on the leaves. It helps prevent many insects from infesting the plants. Tiny insects such as whiteflies, mites and aphids can be controlled by periodically washing the plants with a soapy-water solution. When the residue dries, rinse it off with clear water.

## Low Profile

You can prune the plants to keep them short and hidden. New growth will concentrate on the branches, forming a wider, denser plant. Clip the shoots several times during the season to shape the plant to the desired height and profile. The shoots can be a surprisingly potent relief from the summer marijuana drought.

You may prefer to bend your plants to keep them low. Without putting too much stress on the base of the plant, bend the main stem into a horizontal position and hold it in place using strong cord and stakes driven into the ground. Place a cloth or pad between the stem and the cord to prevent damage from rope burn. The new growth will always grow upward toward the brightest source of light. Over a period of time plants can be trained to grow low and inconspicuously.

## Speed Up the Flower

Different varieties begin to flower at different times. Equatorial varieties flower later and mature more slowly than those from northern latitudes or high altitudes. At U.S. latitudes, females start to flower from late July to mid October. Males usually flower about a month before females.

All marijuana plants are "long night" plants. This means that they flower when they are subjected to long nights (10 to 14 hours of darkness) for 8 to 14 consecutive nights. By sensing the longer nights that occur naturally in autumn, the plant "knows" when to flower and set seed before winter comes. This is important if you are cultivating in an area where frosts are expected before mid November. Only early-flowering varieties will have enough time to mature in these areas. It is possible to give the plants more darkness earlier in the season, allowing the plants to mature before the frost. Plants in the ground can be covered with a tarpaulin, black plastic or large cardboard cartons for a few hours in the morning or evening. Potted plants can be removed to a darkened room. Once the flowers are visible the dark treatment can be discontinued.

What to do after that? Stay tuned for our harvest guide, coming in the fall. ☐



# Steam power

THE 300-YEAR-OLD  
SOLUTION TO TODAY'S  
ENERGY PROBLEMS

BY  
DAVE  
NOLAND



And so, like the power of life, the power of steam changed the world, and it just might do it again. Steam power is considered by many to be a quaintly archaic technology, a relic of a bygone era. But in the hands of oddball inventors from a century ago, steam power was a game-changer. Trains are gone; the steam collapse on the world's power grids is a historical oddity. Steam power is dead. Or, as you believe it! Simply stated, steam is gaseous water. Water is the fundamental substance of life, the primordial broth in which ammonia, methane, and hydrogen combined a few billion years ago to form the amino acids that are the building blocks of life. Water gave us all life; it somehow seems appropriate that gaseous water—steam—was



The Stanley steam auto clocked 127 mph in 1906. It could run on kerosene, wood, coal or cow shit.

the power behind the most rapid and sweeping changes that mankind has yet experienced, and that it still holds a strange fascination for astonishingly large numbers of people. These people have been labeled "steam nuts" by traditional thinkers, but many of these steam-nut fellows are not so nutty as they seem.

Water becomes steam when its molecules dart about so quickly that they literally leap out of their liquid state into the surrounding air. To most people of the world, the temperature at which this great molecular leap upward takes place is so fundamental that their entire temperature scale is based upon it. On the centigrade scale—used everywhere on earth except in a few benighted, backward nations like the United States—the temperature at which water turns to steam at normal atmospheric pressure is defined as exactly 100°. According to our odd Fahrenheit scale, the transformation occurs at 212°, more or less. That's typical of modern America. Steam is not important. It's old-fashioned. It's not progress. Steam is nothing more than a whistling teapot.

The power hidden in that whistling teapot can be immense, as anyone who has ever seen a pressure cooker blow up will attest. In fact, the largest single explosion in recorded history was created by steam. The island of Krakatoa blew itself to smithereens about a century ago when seawater poured into a red-hot volcanic fissure. When the resulting pocket of superheated steam finally let go, the island was gone and 36,000 people died from the resulting 12-foot tsunami that swept the South Seas. The explosion was heard nearly 3,000 miles away.

The power of steam comes from those billions of leaping molecules, each one straining and thumping and battering at whatever gets in its way. The art and engineering of steam power is simply devising a way to excite those molecules to a state of maximum frenzy and then putting something in their way. Whatever gets in their

way will be pushed out of the way. That is the basic scientific definition of work, a force pushing something out of the way.

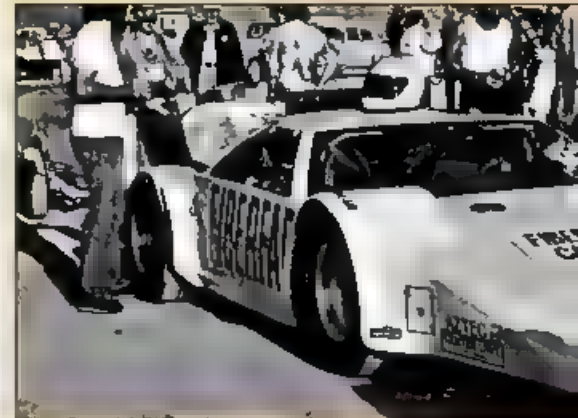
The first man to study steam power in a rigorous way was an Englishman named Thomas Savery, who in 1698 patented "An Engine for Raising Water by Fire." It was intended to pump water out of coal mines, a task then accomplished by teams of horses walking in circles, driving a chain of barrels. Savery's design never got off the drawing board, but another chap named Thomas Newcomen did build such an engine in 1711. It was as big as a house and put out five horsepower.

Newcomen's engine worked in an unbelievably crude manner: A huge cylinder was partially filled with water, the water was boiled away by a coal-stoked fire underneath, a valve was shut and the cylinder was cooled so that the steam condensed inside the cylinder. As the steam condensed into water, a partial vacuum was created inside the cylinder; the vacuum caused a plunger to draw down. Newcomen's first steam engine literally sucked. The grand result of the huge agglomerate of pistons, levers and valves and the efforts of several sweating firemen was the spasmodic jerk of a long lever arm every once in a while.

James Watt is generally regarded as the man who invented the steam engine. He didn't invent it, but he made it marketable—and in modern capitalist societies, marketing is, of course, a higher calling than mere technical genius. Watt developed and patented the idea of a separate condenser, which quadrupled the efficiency of the engine because the cylinder did not need to be heated and cooled after every cycle, as Newcomen's engine did. Watt was a wimpy, bookwormish sort not suited for the role of salesman. So he joined up with a pushy type-A personality named Matthew Boulton, who took over the marketing of Watt's machine. Boulton, who had connections in high places, persuaded Parliament to grant Watt a



When Germany suffered a shortage of petroleum in 1933



This Aztec race car is powered by a 250-horsepower steam turbine

## GOOD-BYE

- One of the finest steam cars still being driven is a 1923 Doble E. 14 owned by a California steam nut. It has well over 500,000 miles on the clock and cruises happily at 85 mph. The monster 6,000-pound car gets 8 to 12 mpg on the highway—not at all bad for a car of that weight and performance. Acceleration is reportedly as good as the hot-rod "muscle cars" of the '60s. (Steam engines produce maximum torque at low engine speed.) The car is virtually silent in operation.
- A recent issue of *SSSteam* magazine offered two steam cars for sale. One uses a VW chassis and a converted Mercury outboard motor. It weighs 1,000 pounds and is reputed to be an excellent performer. Price: \$4,000. Another is a custom car called the Geni, powered by a six-cylinder Uniflow engine. Price: \$1,950.
- A recent attempt to break the world's steam speed record (127 mph, set in 1906) failed miserably at El Mirage dry lake in California. An Aztec race car powered by a 250-horsepower steam turbine managed only 62 mph because of burner problems. One unforeseen problem: The





5. Hitler authorized the development of this steam bus.



steam turbine



In 1807 Bob Fulton offered scenic rides on the Hudson in a steamboat.

25-year extension of his patent, thus assuring him a total monopoly of the steam-engine business. Under such pleasant business conditions, Watt and Boulton succeeded mightily. Despite tremendous demand from the flowering Industrial Revolution, Watt refused to grant other manufacturers licenses for his engine. His monopoly stunted the development of steam power for decades. The man generally credited with "inventing" the steam engine actually did more than anybody to hinder its development. But he turned a good profit, and that is the true measure of a man in a capitalist society.

Once Watt's patent expired in the early 1800s, things really got rolling. Steam literally powered the Industrial Revolution and the beginnings of modern Western society. The textile mills that ran on child labor weren't called sweatshops for nothing; the kids sweated because they were surrounded by the boilers that fired the steam-powered mills. But man was at least finally free from total dependence on muscle power. In the words of flamboyant orator Daniel Webster, "Steam will bear the toil with no muscle to grow weary, no nerve to relax, no breast to grow faint." A steam devotee named Oliver Evans brashly predicted that by 1850, every home would have a steam engine "to wash the clothes, scrub the floors and attend to burdensome household chores."

The first steam-powered car appeared in 1801, the first steam train in 1804, and in 1807 "Crazy" Bob Fulton started giving scenic rides up the Hudson in a steamboat. Some claim that, contrary to popular opinion, Fulton didn't invent the steamboat; a Frenchman had built a successful steamboat 25 years earlier but it was torpedoed one night by business competitors who'd been unable to bribe the French government to cut off development funds.

Early steamboats were smoky oddities relegated to menial duties like pushing sailboats around the harbor when the wind died. The British and French navies

dismissed them when sailors squabbled and rebelled over cleaning up all the coal dust and icky boiler residue. Apparently tidiness counted more than tactical mobility in those days. The first commercial ocean steamer, the British *Great Western*, had a small fire on her shakedown cruise in 1837, and 50 out of 57 passengers canceled out on her maiden voyage.

But by the 1880s, steam power ruled the world. Trains, boats, factories and farms all ran on steam and steam alone. Few people had heard of the internal-combustion engine.

The steam art advanced, but not without setbacks. Take the hulking steam-powered grain threshers of 100 years ago. Early steam "traction threshers" were so heavy they often sank right down into the dirt and had to be removed piece by piece. Early models were self-propelled but required horses for steering; they didn't work very well. Some of the old monster threshers weighed 25 tons and collapsed bridges all over the West. Sparks from the boiler of a steam thresher almost burned down the city of Aberdeen, South Dakota. Fire insurance for a steam thresher cost \$100 a day (in a time when a factory worker earned 25 cents per hour). Spectacular boiler explosions regularly killed dozens of people at a time and sent shrapnel flying for miles. Partly because of the danger, the job of a steam thresherman was considered exciting and romantic, and kids would run away from home to join the traveling thresher crews. Steam threshermen got laid a lot.

**T**he steam automobile deserves a special look, for it may be the vehicle that will put us back in touch with steam power on a very personal basis. Gasoline-burning, air-fouling internal-combustion engines came into vogue when gasoline supplies were unlimited and no one had ever heard of photochemical smog. But times change, and the internal-combustion engine, like the dinosaur, has

## GAS LINES!

boiler was of the noncondensing type, which requires constant replenishment with water. Unfortunately, the nearest spigot was five miles away.

- Hitler's Germany developed a steam bus that was used successfully in Bremen in 1935. Research was spurred by critical shortages of petroleum products.

- Plans for a steam-powered outboard motor based on a five-horsepower Briggs and Stratton gas engine are available from Steam Power Products, P.O. Box 2067, Homosassa Springs, Fla. 32647.

- If you hanker for the sound of an old steam locomotive, you can order a stereo record that includes (in addition to a medley of railroad songs), genuine recordings of a Union Pacific Big Boy, the Grand Trunk Western 6323, a Rio Grande narrow gauge 476 with a real gunfight going on in the background, plus the unforgettable sound of a Union Pacific 844 in a raging thunderstorm. For long-play record send \$5.98 (\$6.98 for cassette) to Carstens Publications, Inc., P.O. Drawer 700, Newton, N.J. 07860. For info call (201) 363-3355.

not. Steam cars may answer our current needs; they can burn a variety of material and with the right fuel they can be totally nonpolluting.

The steam auto has a long and glorious history. The first self-propelled vehicle in recorded history was a steam-powered artillery tug built for the French army in 1769. On its maiden test run it achieved a heady three miles per hour; on its second and last run it hit a wall and fell over. Steam carriages were quite successful in England in the 1830s, but Parliament, under heavy pressure from the railroad lobby, legislated and taxed them out of business in 1865 under the Locomotive Act.

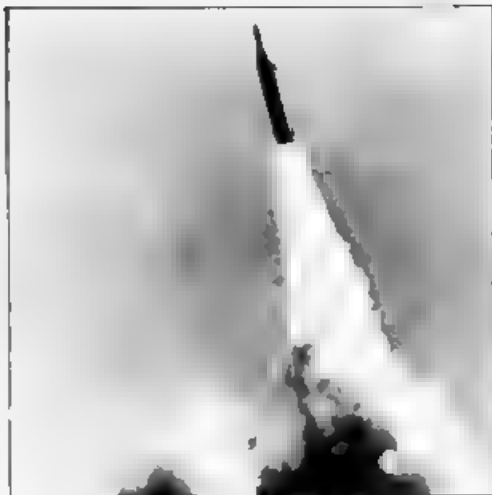
On this side of the Atlantic, the famed Stanley steamers outperformed gasoline-powered competitors by a mile. A 1906 Stanley was clocked on Daytona Beach at 127.66 mph, and the next year the car crashed at about 150 mph. Most gasoline-powered cars of the day cruised at about 20 mph.

The Stanleys were smooth, quiet and immensely powerful. Because steam engines create maximum torque at low rpm, they require no transmission. The Stanleys theoretically could burn anything—wood, coal, dried cow shit, you name it. Kerosene was the preferred fuel.

If the Stanley steamers were so great, how come we're all driving Fords today? Part of the reason was the Stanley brothers' rather unorthodox marketing techniques. They never advertised. They screened their customers for moral character. Cash-in-advance only. If Henry Ford had applied his marketing and production know-how to the Stanleys' car, there is a very good chance we would all be driving steam cars today.

Other quirks of fate ganged up against the steam car. A hoof-and-mouth epidemic eliminated horses' public watering troughs, a handy supply of water for the steam cars' boilers. A couple of well-publicized boiler explosions scared the public at critical stages in the car's development. (One wonders how the car buyers of the time would have reacted to a Pinto-style rear-end gasoline-tank fire and explosion in a gasoline-powered car.) And then World War I came along just when steam cars were really beginning to catch on. In 1917, the Abner Doble Motor Vehicle Company allegedly had 11,000 advance orders totaling \$68 million, but all available raw materials were diverted to the war effort. The Doble steamer was so reliable that it came with a three-year guarantee. The last commercial steam car ever built was a 1930 Doble—wiped out by the Depression, of course.

The steam car almost made a spectacular comeback in the early 1970s. Aviation pioneer-inventor-entrepreneur William Lear developed a steam car that, he confidently boasted, would "make the internal-combustion engine an oddity within 20 years." When the man who created the Learjet



A steam-powered missile is launched from a submerged submarine

A steam car pollutes the air no more than a tree does. As EPA emission requirements get tighter, the steam car keeps looking better.

says something like that, you listen. But Lear ran out of money and got tangled in government red tape, and the steam car died. Lear also developed a steam-powered bus for the Department of Transportation, but the project was dropped in 1976 and Lear went back to building airplanes (not steam powered).

The internal-combustion engine has many advantages, but the Achilles' heel that may eventually kill it is exhaust emissions. Gasoline, when exploded in short bursts in a confined space under high pressure, gives off huge amounts of hydrocarbons and oxides of nitrogen. The myriad devices that supposedly clean up exhaust emissions have proven notably unsuccessful, and the air today is no cleaner than it was a decade ago. A kerosene-fired boiler for a steam engine, on the other hand, uses steady continuous combustion at normal atmospheric pressure, and the only by-products are carbon dioxide and water. A steam car pollutes the air no more than a tree does. As EPA emission requirements get tighter, the steam car keeps looking better.

The steam car may be dead for now, but steam power is very much alive in other fields. In fact, it's never really gone away. Ninety percent of the electricity in the world is generated by steam turbines. Nuclear power plants are in fact steam power plants; all the complex and dangerous nuclear paraphernalia is merely one more way to boil water. The source of heat for the steam boiler has simply been changed from coal and dried cow shit to uranium. Nuclear-powered aircraft carriers and submarines are in

fact steam-powered vessels. The carrier USS Enterprise is powered by a steam engine that generates 300,000 horsepower. Where huge amounts of power are required, steam is still the only answer.

But why aren't three-horsepower steam engines practical? Why aren't there steam-powered lawn mowers or chain saws or refrigerators? Well, why not indeed? A commune of steam nuts in Florida offers small steam turbine engines from two to ten horsepower at prices ranging from \$350 to \$650. Okay, that ain't cheap, but a small steam engine will run on firewood or solar power, and that's something to think about when Soviet troops are marching into the Middle East. The much ballyhooed solar cells can convert sunlight into electricity, but they cost a fortune. A steam-driven portable home electric generator, with its boiler fired by a parabolic mirror focusing the sun's rays, will run your TV no matter what the Arabs do.

Do-it-yourselfers can also convert any old small gasoline engine into a steam engine. The basic workings remain the same, but a skilled mechanic can remove the carburetor to allow direct injection of steam into the "combustion" chamber and make a few other minor modifications.

Virtually anything can run off steam power. One small company offers a steam-powered refrigerator. If Eric Clapton became a steam nut, he could wail away on a wood-burning, steam-powered guitar. The basic ability of steam to suck, push, squeeze and blow can be transformed into virtually any form of work.

Not surprisingly, steam power has long held a strange fascination for kooks and oddballs. Devotees of steam power are much like the "helium heads" who want to bring back the airship—fanatics who seem unable to go with the flow of mainstream America and its notions about "progress." Steam nuts have their own clubs and magazines and share a camaraderie of fanaticism, a brotherhood of the hopelessly out of step. One company, Steam Power Products, is located six miles from the nearest road and is accessible only by airboat. They have no telephone so that they can tinker in peace. Bill Lear was perfect for his role as the godfather of steam in the early '70s: abrasive, imaginative, single-minded, loud-mouthed and ultimately unable to tolerate the bullshit of muddling federal bureaucrats. Lear, like steam itself, went against the grain of the establishment.

Will the steam nuts ever prevail? Will the power source of misfits and rebels ever be accepted by Wall Street and Madison Avenue? Probably not in the foreseeable future. The American power establishment has too much invested in gasoline refineries and internal-combustion cars to ever allow a steam-power comeback. Ah, but what the hell. Steam power may not be practical, but it's a lot of fun. ■



# Coquette

Who, me, mon cher?

No, no, no.

I do not mean to be mysterious.

How could I conceal anything from you?

You know me.

my favorite music, my preference in cuisine,

even my brand of designer jeans.

No, I just want to play with you a little bit.

Now, guess what's in my hands.





A person is holding a large, dark, textured object, possibly a piece of clothing or a bag, against their chest. The object has a dark, patterned design. The person's hand is visible, holding the object. The background is a warm, orange-red color. The text "Oooh, la la, Cocaine" is overlaid on the image in a white, cursive font.

*Oooh, la la, Cocaine*

# HOOKED ON HORSES

A day at the races  
with Joe Schenkman

**W**hat do you see when you go to a racetrack? Bunch of trackrats, noses buried in the *Daily Racing Form*. What happens? About every 20 minutes a bunch of horses run around an oval track. One wins, one places, one shows (comes in first, second and third, respectively, and pays off accordingly). People win money. More people lose money. Millions of dollars are pumped through the ticket windows of a single thoroughbred racetrack in a day of nine or ten races. And the rich get richer and the poor usually get a little poorer.

Real characters abound here. Foul-mouthed, foul-breathed, cigar-chompin' flotsam and jetsam, yelling a lot. Touts in wide-cuffed bells, platform shoes, rakish hats, no money, saying through a few gold-capped teeth, "You watch thees seeks horse, meester. She open up such a lead, the jockey gonna have time to stop off at the seeksteenth pole for a cup of coffee and a donut and still win up front, I gotta teep... gimme a dollar." Leftover '70s trash. Leftover '60s trash. Trash everywhere: old crumpled *Racing Forms* (most horseplayers pull out the few pages of past performance records they need for the day and throw away the rest), track programs marked up with ballpoint pens, peanut shells, losing tickets everywhere, paper coffee cups, Harry M. Stevens Big Beer cups, buttercups in the walking ring where the horses are walked around before the fifth race.

"GET YOUR RRAIDERS UP!" says a track official, and these little guys from Panama and Cuba dressed in hot pink, Kool green and black-and-white-checked riding silks (traditional uniforms that haven't changed a wink since Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec painted them) are hoisted up into the stirrups, usually by the owners or trainers. Then a bugler dressed in red tails, black felt top hat, knee-high riding boots and riding britches comes out and blasts "Boots 'n' Saddles" on his horn and the horses are led by stable hands on lead



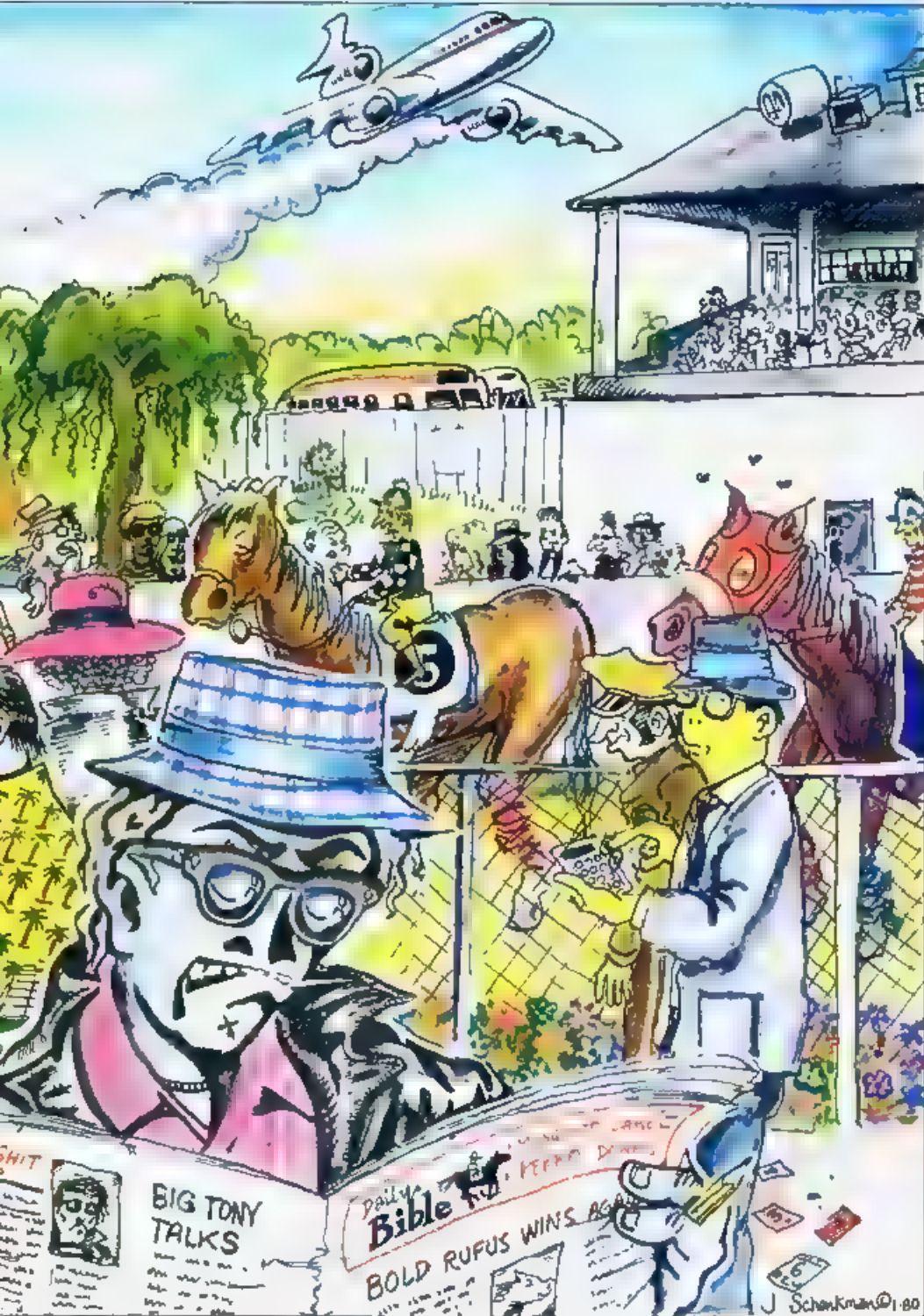
ponies onto the track.

"THE HORSES ARE ON THE TRACK!" booms the track announcer's voice over the P.A. system. Here they come, nodding and wheezing, some high-strung sweat-lathered high-stappers walking sideways like crabs, their heads drawn up against the lead ponies, ears perky and twitchy (as well they might be, since most city race-tracks are located right by the airport and you never know when a jet is gonna drop so low over the grandstand you can count the rivets on the wings). Other horses come out with long, easy gaits, relaxed but attentive, like old hound dogs before a coon hunt, perhaps knowing this is the big day and eyeing calmly but curiously through

half-closed drugged eyelids the throngs of trackrats and railbirds, the seagulls swooping low overhead for pizza crusts, the infield tote board with its pinball flashing lights. Toothpick Tony, trackrat and railbird, swears some of these plugs can read the damn Ouija board as well as any horseplayer and run only when the odds are right.

Toothpick Tony is one of your proverbial racetrack characters. He shows up at the track every day and bets every race and hollers like it's the first time when he loses. He's dressed in a long, worn black leather jacket with pockets stuffed with old *Racing Forms* and track programs, plaid pants, scruffy white loafers and a funny little





beat-up plaid porkpie hat. His nervous, beady rodent eyes dart over glasses resting low on his nose from the betting barometer on the infield to his bible, the *Daily Racing Form*. Railbirds like to hang out down by the infield fence in front of the tote board, as close to the racetrack as the public is allowed. This gives them a good view of the post parade now taking place, as well as the finish. But mainly, it gives them a chance to yell at the jockeys.

**H** EY JOSÉ! TAP 'ER ON THE HEAD ONE TIME TO MAKE SURE THE OLD NAG'S AWAKE! Christ, lookit this sorry lookin' plug, will ya? War dog, huh? This horse hasn't beaten anything since she took the lead in

the charge of the Battle of Bull Run, says here in the *Form*."

The *Form*. Trackrats swear by the *Form*, their bible. The *Daily Racing Form* is a huge newspaper—big enough to conceal a jockey—that sells for a buck fifty only at certain newsstands and candy stores, usually under the counter. World news receives about two four-inch columns on page 13 or so, all international events digested into a neat half dozen paragraphs with small headlines over each. If half the world were blown up tomorrow, there'd be a little paragraph about it on page 13. The rest of the newspaper is about horses. Cover headlines are saved for such vital bits as **BOLD RUFUS WINS TBONE STAKES AT MOS-**

QUITO LAKES BY DIRTY NOSE and **FIELD OF NINE ENTERED FOR GOTHAM CITY'S DRUGSTORE HANDICAP**. There's also an inside column that reads like a police sheet and covers the latest suspension notices: how Frito Bandito was fined \$100 and barred from ever entering a racetrack again for snorting cocaine in the tack room; how this and that hot walker were found smoking up in the hayloft and were made to stand in the corner of their stalls for 30 minutes.

But the meat and potatoes of the *Daily Racing Form* are the past performance records, which list all the essential data and then some on the horses running at a given racetrack on that day. Info like where they were born, when, and who begat them. (Breeding is an important part of handicapping theory. All thoroughbred horses' ancestries can be traced back to just three stallions in 18th century Europe. If you were that unbred, you might be high-strung too.) The *Form* tells you where the horses last raced, who beat them or who they beat, how fast they ran, the odds the public bet them at, the track condition—whether it was fast, fair, good, sloppy, muddy, cuppy, gooey or frog-filled gumbo baking dry in the noonday sun—their history of racing, essentially, up until they last took a shit. The *Racing Form* tells you everything except who's gonna win the race.

Thus you gotta figure out for yourself. Nobody really knows until it's all over, and that's why it's called a horse race. Round the leaky-roof circuits of the bullrings they say, "An expert is anybody who's ever been right once." Get yourself a Bic pen, a bible and a bankroll, and you can easily qualify.

Toothpick Tony is an expert on the subject of horseflesh. Just ask him. True, he's lost \$20,000 in the last ten years, but this just makes him... more experienced. He is steadily gaining experience as he loses money. He can tell you just why he lost each race, making him better equipped to play the next. Say he bets \$20 on the 6 horse and the 3 horse wins it. Toothpick Tony invariably curses and says, "I should've played the three horse! I knew I should've played the three! Had 'em marked in my program and everything," he says, pointing, and sure enough he's circled, starred, checked and double-doodled hell out of the 3 with red Flair and blue Bic pens.

"So why didn't you play 'em?"

"Would've gotten a fatter price if the six had won." "Would've," "could've" and "should've." Toothpick Tony's vocabulary would be as vacant as the old smile of Leon Spinks without these words. Not that Tony's vocabulary is limited: He can trot out more old racetrack clichés and wisecracks than horses fill a nine-race card, and faster than the next second. But the average bystander would be at a loss to comprehend Tony's ramblings because he speaks the elite language of the racetrack, designed to communicate to insiders while keeping outsiders out, where they belong.

(continued)



## From the Horse's Mouth

Like the elitist language of any cult, be they coke-mouthed dealers, lured-out rock musicians, hipsters, gangsters or thieves, trackrats have their own language, designed to communicate to those inside the track and keep outsiders out. Here are some of the terms.

**across the board** win, place and show combination bet.

**armchair ride** easy win; jockey has time to stop off at the one-sixteenth pole for coffee and still wins going away.

**boat race** fixed race; also: banana race, bagged race.

**"Boots 'n' Saddles"** bugle call that announces the horses have entered onto the track.

**break maiden** win a race for the first time (said of horses and jockeys).

**bug boy** an apprentice jockey; the bug refers to the asterisk placed in front of his name in newspapers, indicating he carries five pounds less weight because of his apprenticeship.

**chalk eater** bridge jumper; expression derives from chalking race results on a blackboard in the old wire rooms. A better winning on a lot of favorites would be breathing a lot of chalk dust.

**dark horse** a \$1,500 plug that's been losing in his own class by as far as you can shoot a cannon who suddenly beats \$5,000 horses by as far as you can throw your track drink.

**dope** the past performance records of the Daily Racing Form.

**drugstore handicap** something fishy going on here, Jack.

**elbow ride** deceptive riding technique in which the jockey appears to be hand riding (moving the hands across the horse's neck to induce speed) but is actually waving his elbows for the cameras.

**filly-girl** girl horse age 4 or younger. (Off track, any girl over 15.) A mare is a female horse 5 or older.

**form player** trackrat who plays very tightly, according to predictions made each day by the top eight handicappers.

**gelding** castrated male horse.

**go to bat** use the whip.

**green** inexperienced.

**groceries** money left over after playing ponies, used for rent, women and your brand of poison or choice of drugs.

**gumbo** mucky, sloppy, goopy track; often producing obstacles such as mud turtles, frogs and catfish on the clubhouse turn.

**gun** urge speed from one's mount.

**have a bucketful** feed or water a horse before a race to darken form.

**hayburner** horse that earns less than his feed bill; also, oatburner.

**hop** jacking up mount on dope.

**horse** male thoroughbred aged five or

older. (Younger than five, it's a colt.)

**joint battery** or buzzer sometimes used (illegally) to spark a horse out of hibernation and moving along the backstretch; also, machine.

**kicked in** heavily played and touted to win.

**minus pool** fund used when a horse is bet so heavily (usually to show) that actual track take and break can't cover the minimum payoff of \$2.10 on the \$2 wager.

**morning glory** horse that busts stopwatches in the morning drills but can't get into gear in a race.

**mudder** horse that likes to run on a sloppy, muddy track; also, webfooter.

**mutuel pool** total amount shown on betting barometer to win, place and show.

**nightcap** last (usually ninth) race on card. Often the favorite pays best in the nightcap because all the trackrats are betting long shots to try to get even for the day; also, twilight handicap.

**nod** official gesture permitting jockey to dismount.

**nursery race** race for two-year-olds.

**odds-on** payoff of less than even money.

"Five'll get ya ten" is even money; anything less, like 9 to 5 is odds-on.

**on top** in the lead. In betting, the horse picked first in multiple wagers, like exactas and perfectas.

**OTE** (a New York expression) (1) off-track betting, legal in New York State (2) out two bucks.

**parlay** combination bet wherein all proceeds of one bet are risked on another.

**punk** lousy jockey.

**saliva test** test used by the man in the spit box to check questionable winners to see if they're jacked up on drugs.

**silks** stable's racing colors worn by jockey.

**spasm** single race on card; also, stanza.

**specs** blinkers; sometimes used so that horse's attention doesn't wander in a race.

**sting** use a battery device in a race; see joint.

**stooper** hasn't bought a pari-mutuel ticket since they retired Man o' War in the '20s. (Can't lose and cleans up whenever there's a late disqualification.)

**straight** played to win (straight, place and show).

**teaser** cheap stallion that tests mare's readiness for the real sugar daddy.

**tick** one-fifth of a second, which is the fraction in which races are timed.

**tout** (noun) person who recommends certain horses—for a fee.

**tout** (verb) to recommend a horse, supposedly on a tip.

**wheel** in betting, key horse played with every other.

**within striking distance** well placed in a race for a late gun.

"Hippies!" says Toothpick Tony. "They don't belong at the racetrack any more than women." To Tony, a "hippie" is any youngster who comes to the track and doesn't bet. In truth, the racing associations are worried that the trackrat is a dying breed that isn't replenishing itself, and the associations are doing everything they can think of to lure the young out to the races. In New York, the lure is rock concerts and beer in the park behind the grandstand after the last race, in hopes that maybe the kids will come out a little early and make a few bets before spreading their blankets on the grass, passing joints to their girl friends, popping a few cool brews and getting set for Wolfman Jack hosting Funkadelic and Kool and the Gang or whatever. All this passes hell out of Toothpick Tony.

"This used to be a racetrack," he says. "They're turning it into a goddamned county fair with all these gimmicks. Won't be long before they have hootchy-kootchy shows, greased-pig chases and ox-pulling contests between races!"

"And girls! As if blowing that stinking reefer isn't enough, these fucking hippies gotta bring their girls to the racetrack! You don't bring your fucking girl friend to a racetrack," says Toothpick Tony, jabbing at the air with his Bic pen. "Look around you! Is this any place to fucking bring a chick? I brought my girl to the track last year. Tried to teach her to read the Form, y'know? I busted my balls to find a winner so I could impress her, and finally I found a standout in the fifth—horse named Colonel Boogie that just couldn't lose. I play it for sixty bucks across the board, and the fucking horse lays down in the backstretch, yawns, and scratches itself behind the ear like a goddamned flea-bit dog. And this thirty-five-to-one shot, Spiked Drunk—Christ, you'd have needed a few spiked drinks to play this horse off the Form—comes from nowhere to win. My girl's jumping up and down screaming 'cuz it turns out she has a deuce on the long shot. So I ask her how she picked him and know what she says? 'He had a cute name!' And she leaves the track convinced I'm wasting my time reading the Form and that it's that fucking simple—just pick the horse with the cutest name!"

**D**uring the post parade, Tony does his last-minute handicapping down by the rail. Handicapping is horse talk for systematically throwing out all the bums in a race until one horse stands out as the probable winner. "But these are all bums," wails Toothpick Tony. "Like trying to pick the best of the worst. But somebody's gotta win, right? They're not all gonna drop dead on the turn for home. But Chrriist! Some of these plugs are ready for the glue factory! Lookit this three horse, Hog Heaven. This horse couldn't beat a dead wolverine falling down an elevator shaft! Look! He's working up a sweat just trying to keep up with the lead pony in the



post-parade! Might just as well scratch 'em right off your program now," and he does. Toothpick Tony likes to do his handicapping out loud, so that all within earshot may benefit from his expertise.

"Now this next horse, Dimestore Romeo," he says. "Beat everything in sight down in Atlantic City, but who was he beating? An important question in handicapping! Horseshoe crabs, mud turtles and goats, that's who he was beating! That's what they race down at Atlantic City. HEY RUBIN! CLEAN THE MUD OUTTA YER EARS. HUH? LAST RACE YOU DIDN'T HEAR THE BELL GO OFF AND GOT LEFT IN THE STARTING GATE!"

In New York, at Aqueduct, the Big A—Frostbite Downs on the A train—the jockeys ignore the hecklers and ride by with their noses in the air, carefully avoiding eye contact with the railbirds. It becomes a challenge for the trackrat to try to break this deadpan cool. But at the smaller tracks, called billings, the jockeys begin to recognize the different trackrats, sometimes striking up friendly banter. "Heard your ma was in the hospital, Carlos. Hope she's better!" And Carlos looks down off his totally untrusty steed and says, "Yeah, she gettin' better every day, Bob."

"This five horse, Kansas City Kitty," says Toothpick Tony. "This'z your early speed rabbit. She'll open up five lengths on these boys and then lie down and die at the eighth pole."

"Now here's Ragtime Cowboy Joe. This horse likes to loaf a li'l down the backstretch and then run 'em down on the turn for home. Should win this race. 'Should.' It's the jockey here that's a long shot. Best stiff artist in the country. This guy can hold back an elephant stampeding a barrel of peanuts! When he's carrying extra weight, it's a good bet his pockets are stuffed with win tickets on some other horse. HEY ANGEL! ANGEL BABY! MONKEY WANNA BANANA?"

HEY TONY! another trackrat yells.

WHAT?

'SHUT THE FUCK UP!

**E**ver wonder about who wins the races? Does anybody beat the races with consistency? You read about miracle get-rich-quick systems on how to make a killing at the track in the back of pulp magazines. How Mister Horseplayer has made millions in a lifetime around the lush green of the racetrack amongst the pretty Southern belles and weeping willow trees. He has a foolproof system, and now, out of the goodness of his heart, he will send you his miracle system. Just \$10, no personal checks, please.

But unfortunately, systems don't work. Every race is different and must be played as a separate entity unto itself. Many are simply unplayable. "You can beat a race, but you can't beat the races" goes the old racetrack adage. The trackrats play every race, every day, until the law of averages and diminishing returns nails 'em at the wire.



There's a handful of professional horseplayers and gamblers who do make money and they spot play. The right horse, the right field, the right odds, and they'll risk it. If they shop for high odds, they can do well. You need only win one out of every three races played with choices of better than two-to-one odds to show a profit. (Two-to-one pays \$6 on the minimum \$2 wager: \$4 on \$2 plus your original \$2 back equals \$6.)

Then there are the high rollers that aren't horseplayers at all, but more like Wall Street investors. They turn up whenever the likes of Seattle Slew, Affirmed or Spectacular Bid run against inferior company, plunking maybe \$20,000 on them to show. Often, this type of show bet is bet so heavily that the track's take and break can't cover the minimum legal payoff of \$2.10, and the track has to dip into the minus pool to come up with the dime. On these rare occasions, the track takes a gamble, and even though Spectacular Bid lost the third leg of the Triple Crown by his third-place Belmont Stakes finish, he still paid his backers their dime on the deuce and forced the track to dip into the minus pool. So the fat cats here make \$2,000 in two minutes on a \$20,000 investment. But horseplayers would never stoop to such low odds—certainly not trackrats. "Not even God is a one-to-ten shot," snaps Toothpick Tony out of the corner of his mouth not clamped tight over a shredded toothpick.

"Excuse me. I gotta get to the ticket windows before I get shut out." Being shut out is the worst of the trackrat's fears. It works something like this. The trackrat gets to the \$2 ticket window at zero minutes to post time (at zero minutes to post, there's still 90 seconds of betting time left) always with the next winner picked cold and a handful of money to lay down when the buzzer sounds, springing the starting gate and simultaneously locking the pari-mutuel machines, making any further betting impossible. At some of the bush-league tracks, like Finger Lakes in upstate New York or Boston's Suffolk Downs, the pari-mutuel machines, I'm told, don't actually lock till the horses have run about a hundred yards down the backstretch. This practice inspired a whole new school of handicapping, involving maybe three people. One guy is up in the balcony with binoculars. He sees which horse breaks on top and signals to a railbird, who signals to a third guy dawdling at the \$50 ticket window, who says "Three three three three three" and gets as many tickets as he can before the machines lock. Since early speed (a horse that goes to the front of his class at the start and stays there right till graduation pictures under the wire) often wins in the bush leagues, this system is sure to be as good as any.

Trackrats like to wait till the last minute to bet so they can get the last "flash" from the tote board. This betting barometer adds up all the money bet to win, place and show every 90 seconds and adjusts the



odds accordingly. During the last few minutes to post time, betting gets frantic: Thousands of dollars are pushed through the gratings of the ticket window every minute, making the tote board go wild. This action mesmerizes the trackrat like a pinball junkie stuck in an instant replay pocket, lights flashing off and on. The trackrat's always looking for the smart money, which usually doesn't show up till the last few minutes to post.

Smart money refers to the bets made by the big-time spenders: the high rollers, heavy hitters, and often the barn (all the personnel of the stable backing the horse—the owner, trainer, jockey, hot walkers, stablehands, etc.). It's legal for the barn to bet its own horses, and some barns do, especially if they think they have a good thing at a good price. At the smaller tracks they almost have to, as a winning purse alone isn't gonna keep an oatmuncher in feed. If you should happen to get a "feedbox tip" from a barn about a "sure thing" they're running, watch out: Sometimes there are as many as three or four owner-trainers with a "sure thing" in one race. Smart money usually isn't bet till the last possible minute. Because large bets can be seen on the tote board almost instantly, they can radically change the odds. Every trackrat and railbird turfside runs to the ticket window hollering "smart money," leaps in on the betting bonanza and reduces the odds even further. The big-time spender waits till the last minute to bet to keep the odds highest.

Rumors run rampant during this time, too. The voices of touts go from 33 1/3 to 78 rpm. Touts are the shadiest of the trackside vermin. They're usually too tapped-out to bet, so they figure out which four or five horses out of the nine or so entered have a chance of winning. Then, claiming to be the beneficiaries of feedbox tips, they "give" one of each to five different suckers. After the race they approach the winning mark for a taste of the pie and carefully avoid the others. Like pickpockets, touts aren't nearly as common around the racetracks as they once were.

The last few minutes before post time can be confusing; usually, this confusion is the compulsive bettor's undoing. He may have the winner picked cold, only to have his mind changed by the barrage of information and rumors flying like scattered Racing Forms in the wind. It takes a cold-blooded gambler not to be affected by all this.

**T**HE FLAG IS UP!" says the track announcer. Suddenly it gets so quiet you can hear a trackrat on the third-floor balcony turning the page of his bible.

Railbirds line the fence out front, clutching Racing Forms and binoculars. Gangs of trackrats wait just outside the doors, where they can both view the race and be on the early lead dash to the cashier's window should they win. (Trackrats like to run



**Ciulla's idea of a joke was to bribe all the jockeys in a race to stiff their mounts. Then he'd watch the horses walk around the turn for home, all trying to lose.**

to the cashier's window, as if the money wouldn't still be there in another minute.) The aisles and grandstands are packed with the late bettors. The luck of the Irish, red-nosed potato faces and liquor guts, Italian disco boys in open shirts and black leather jackets, hoping to finance a li'l fever of the footsteppin' variety, black crapshooters with Superfly brims snapping their fingers, young couples in love out for a roller-coaster ride on Lady Luck, Chinese in plain dark suits (the only conservative dressers at the track), high-school kids looking for an alternative to the dreary old newspaper route, their schoolbooks tucked under one arm and the Racing Form in their back pockets, pocket-calculator punchers, welfare clients looking to double their checks, little-old-lady hunch players, high rollers, hustlers, loud-shouting bookies, touts, pimps, ramblers, gamblers, drifters, grifters, users, boozers and three-time losers, jokers, smokers, and even the track Pinkertons and the pretzel vendors are now all quiet.

Barflies toss down their Harry M. Stevens drunks and make it to the closed-circuit television monitor if they don't have time to go outside. Only the little old bag ladies don't move from their benches inside. But they haven't moved in years. They park their asses on the same spot of the same bench right plunk in front of the infield tote board and sit. They get a trusted youngster to run their bets for them. These ladies love to play the combination wagers because it's so much like bingo: the exactas, perfectas and triples, where the first two

or three horses must be picked in order. Because the odds against picking this are so high, the payoffs here can be astronomical on small wagers: The triple, which is usually played in the ninth race, where a one-two-three finish is picked, occasionally pays more than \$35,000 on a \$2 bet! This is the pie in the sky for trackrats: They dream of hitting the big triple and evening out the score—coming back—in just one easy bet. Funny things sometimes happen in the ninth race, and when there's a fix at a racetrack, it's a safe bet it'll occur in races with exotic wagering gimmicks.

**T**HEY'RE OFF!" A dark blur moves down the backstretch as the horses group and position themselves early. You can't really see much of what's going on in the backstretch unless you have binoculars. The jockeys could be whipping each other for all you know, as sometimes used to be the case before the advent of the all-seeing closed-circuit television monitor that screens out any sort of foul play.

Toothpick Tony is back on the rail, shaking a fistful of tickets at the horses running down the backstretch. "GET UP THERE WITH THAT NINE HORSE. C'MON WITH THAT NINE! There are three horses running close together, then there's a horse running alone in the rocking chair about three lengths back, and the rest of the pack is three lengths behind this one. One can see by the infield tote board, which lists the order of the four horses on the lead, that this fourth horse in the rocking chair is the 9 horse.

I love watching people cheer at the track. The cheering is different at the racetrack than at other sporting events. A minute and change here sometimes means the difference between losing the rent money and tripling it. Different people cheer differently at the track. With some, it's this junkie-need thing and they don't hesitate a fifth of a second to take the matter right upstairs to God. "OH GOD! GIMME THIS SEVEN HORSE! Gimme this seven horse one time SWEET JESUS gimme this seven!" The Fundamentalist hysterical approach. A lady behind me is out of control, yelling at the jock like a lover urging her mate on. "C'MON RUBIN BABY! YOU CAN DO IT RUBIN BABY! OH YEAH GET IT UP THERE, RUBIN BABY! YOU'RE THE BEST RUBIN BABY!"

Crapshooters also get into the junkie-need thing, especially if they're losing. "I NEED DIS FO' HOSS! COME ON WITH DIS FO' HOSS JESUS!" snapping their fingers all the while. Always root for the horse by number, never by name. But on a winning streak, crapshooters are the coolest people at the track. While everyone else is going berserk during the run for home, standing on chairs or glued to the ceiling, the crapshooters stand there coolly snapping their fingers and chanting their horse's number.

The sports fan likes to give personal coaching tips to the jockeys the same way they armchair-coach Sunday afternoon

(continued on page 94)



# Chile Peppers

by Ed Ward

## Some like it hot



It's taken long enough, but every year more and more people are discovering one of America's choicest recreational chemicals:  $C_{18}H_{27}NO_3$ . So strong that you can get a buzz from a 1:100,000 solution of it, it's abundantly available in all sorts of different preparations, and places serving it—but only if you know how to ask—are becoming more numerous in our major urban centers. On top of all that, it's organic, it occurs naturally, and you can usually assure yourself of a supply by growing your own. It's capsaicin (pronounced cap-say-uh-ein), and it's the main active ingredient in chile peppers.

There are between 1,700 and 7,000 varieties of chiles, depending on what books you read. Virtually all chiles are classified as *Capsicum frutescens*, followed by the variety name. (I refer to the fruit of the *Capsicum frutescens* as the *chile*. There are two reasons for this. The first is that I adhere to the Mexican system of nomenclature, since they've got names for several hundred chiles. The other reason is so as not to confuse this noble fruit with an often greasy, indigestible and, occasionally, sublime dish called *chili*, which is derived from a classic Mexican stew called *chile con carne*.) Chiles range in size from the 12-inch Big Jim down to the petit pois-sized *chile petón*. According to Dr. Roy Nakayama of New Mexico State University at Las Cruces, the world's leading expert on chiles, the smaller a chile is, the hotter it is. Also, it tends to be hotter when green, before it turns red and some of the capsaicin apparently metabolizes into sugar. Capsaicin is an alkaloid like cocaine. Given the right growing conditions (chiles don't get as hot in cool climates like northern California), capsaicin builds up in the fruit's seeds and the internal ribs the seeds cling to until it reaches a genetically determined level, at which point the pepper isn't going to get any hotter. In many varieties the

blossom end turns up just a bit, and then, in a week or two, gradually starts turning orange, which deepens into red.

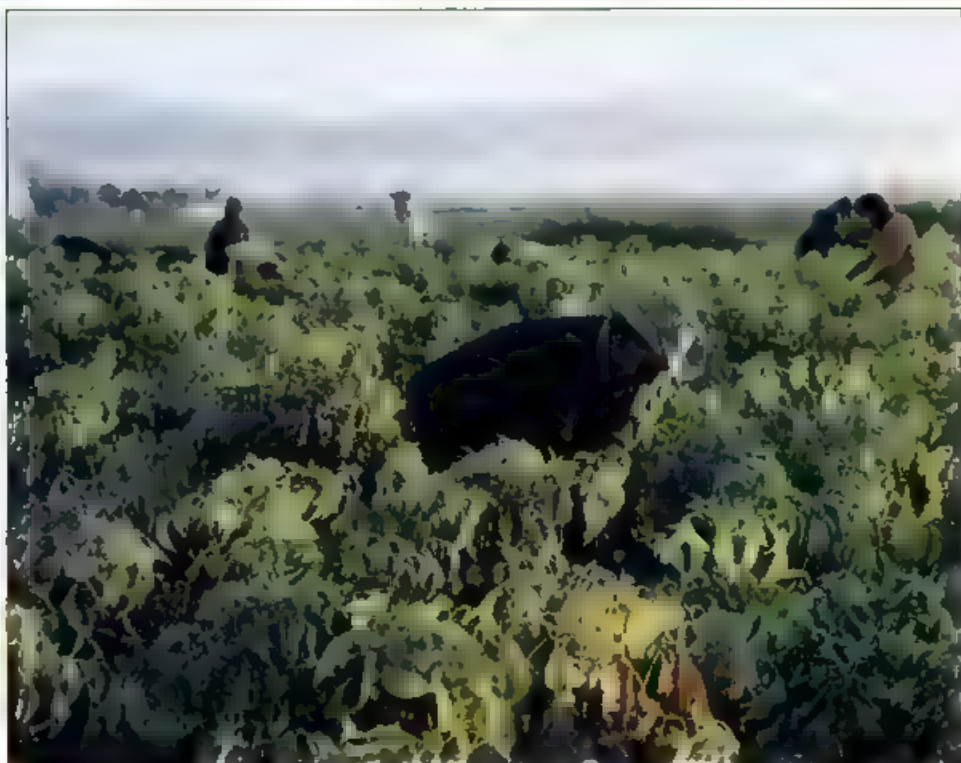
If you want to find out how hot a fresh chile is, one good trick is to slice it lengthwise and look at the white, spongy ribs that run the length of the chile. If you see dots or streaks of an orangish, oily-looking substance, particularly toward the stem end, you've got a hot one. If you're brave, you can double check by touching the tip of your tongue to the rib. You should know right away.

The Mesilla Valley outside Las Cruces abounds in the United States' best chile-growing land, and marks the northernmost

**Cayenne has the virtues of being absolutely nontoxic, absorbed by the body quickly, and useful for the treatment of a wide spectrum of diseases.**

boundary of the plant's cultivation during prehistoric times. In fact, chiles were unknown outside of Central America before 1493. Forget about sugar, slaves and rum: Real American cultural imperialism started when Portuguese traders introduced the chiles they had discovered in the New World to Indonesia, Indochina, China, India and Africa while Columbus and his friends were turning people on to them in Italy and Eastern Europe. It's hard to imagine Hunanese, Bengali and Javanese dishes without the eye-watering, snuffle-inducing bite that hontaka, cayenne and bird's-eye chiles, respectively, give them. And how boring was Hungarian food before the giant mild chile known as paprika came to Budapest?

In fact, there seems to be a "chile belt" across the world, roughly corresponding



to the zone between 30° north latitude and 10° south latitude, although not all of the countries in the belt make heavy use of chiles. This is a pretty hot area of the globe, so it makes sense that chiles are used heavily. A good jolt of capsaicin will raise your body temperature a little bit and make you perspire. Not only will you feel relatively cooler due to the rise in body temperature, but you will also be cooled by the evaporation of the perspiration. For the same reason, people eat more hot food in the summertime than in the winter. (And you thought it was because it goes so well with beer!)

Natural air conditioning is the least of the chile's virtues, though. It contains the highest naturally occurring concentration of vitamin A and is almost as rich in vitamin C. Researchers checking out aged Chi-

cano men in the hills around Las Cruces discovered a correlation between chile consumption and longevity that seems to indicate that capsaicin has anticoagulant properties that might make it useful in preventing or treating heart disease.

Naturopathic healers have elevated cayenne near the top of their pantheon of natural curatives. It has the virtues of being absolutely nontoxic, absorbed by the body quickly, and useful for the treatment of a wide spectrum of diseases. Mixed into a salve with Aloe vera gel, it is usually effective on herpes and other viral skin diseases, and taken internally it can be an effective decongestant. In healthy people, it acts as a stimulant, an energizer capable of moving toxins through the body at a quicker than usual rate, although it also seems to stabilize blood pressure when taken with wheat-germ oil (B complexes) as part of a daily regimen. Some of this antitoxin activity is undoubtedly due to the vitamins A and C, but some herbalists contend that capsaicin itself has curative properties. One authority I consulted even recommended sprinkling cayenne in your socks if you have a tendency toward cold feet. And if your horse won't eat because of a bellyful of gas, a dilute cayenne solution will have him chomping those oats in no time, thanks to cayenne's carminative properties. It's advisable to leave the barn immediately after administering this remedy.

But I doubt that all this is what's attracting more and more Americans to hot food. After all, nobody's ever proven that the people of this fine land will eat something just because it's good for them. But I do know that the Heublein Corporation (which cans Ortega-brand chiles) had, in cooperation with Dr. Nakayama, almost succeeded in developing a chile that had

## First Aid

**Before:** If you think the meal's going to be too hot for you, drink some milk just before you eat. It'll cool your stomach out and probably your intestines, too.

**During:** Most authentic hot food meals come with antidotes, but any milk-based product works: sour cream, yogurt, milk, ice cream or (in a pinch) butter. If you're eating Indian food, order a raita (yogurt and vegetable salad) or a glass of lassi (buttermilk with rosewater). After ribs, eat a sweet potato or bean pie (made with evaporated milk). **Important:** Since capsaicin bonds to oil, not water, drinking beer or soda only forces the capsaicin-bearing oil globules into your stomach and, later, your intestines. Milk products neutralize the pepper oil; beer and soda

just displace it.

**After:** My hardworking nurse sister has researched and researched and tells me there is no cure for morning-after asshole. If you wait till the next morning, when all those indigestible chile seeds are pushing against the linings of your intestine, I suggest putting on Phil Spector's "You Can't Sit Down" and dancing till the pain goes away. Sorry.

**Medical Emergency:** A severe overdose leading to cramping demands immediate medical attention. Pump the patient's stomach and administer ulcer medication. Overdoses generally happen only during Tabasco-drinking events and other such macho silliness.

Capsaicin is no joke—blended with an oil and packed into an aerosol container, it's an effective substitute for tear gas for self-defense.



the good chile taste without the "bad" chile bite when they noticed public taste was demanding hotter and hotter chiles. I've watched the success story of Henry Chung, who opened his Hunan Restaurant in San Francisco in 1974 and within three months had people standing in lines that stretched around the block, waiting to get into the 36-seat eatery and sample food so hot it made Szechwan taste like British cuisine. Then there's Popeye's, a fried-chicken chain in the South that's got Colonel Sanders on the run everywhere they open a franchise. Their secret: marinating the chicken overnight in Louisiana hot sauce. Chic late-night eats in Hollywood these days are at the Siam, an unprepossessing restaurant on Hollywood Boulevard that's open till three, where you can watch Warren Beatty shoveling hot condiments into his soup the way the Thai gangsters at the next table do. And informed sources claim that the outbreak of African restaurants in Washington, D.C., is inching northward (and, I hope, westward), threatening the prevailing Hindu monopoly on good hot food in Manhattan.

In some of these establishments capsaicinophiles have a lot of trouble getting the food as hot as they like it (or as hot as the folks

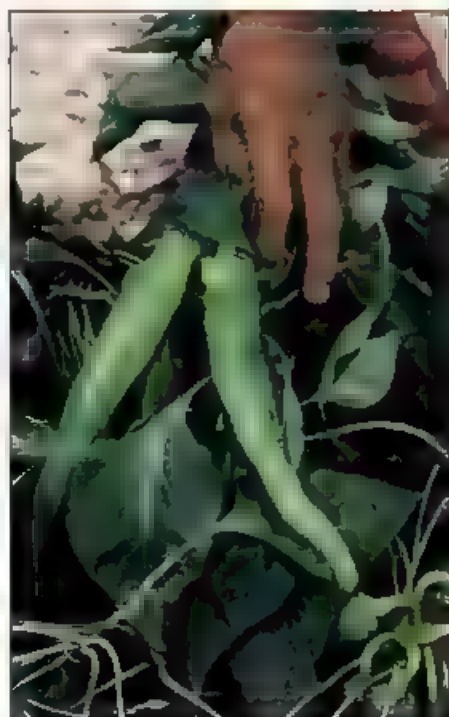
**It's hard to imagine Hunanese, Bengali and Javanese dishes without the eye-watering bite that hontaka, cayenne and bird's-eye chiles give them.**

who run the restaurant eat it at home). This has induced me to start saying "I want the appropriate dishes to be properly hot" in Indian restaurants to make them think I know what I'm doing.

Actually, I usually do, because another nice thing about hot foods is that they're always cheap. This not only means I can afford to go out and eat them from time to time but that, with the help of some good cookbooks and recipes from the chile underground, I can make some of my favorites at home. Much of this stuff is peasant food, after all, and as such is not too expensive. (Of course, Louisiana "peasants" get shrimp, oyster and crab for about 10 percent of what I pay for them.) And making the recipe work is usually just a question of not overwhelming all the other tastes with cayenne or chiles. You usually have to put in more than the average chickenshit recipe writer tells you to, but don't go nuts if you want to taste it.

All in all, I'd say hot foods are the cuisine for intelligent, aware people of our times. They're inexpensive, they promote solidarity with the Third World, they have natural healing properties, and some people even claim they get you high. What more could you ask for?

## How to Make It hot



**Fresh green chiles:** Recipes calling for green chiles require the deep green vegetable taste the peppers impart as much as the hot bite. You can buy fresh green chiles in most urban centers from spring to fall, and year round in the Southwest and California. Otherwise, Ortega canned chiles usually make acceptable substitutes. Among the most common green chiles are:

**Chile cayenne:** The dominant green chile in Southeast Asian and Indian cuisines, it grows up to nine inches long and puckers, twists and turns into sensuous convolutions when ripe. Quite hot, it is the source of cayenne pepper when red and dried. Available nearly everywhere but California.

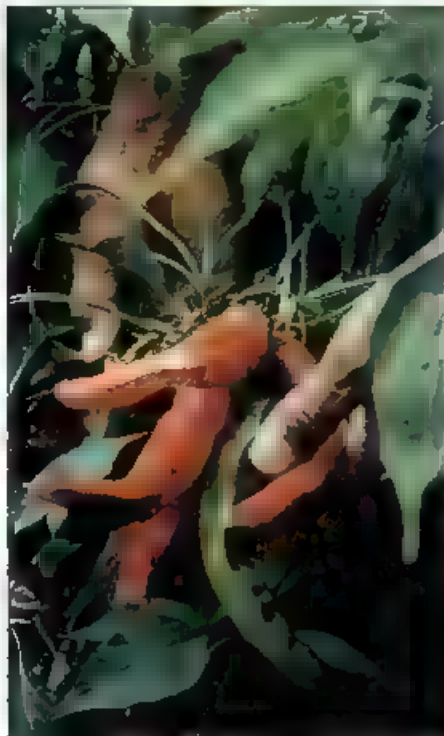
**Chile jalapeño:** Pronounced ha-la-pain-yo, with the accent on the pain, this is the great American chile. Pickled and stuffed with cheese, tuna or shrimp, they make one of the classiest hors d'oeuvres possible. They are essential for Southwest cooking. Widely available fresh and canned. For a substitute, you can use the chile serrano, less than half as big, just as powerful, but without as much tasty flesh.

**Sandia chile:** The pride of Dr. Nakayama's garden, this seven-inch monster is good for everything from chile relleno (stuffed with cheese, batter-coated, and deep-fried) to chile-cheese cornbread. Fresh sandias can be frozen after a simple preparation for year-round use and can substitute for most green chiles.

**Chile habañera:** Not strictly green, more often a washed-out yellow orange, this is the Caribbean chile and probably the hottest chile used in cooking. It's the

basis for the world's hottest hot sauces (Pickapeppa, Pajaro Rojo), and only a fool would eat one raw. It's widely available in New York and communities in which Caribbean people have settled. The chile habañera is also known as "Scots bonnet" because of its tam-o'-shanter shape and red and yellow speckles. (It's also a different species, *Capsicum sinensis*.)

When buying any but the habañera, buy your chile as dark green as you can (jalapeños tend to go down to dark jade) without any reddening at the tip. Check that the stem's not black and that the chile is firm and not raisining—signs of the onset of rot.



**Dry red chiles:** With red chiles, you're going directly for fire. There are bland red chiles, it's true, but they're used in Mexican cooking only. Dry red chiles are easy to find and will store forever if you keep them out of direct sun, although they will lose potency somewhat after a couple of years. They include:

**Chile hontaka (chile japonese):** If you buy whole red chile peppers off the spice shelf, you'll probably have wrinkled, two-inch, deep red chile hontakas. Essential for Chinese cooking and Italian red sauces, it's the basic red chile. Available everywhere.

**Chile petín (chile pequín):** Crushed red pepper, on the other hand, is likely to be this tiny round incendiary. Fresh and red, it is known as bird's-eye chile and forms the backbone of Indonesian cuisine. Dried, whole and salted, it masquerades as a peanut in West Side San Antonio



bear bars, where Chicano drinkers consider it the perfect accompaniment to a Dos Equis. Available in Mexican markets, and in a fresh preparation with salt (sambal oelek) where Indonesian foods are sold.

**Chile arbol:** Smooth, mahogany red and with the stem intact, this slightly oily, extremely hot chile is perfect for every type of curry paste (Indonesian, Thai) that calls for dried red chiles. Available in Mexican markets.

**Cayenne (red pepper):** This is so common that I hesitate to mention it, since it's so widely available in the supermarket. Cayenne is what the Indian cookbooks mean by "chili powder" and is essential to Cajun-Creole cooking. The hottest is from Nigeria, and it'll keep ants away if you sprinkle it around the places they come into the house.

**Sauces and Preparations:** Mexican food is not hot. That's what the little dishes in

the middle of the table are for. Thai food is hot, but you might like it hotter. Pass the sambols. There are dozens of heating agents around, and here are some of the easiest to find:

**Pace's Picante Sauce:** Three things you can count on in any Anglo-Texan kitchen are salt, pepper and Pace's. The hourglass-shaped jar contains a tomato-based sauce with lots of jalapeño, perfect for heating and putting on top of fried eggs (that you then sprinkle with cheese): *huevos rancheros*. There are only about a thousand other uses for this stuff. I go through a big jar a week.

**Tabasco Sauce:** The oldest American hot sauce, hung heavy with lore about peppers aged for years and years in Mr. McIlhenny's salt-covered barrels on the Avery Island bird preserve. Its main virtue is that it's far better than the other Louisiana hot sauces, which tend to be too vinegary and loaded with vegetable

gum and stabilizers. Not my favorite red sauce, but it'll do.

**Pickapeppa Sauce:** There are two, actually, brewed in Jamaica out of chiles habañeras. The brown sauce is for steak, and there is nothing like it anywhere (it's also good dumped over a hunk of cream cheese for a party spread). It's quite expensive but worth it when available. The red sauce outclasses Tabasco by far. It's so strong that it takes me over three months to go through a three-ounce bottle. Aiee!

**Jamaican yellow hot sauce:** Also known as pumpkin ketchup, it is made from squash or papaya and Scots bonnet peppers. Slip a tablespoonful of this into your curry goat or pepperpot soup and watch your guests sweat with delight. Or, for that in-a-Babylon feeling, put some on a hot dog or hamburger. Marketed here by Mapco and Jamaican Choice.

**Pickled Jalapeños:** Mexicans (and gringos, too) love these crunchy, tear-inducing pickles straight, chopped up for salsa, cut into rings and melted with cheese on tortilla crisps as nachos, or stuffed with a variety of seafoods and cheese. Clement Jacques's are real good and widely available, whole and stuffed in both mild and hot. La Victoria offers good standard pickled jalapeños. Try not to buy canned ones—you can taste the can. Masochists might like to investigate pickled serranos and (gasp) green petins.

**Lime and Mango Pickles:** No two ways about these. You either like them or you don't, probably due to the use of asafoetida, which smells (in concentrated raw form) like something died. I love them, particularly lime pickle, which is sour and hot. The mango may have large bits of mango stone left in it, so watch out. Essential with curries. Patak's makes very good ones, as well as a fine line of vindaloo paste and curry paste for lazy cooks like myself.

There is also plenty of exotica: Sriracha, the Thai orange hot sauce whose "medium" tests my upper limits; Pajaro Roja, red and green, available only in the town of Mérida, Yucatan, which may be the hottest hot sauce in the world; Tambuco's Indonesian seasoning mixes, which have started appearing in natural foods places; Preserved Food Organization's just-add-water Thai curry mixes, imported from Bangkok; the various Indonesian sambols sold by Conimex and Lucullus; and Algenan harissa for hot couscous.

Many of the items mentioned here are available by mail order. Write for a price list. Some good sources are: New Mexico Chile Lovers' Supply, P.O. Box 2434, Las Cruces, N. Mex. 88001; Wah Lee Company, 3409 Cass Avenue, Detroit, Mich. 48201; and Antone's Imports, Box 3352, Houston, Tex. 77001. Indonesian specialties are available from: Mrs. DeWildt, R.D.3, Bangor, Pa. 18013; Haig's, 642 Clement Street, San Francisco, Ca. 94118. ☐

## Classic Creole Jambalaya

Few people in this country have ever eaten this classic American dish, but one bite and you'll understand why Hank Williams just had to sing about it.

- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 pound pork, cut in half-inch cubes
- 2 large onions, minced
- 1 thick slice country ham or ¼ cup Smithfield ham or 1 cup other ham, cubed
- 5 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 teaspoon thyme, crushed
- 2 bay leaves
- 1 tablespoon fresh parsley, chopped
- ½ teaspoon powdered cloves
- ½ pound chorizo sausage or smoked sausage or chourice (Creole sausage) or linguica or hot Italian sausage
- 3 cups beef broth, canned or homemade
- 1½ cups rice
- 6 to 8 chile hontakas, crushed
- 1 teaspoon cayenne, to taste
- Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste

Melt the butter in a large pot and add the pork and onions. Sauté until the onions are transparent and the pork has changed color.

Add the ham and garlic, and stir until mixed in. Then add thyme, bay leaves, parsley and cloves, and sauté 5 minutes.\*

Add the sausage, cut or crumbled up, and sauté 5 minutes.\*

Add the broth, raise the heat and bring to a boil. Boil for 10 minutes.\*

Add the rice, chiles, cayenne, salt, pep-

per and hot sauce. Bring the mixture to a second boil. When it boils, turn the heat to low and cook for 15 to 20 minutes, stirring from time to time to make sure everything is well mixed. When the rice absorbs all the liquid and is cooked (add more broth or water if needed), stir with a fork and serve. Yield: 4 to 6 servings.

\*Observe these times scrupulously. I don't know why, but it doesn't taste nearly as good if you don't.

## Hamburger Curry

A longtime staple of mine, although the price of saffron's getting out of sight. Hamburger curry goes particularly well with brown rice. Try using different kinds of soy sauce, if you can get them, to vary the taste.

- 3 tablespoons oil
- 2 cups finely chopped onions
- 5 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 tablespoon minced fresh ginger or 1 teaspoon powdered ginger
- 1½ pounds ground lean beef
- ½ teaspoon saffron, crumbled
- 5 to 8 chile hontakas or 3 to 5 chile arbol or 5 to 8 chile petins
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- ½ cup boiling water
- 2 tablespoons soy sauce

Heat oil in skillet. Add onions, garlic and fresh ginger, if used, and sauté slowly until onions are transparent, stirring often.

Add beef, powdered ginger if used, saffron, chiles and salt. Stir until onion-garlic mixture is well integrated with beef and spices, and beef has lost its pink color.

Add water and soy sauce and lower heat. Cook until water is evaporated and beef is dry, approximately 30 minutes. Yield: 3 to 4 servings.



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# *A Bowl*





# of Dreams

*Photos by Andrew Colbrooke*



Among the Burmese villagers he was known as "the man who sees a thousand years," for old Ling-tu often joined his ancestors in dreams or mingled with his generations in the far future. Many voyages into the land of the dead and the not yet born were etched into his gaunt, lined face. But whether he plunged back or flew forward a millennium, the jungle, the simple huts, the poppy fields outside the tiny village changed little, though great empires would rise and fall, and visions of highways, gleaming cities and wondrous machines would pass before Ling-tu's half-closed eyes.







At dusk, the old men gathered around as Ling-tu prepared the pipe. He carefully placed a tiny pellet of heavy opium on the end of the long needlelike yen-hok and to the glow of the lamp he drew it slowly in the pale flame of the peanut-oil lamp. The old men watched the ceremony once again, their faces lit by the fire. They spoke of the poppy's legend in the remote, lonely ways of farmers. One told of how a poor old hag gave stillbirth to the flower. Another spoke of a beautiful woman who never married because she smelled bad. When she died the fragrant poppy grew from her grave.

As Ling-tu spun the yen-hok, the opium began to sputter and bubble. Its pungent hypnotic perfume wafted through the hut. Tiny insects hovered dreamily in the vapors, and the old men grew silent. Ling-tu placed the sticky black lump in the bowl of his jade pipe, turned it over the lamp and inhaled deeply . . .

As the pipes were prepared and passed, the first rays of moonlight trickled through the window, soft calls of night birds echoed through the jungle. A moth slowly folded and unfolded its wings near the opium pot. "Ling-tu, look," said one of the men. But Ling-tu was staring out the window, into the darkness, into the centuries in serene astonishment. ¶

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## UFOs, Mothman and Me

(continued from page 45)

cared.) He hadn't been to West Virginia since the Flatwoods monster had appeared there in 1952. The Flatwoods creature came down in a luminous flying object and was accompanied by a terrible smell. Some of the witnesses passed out and a dog ran for home, puking all the way. Now that was a monster!

I drove some 800 miles that December, sans Sanderson, and found Point Pleasant was a quiet little town of 8,300 people, dozens of churches and no public bars. The Mothman sightings had taken place in a desolate World War II ammunition dump on the edge of town. More intriguing, there had been countless UFO sightings up and down the Ohio River all year. Eerie diamond-brilliant lights passed over Point Pleasant every night at 8:30 on a regular schedule. I decided to do something that the air force and the loud-mouthed UFO buffs had never thought of doing. I decided to investigate the situation instead of just holding conversations with the witnesses.

Within a few days a much bigger picture began to evolve. The region was not only haunted by strange aerial lights, the homes of the witnesses were plagued with poltergeists and other supernatural phenomena. Television sets were burning out at an alarming rate. Telephones were going crazy, ringing at all hours of the day and night with no one on the other end. Some people were getting calls from mysterious strangers speaking a cryptic language. Black Cadillacs bearing Oriental-looking gentlemen were cruising the back hills of West Virginia.

Mothman assumed minor importance as I uncovered all these other things. I had been investigating psychic manifestations all over the world for years and I recognized the pattern here. Some UFOs were directly related to the human consciousness, just as ghostly apparitions are often the product of the percipient's mind. There are deeply rooted psychic and psychological factors in the UFO phenomenon, and the sudden appearance of a light in the sky triggers and releases the human energy that stimulates seemingly supernatural events. We cannot define the exact nature of these lights, but we can catalog the many manifestations that accompany them and we can demonstrate how identical manifestations occur in many different frames of reference. Religious apparitions are kissin' kin with the tall, stately Michael Rennie types that claim to come from Ganymede, Uranus, Clarion (an unknown planet on the other side of the sun) and a dozen other absurd places. The "miracle" at Fatima, Portugal, in 1917 was undoubtedly the best-documented UFO sighting of all time (70,000 witnesses) and certainly the most thoroughly investigated.

Unfortunately, those interested in flying saucers had no interest at all in psychic phenomena, and vice versa. Those who were busy trying to trap a Bigfoot frowned upon all other forms of the weird and supernatural. Yet sea serpents, Abominable Snowpersons, poltergeists, frog rain-falls and UFOs are all interrelated. You can't possibly investigate one without some knowledge of the others. For example, the Men in Black (MIBs) so well known in UFO lore are even better known in the histories of witchcraft and black magic. These mysterious gentlemen have been reported for a thousand years. The UFO buffs decided they were CIA agents. But another group known as superbuffs thinks the whole world is run by a secret league of wealthy men and that the MIBs are their minions. In the Far East, where belief in a "king of the world" still rides high, people

**Were they spaceships from  
another world? Not  
very likely. They seemed  
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simpleminded human.**

think the MIBs are agents from the secret underground cities of the king. In West Virginia the MIBs passed themselves off as everything from bible salesmen to census takers.

**W**hen I returned to New York City from that first trip to West Virginia my own telephone went berserk. At first I only had problems when I was speaking to Ivan Sanderson in New Jersey. He was on one of those freak pseudo-independent phone company lines and it was common to be drowned out by static or to have the call suddenly cut off. Ivan solved the problem by shouting obscenities into the phone. Strangely, it worked. It was not uncommon to be having a conversation with this dignified Briton when clicks and other noises would cause him to pause and then bellow, "Get off this line, you goddamned son of a bitch!" The line noises would cease abruptly.

My problems soon escalated. Someone would interrupt my conversations with a sound like a one-stringed guitar. The sound of an extension being picked up could be clearly heard. The telephone company ignored my complaints, naturally, until I wrote directly to the president of the company. Then fur flew. They checked out my line and happily reported that I did not have one tap on my wire—I had two! I demanded that they find out who was tapping my phone but they said they couldn't do that.

I lived in a large apartment building and there was a telephone room in the base-



ment where thousands of wires converged and connected to underground cables. Somehow someone managed to get into this locked room, search out my wires from all the thousands of others and cut them with a pair of pliers. This someone accomplished this not once, but twice. I went with the repairmen when they checked my line and the second time I demanded that the whole matter be put in writing. So someone in the main office sent me a letter stating my phone had been out of order because a piece of solder had come loose in the main installation!

Ma Bell wasn't the only member of the flying-saucer conspiracy. My mailman was in on it, too. Suddenly my letters were going astray or were being mysteriously opened. Just so I would know my mail was being monitored, someone would Xerox letters sent to me, keep the originals and reveal the Xerox copies in the envelopes. Even letters from my mother were Xeroxed!

Now I began to understand why so many UFO buffs were paranoid. Obviously, a great deal of money, time and personnel went into these moronic harassments. A friend of mine who once served in Army Intelligence tells how his unit was kept busy tailing and harassing completely innocent victims. I suspect that some worthless bureaucratic boondoggle was assigned the UFO beat, not out of maliciousness but just to give them something to do. I eventually discovered that another phone was hooked up to my line and had been getting my calls while I was getting their bills—as much as \$400 a month. And my mail was going first to another address before it was passed on to me. What stunned me was that the other address was a building housing Ma Bell's long-distance equipment! Proof positive that the telephone company was plotting to take over the world.

Meanwhile, back in West Virginia, Mothman was continuing to chase automobiles. I returned to Point Pleasant several times in 1967, learning more about the phenomenon with each trip. Several contactees (people who thought they had met the flying-saucer occupants) had emerged and I was hypnotizing them and studying them carefully. I found these people had two levels of memory. The first level, the surface level, recalled under hypnosis a fascinating adventure, usually of being taken aboard a wonderful flying saucer. But the hidden level, which was difficult to get at and usually took several hypnotic sessions before it could be reached, rejected the false memory (confabulation) and painted a different picture. Most of these contactees had been transported to a van or house where they were subjected to brainwashing techniques and injected with an unknown substance. Then they were given a confabulation to remember and were released.

But no matter how hard I tried I couldn't

find out who was doing this. The whole contactee syndrome was a fraud, but the contactees were innocent victims. Why was anyone going to all the trouble to create these contactees? Many people in West Virginia told me of seeing strange, unmarked vans cruising the back roads at night.

Another thing that bothered me was the widespread slaughter of domestic animals during the UFO waves. The animals, usually cows, sheep and dogs, had all the blood drained from their bodies and their sex organs removed with surgical precision. I saw one cow cut in half as cleanly as if it had been done with a giant pair of scissors. These animal mutilations were at first confined to the Northeast in the 1960s, but in the 1970s they spread to the Midwest. Cases are now regularly reported in Sweden, France, Australia, Brazil and many other countries. Over 1,000 animals are being mutilated each month, and someone somewhere is collecting tons of animal blood. Despite the angry cries of thousands of farmers, the federal government has not shown any interest in investigating the problem. In 1979 Mexico had several cases of human mutilations identical to the animal cases.

I spent many miserable days wading around farm fields in West Virginia to inspect mutilated animals, and many cold and scary nights on hilltops watching funny lights cavort in the sky. When I signaled them with a flashlight in Morse code they actually responded. If I flashed the word descend, they would drop downward in the falling-leaf motion made famous in so many reports.

Were they spaceships from another world? Not very likely. They seemed like mischievous masses of energy playing simpleminded games with a simpleminded human. As a professional simpleton I have seen so many of these strange lights that I have actually lost count. The sheer quantity of these objects and the frequency of their appearances negates the extraterrestrial hypothesis (ETH). During UFO waves they appear in a thousand places around the world simultaneously on a single date. Would a society on some other planet send thousands of craft to this world to hover around garbage dumps, stone quarries, golf courses and cemeteries (all favorite UFO haunts) for one night, or one week, and then fly home across millions of miles of space? These things have been around for thousands of years and they have been seen in the same places century after century. They are part of our environment, like clouds and pollution.

Mothman, like Ivan's phantom kangaroo and the redoubtable Bigfoot, belonged to that class of beasts known to the ancient Greeks as Chimeras. The Greeks noted that such animals usually had fiery red eyes, were often surrounded by the smell

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of "fire and brimstone" (hydrogen sulfide) and often disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as they had come. In countless UFO cases we also find all of these characteristics. The UFO is surrounded by a terrible smell, like the smell of rotten eggs (hydrogen sulfide again), sometimes making the witnesses ill. Creatures emerge from the UFO and leave footprints leading to the middle of a muddy field, where they vanish suddenly. Or they leave no footprints at all. Chimeras take many forms. A few years back there were reliable reports of dinosaurs stomping around Italy, France, Africa and even Texas. Some of them left perfect dinosaur tracks behind. Mothman left tracks that looked like giant dog prints. Such prints have been found in many places where other types of monsters have been seen. Even gigantic snakes—and we have plenty of reports of those—have left giant dog prints in their wake.

When you investigate a UFO flap area very carefully the whole phenomenon begins to seem like a robust practical joke perpetrated by some cosmic jokers. There is no beginning and no end. What happened in West Virginia in 1966 was repeated in Texas in 1976 when a giant bird, identified as a prehistoric pterodactyl by some witnesses, put in a brief appearance.

We know now that many of the things that happen in UFO country are clever diversions. While armed citizenry go chasing after UFOs in one direction, animals in a field in the opposite direction are suddenly mutilated. Mothman kept a whole town sitting in an old ammunition dump for several weeks while animal mutilations and human abductions took place only a few miles away.

Even today, after more than 30 years of this, there are only a few men worldwide who have a real grasp of the situation, all of whom cherish their anonymity. The more visible UFO researchers pursue modern versions of the medieval practice of counting how many angels can dance on the head of a pin. Dr. Jacques Vallee, the French computer specialist who served as the model for Lacombe in the film *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, spent 20 years trying to untangle the false leads left behind by the cosmic jokers and concluded that the whole business was the work of members of the secret Order of Melchizedek. (There are at least 500 separate Orders of Melchizedek scattered around the world.)

In earlier times, the manifestations were blamed on black-magic practitioners, witches, alchemists, the Fairy Commonwealth, the Rosicrucians, the gypsies. Now we know that whoever is behind it all has the ability to use advanced techniques of hypnosis and brainwashing. Dr. Leon Davidson, one of the men who gave us the atomic bomb (thank you, doctor), studied the UFO situation for years and finally decided it was all a cold-war gambit of the



CIA. When UFO mania struck Tashkent in the Soviet Union back in the 1960s, the Russian news agency, Tass, issued a release accusing the Western imperialists of being behind the whole thing. Ivan Sander-son stuck his tongue in his cheek and wrote a book explaining that UFOs were coming from cities at the bottom of our oceans. Ray Palmer, the man who started it all when he was editor of *Amazing Stories* back in the 1940s, believed that the earth was hollow and that UFOs were coming to us from holes in the North and South poles.

The situation is infinitely more complex than any of these interesting but simplistic explanations. If UFOs are real, and if they are extraterrestrial, then all of the patterns indicate they are totally hostile. If this is the case, then the proper government procedure would be to set up a false PR front to deal with the random reports and lull the public while a secret agency made a real effort to cope with the problem. If they are not real but are only part of the wild, wild world of psychic phenomena and Chimeras, then there is nothing that can be done and no amount of investigating can be expected to be fruitful. So it is a no-win dilemma for the civilian saucer sleuth with a straitjacket as the reward.

I wish I could report that the Mothman episode had a happy ending and that the people of Point Pleasant returned to normal, industrious lives. Unfortunately, 13 months to the day after the creature's first appearance a terrible disaster struck the little town. The bridge that joined Point Pleasant with Ohio collapsed laden with rush-hour traffic and 52 people died. Several of them had seen Mothman and/or UFOs. The critter appeared a couple of times following the bridge disaster, then vanished forever.

I fought Ma Bell to a standstill. My magazine articles on flying saucers brought hordes of unwelcome visitors to my door. One man spent his last cent for a bus ticket from Florida, arriving unannounced with the intention of moving in with me so he could tell about his visits with the Virgin Mary. A surprising number of people came to me with UFO photos they had taken, hoping to sell them for a high figure. Some of the pictures were very interesting and their photographers were most disappointed to learn that ten bucks was the going price at magazines and wire services. Good UFO photos have always been in surplus at the commercial agencies.

The irony is that every five to seven years a new UFO cycle begins and new editors and writers turn to the air force and the civilian flying-saucer clubs, hoping for an instant answer. Recently Dr. J. Allen Hynek, a retired astronomer, gave a speech in which he predicted that we would be trading with extraterrestrials within 25 years. I don't know what they would want from us, though, unless it is more cattle blood. ☐

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# E PLURIBUS PINHEAD

## THE ZIPPY CAMPAIGN/PART 3.

ZIPPY'S BID FOR THE NATION'S HIGHEST OFFICE IS BEGINNING TO WORRY SOME OF THE OTHER HOPEFULS...

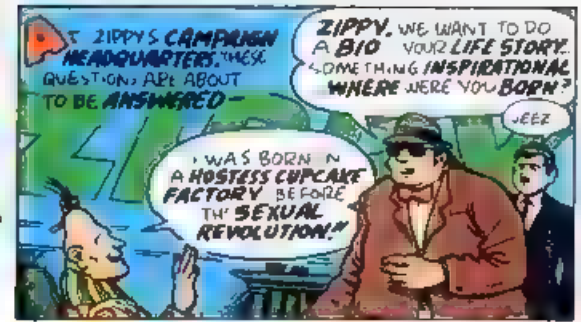
AND, FURTHER-  
MORE MY BOWLING  
AVERAGE IS UN-  
IMPEACHABLE!!

CLAP  
CLAP  
CLAP

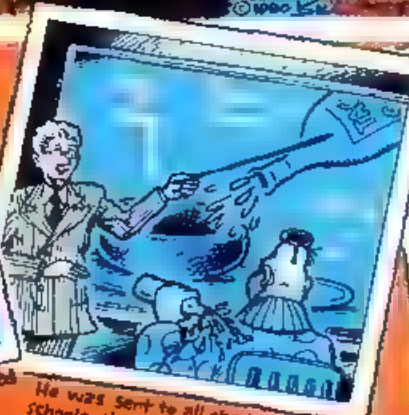
HE'S STILL AN UNKNOWN  
QUANTITY AT THIS POINT  
SENATOR BUT HIS MESSAGE  
IS GETTING OUT. HE'S SAY-  
ING THINGS IN PUBLIC APP-  
ARENTLY WANTS TO HEAR!

WELL, WHO'S THIS  
PINHEAD, ANYWAY?  
WHAT CAN WE GET  
ON HIM? DID UP HIS  
PAST, AND WHAT IS  
HIS MESSAGE?

SENATOR  
EDWARD M. KENNEDY  
PRIVATE



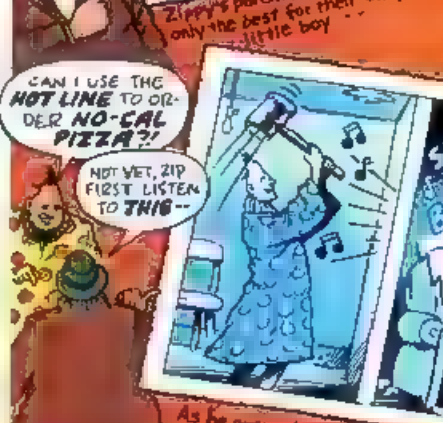
Zippy's parents Flo and Ed wanted only the best for their unique little boy...



He was sent to all the best schools. He was an avid learner.



His Presidential Qualities were exhibited at an early age.



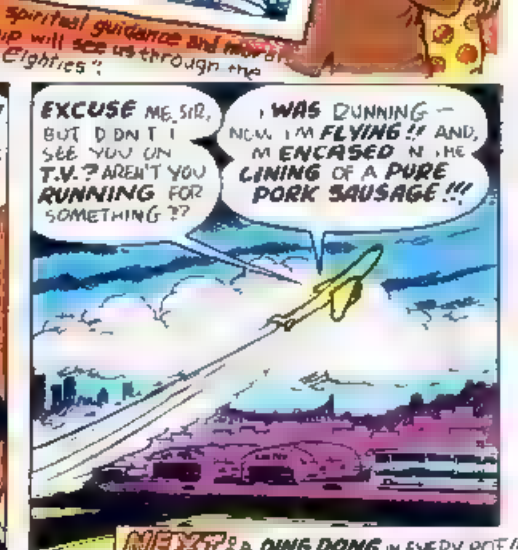
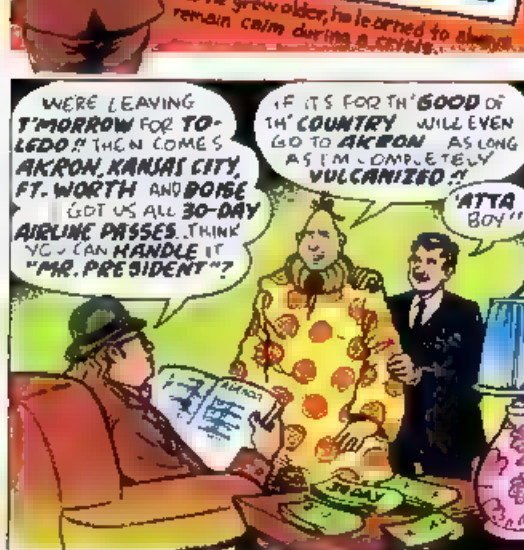
As he grew older, he learned to always remain calm during a crisis.



And his ability to get along well with people in positions of power is an important asset...



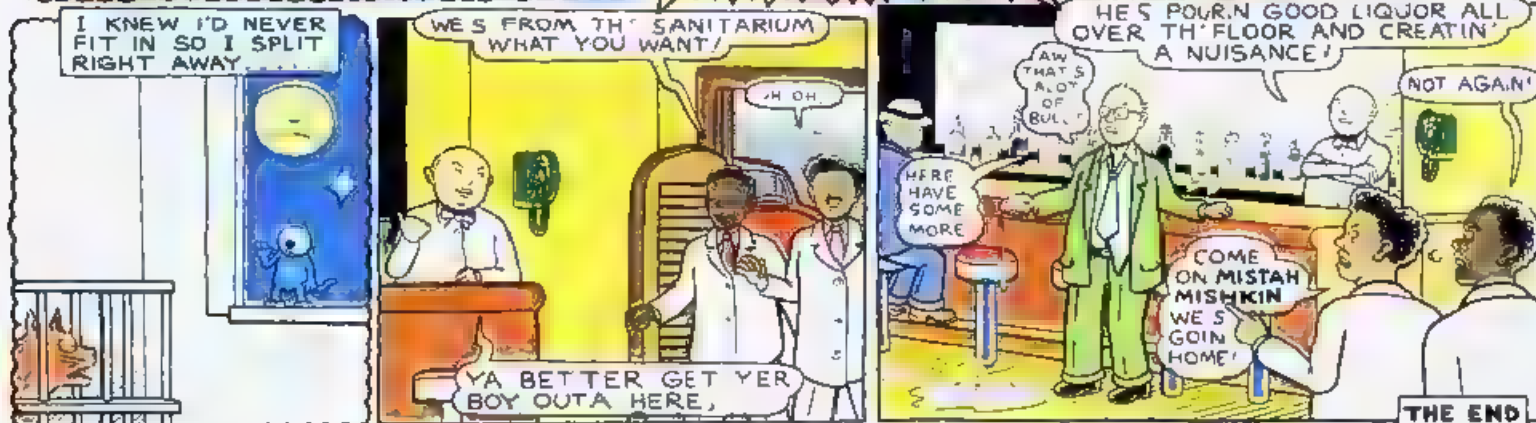
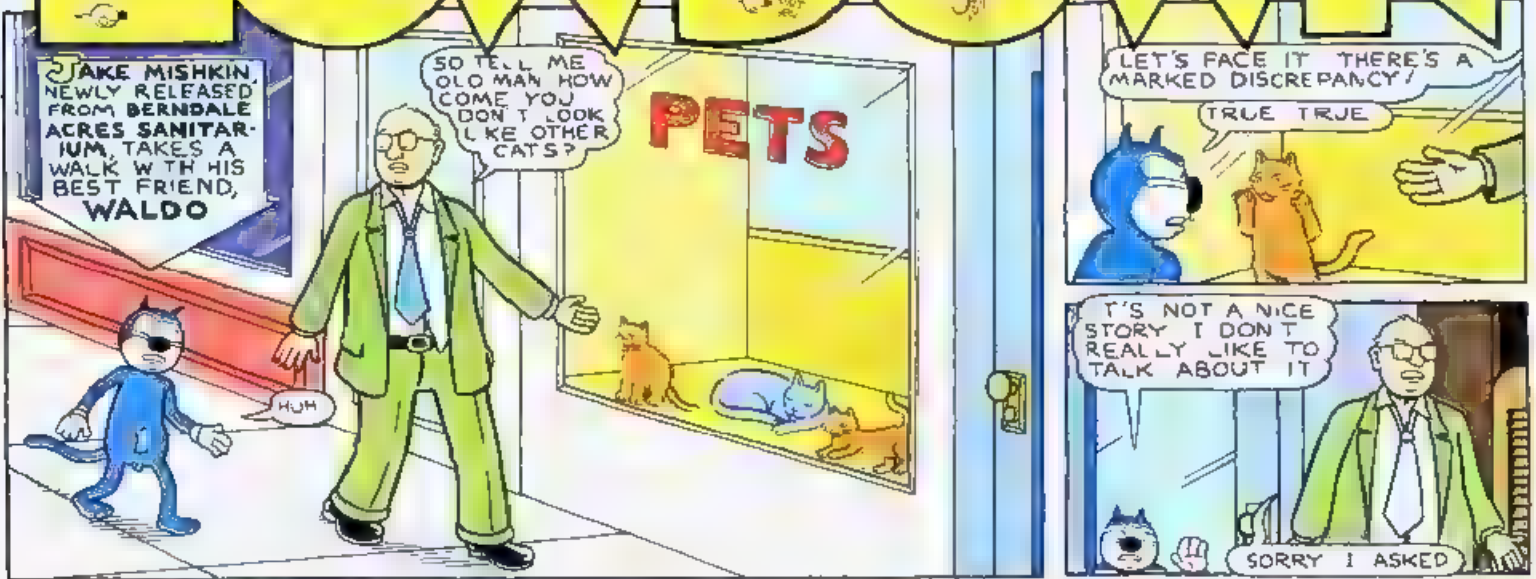
Zippy's spiritual guidance and moral leadership will see us through the "Aukous Eighties."



NEXT: A DING DONG IN EVERY POT!!



# LOWDOWN





# BUTNIK and PERIWINKLE

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TWO COPS WHO STOP BADDIES!

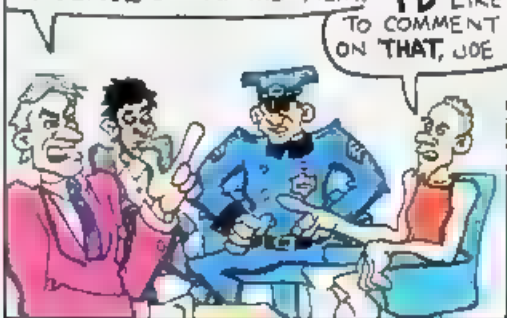
HELLO, MR. AND MRS. EVERYDAY AMERICAN! THIS IS JOE FANG AND DO WE GOT A SHOW FOR YOU! HERE FROM THE CONTRO-VERSIAL MOVIE "BRUISIN" IS AL PACHUKO! HI, AL!



AND IN THIS CORNER...ER, I MEAN, UH- HERE TO REPRESENT SOME OPPOSING VIEWS, SGT BUTNIK OF THE NYPD, AND MR. BELLY, A WRITER FOR THE VILLAGE NOISE!



LET'S GET CRACKING! OK-ER, BOYS, IT SEEMS THAT A LOT OF HOMOSEXUALS OPPOSED THE VIEWPOINT OF THE MOVIE "BRUISIN," AND THERE WAS SOME VIOLENCE DURING THE FILM. I'D LIKE TO COMMENT ON THAT, JOE



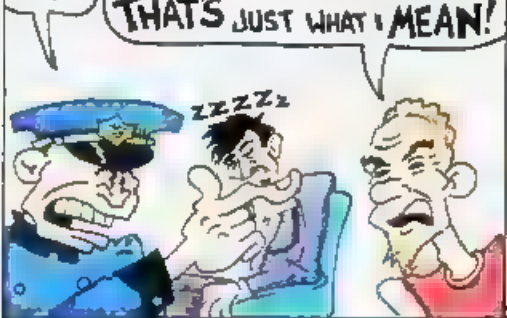
THIS MOVIE "BRUISIN" PROMOTES VIOLENCE AGAINST GAYS BY INAC- CURATELY PORTRAYING OUR LIFE- STYLE! WE REFUSE TO BE WHIPPING BOYS TO YOUR HETEROMISCONCEPTIONS! GAY LOVE IS NATURAL AND BEAUTIFUL!



THE ONLY WAY TO STOP MORE REPRESSION, MORE VIOLENCE, AND MORE HATRED OF THE GAY COMMUNITY IS. RIOT! ANY LOGICAL PERSON KNOWS THAT!



FIGHTIN' NEVER SOLVES ANYTHING! WE GOT NUTHIN' AGAINST YOU FAGS! BUT WHEN YOU START BUSTIN' UP CAMERAS WHAT DON'T BELONG TO YA.



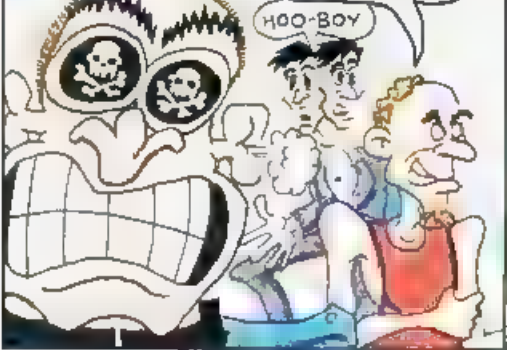
THE POLICE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN RELENTLESSLY INTOLERANT OF ALTERNATIVE LIFESTYLES AND THE GAY COMMUNITY IN PARTICULAR! BUT WE HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT 40% ARE YOU GONNA TAKE THAT FROM HIM, SGT P?



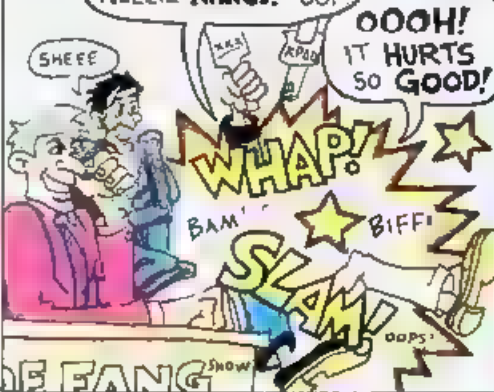
NOW WAITAMINNIT! I'M NOT GONNA LET YOU BESMEAR THE HARD WORKIN' JOES OF THE POLICE FORCE BY...BY



BUT MAYBE YOU ALREADY HAVE SGT. BUTFUCK! HEH HEH!!



TAKE THAT YOU FRUITCAKE PANSY NELLIE NANCY! OOF!



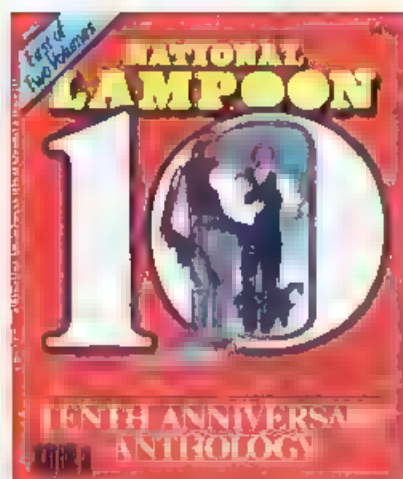
SO, AL, HOW'S YOUR CAREER DOING?



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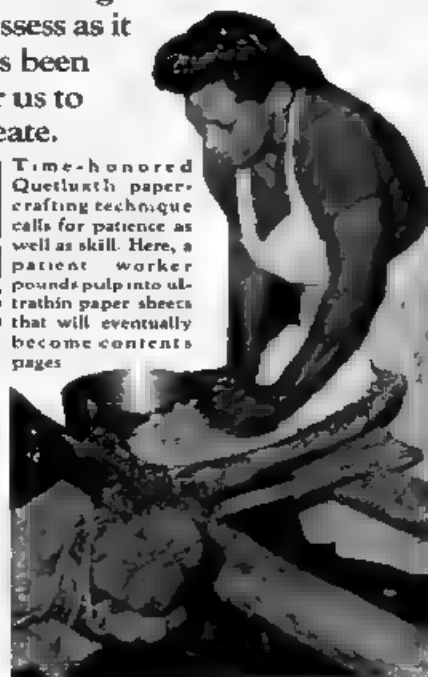
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# THE PLANET

## Bright Future Predicted for Fallout-Shelter Contractor

DALLAS—"Fourteen days is the normal staying period after a nuclear bomb," says Jerry Poarch, who runs a restimulated fallout-shelter construction firm here. The hole itself is 12 feet deep, according to the landscape. You've got approximately 2 feet of concrete in the top, and 2 more feet of dirt on top of that. You have 500 percent more protection than you would have in your home, and it will withstand a 20-megaton bomb within a quarter mile without cracking."

Poarch's father designed the original fallout shelter 25 years ago at the height of the cold war, cashing in on the nuclear panic that swept America after the USSR developed intercontinental carrying capacity for their nuke warheads. Business tapered off when folks realized there wouldn't really be much point in surviving an all-out superpowers nuke war, but now it seems to be picking up again, the global spread of nuke technology, the threat of piecemeal nuke terrorism, and plant breakdowns like the one at Three Mile Island may be responsible. This year Poarch is working on 20 contracts.

An ethical question that faced 1950s shelter owners has never been resolved. Should a person furnish his or her shelter with guns and booby traps to discourage panicked neighbors from dropping in after the holocaust? According to Poarch, today's nuclear troglodytes shrewdly avoid letting their neighbors know exactly what they're about.

Some people say they want one for a wine cellar. Others say they want it for storage or to use as an extra room. We sold one to a man who wanted it for his poker games.



World War III is a growth industry. Jerry Poarch relaxes in his Seagrave, Texas, fallout shelter.

Jim Wenz

## Superweed: The Army's Secret Weapon

by Martin A. Lee

In the late 1960s the United States Army developed an exceptionally potent form of synthetic marijuana for use as a chemical warfare agent. This feat was the culmination of nearly two decades of intensive investigation carried out in secret by the Army Chemical Corps.

As early as 1952 the Shell Development Corporation was contracted by the army to examine synthetic cannabis derivatives for incapacitating and lethal properties.

Of the various reefer homologues studied in the formative phases of the pol program, the most promising was an "experimental agent" labeled EA 1476. According to one army consultant when tested on dogs and monkeys this particular drug produced effects that were unlike any he had seen previously.

"The dog gets a peculiar reaction. He crawls under the table, stays away from the dark, leaps out at imaginary objects, and as far as one can interpret may be having hallucinations. It would appear even to the untrained observer that this dog is not normal. He suddenly jumps out, even without any stimulus, and barks, and then crawls back under the table."

With a dose of one half milligram per kilogram of body weight, the reaction was even more pronounced. "These animals lie on their side; you could step on their feet without any response; it is an amazing effect and a reversible phenomenon. It has greatly increased our interest in this compound from the standpoint of future chemical possibilities." The army began testing EA 1476 on human subjects at Edgewood Arsenal in the late 1950s. The arsenal, located in Maryland, is the chief headquarters of the army's chemical warfare



division.

The most significant marijuana studies sponsored by the army were conducted by Arthur D. Little Inc. of Cambridge, Massachusetts

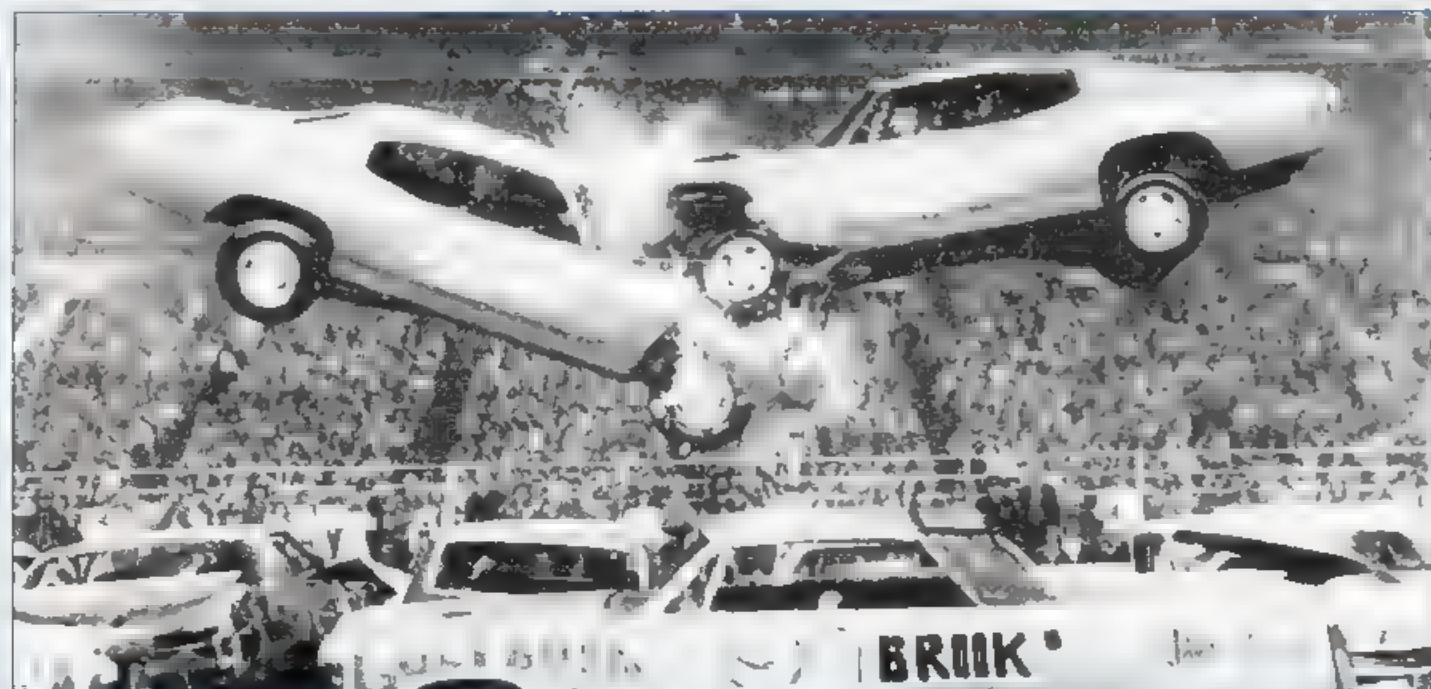
Two contracts totaling well over \$1 million were awarded to this firm, covering a ten-year period beginning in 1963. Informed sources indicate that midway through the project, scientists at Arthur D. Little successfully produced a synthetic form of THC that is even more powerful than LSD.

Both LSD and the superweed were viewed as humane weapons that could knock out enemy troops without necessarily killing anybody, allowing American soldiers to take control of an embattled area without encountering significant resistance.

The army had long considered the possibility that a small amount of LSD introduced covertly into the water and food supply of a major urban center could radically alter the consciousness of the entire population for 12 to 24 hours. But few scientists anticipated that a marijuana derivative could be employed in a similar fashion.

Arthur D. Little proved that this could be a viable military option by producing "bulk amounts of a relatively stable, highly potent form of THC." When asked to comment on this development, Dr. Henry G. Pars, head of the Little firm's marijuana research, refused to offer any further details, stating, "It's not my business to be telling you what the Department of Defense is or is not doing. I'm certainly not going to go out of my way to disclose things about Department of Defense work." Pars has since been involved in drug-related studies for the CIA and the Drug Enforcement Administration.

Despite years of covert testing, there is no evidence as yet suggesting that the army's reefer madness ever got past the experimental stage.



America's love-hate obsession with the automobile attains an orgasmic peak in the Houston Astronaut Center. On September 10, 1969, in both drivers, who had pushed the historic trust for three years, survived.





Body check this one out: Freshman golfer for Lafayette High School in Madison, Wisconsin, weighs only 100 pounds.

## Portugal Sticks Plug in U.S. Cork Supply

NEW YORK CITY "Wine writers have convinced people they need corks," complains Walter Dudrow, vice-president of the Taylor Wine Company. Faced with an obstinate demand for cork by American wine boozers and a cork supply problem complicated by international power politics, wine makers have tried to switch to screw-type bottle tops and plastic stoppers. But wine drinkers feel cheated if the bottle doesn't audibly pop when opened, and the least they'll settle for are cork tipped stoppers with round plastic knobs.

The cork shortage is a result of the 1974 socialist revolution in Portugal, which produces 70 percent of the world's annual 11 million ton production of cork. In the upheaval vast tracts of cork oak were chopped down for fuel. Since cork oaks take 20 years to mature to their first cork stripping and since they don't yield wine bottle-quality cork for 27 years after that, it may be a while before the industry's back to normal. Almost the entire industry is in the hands of a few families who don't practice even the most simple reforestation, observes Arthur Dodge of the Dodge Cork Company of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. "Our forecast is that by 1986, demand will significantly outstrip supply. It's amazing it isn't easier to promote,

since the tree grows where nothing else will.

Attempts to stimulate cork production in Chile, Argentina and Australia have been inconclusive. The tree is still most commonly found around the north shores of the Mediterranean Sea, where cork is still harvested by a labor intensive process first described by the Roman historian Tacitus around A.D. 100.

At the height of summer, workers cut long grooves in the standing trees with wedges or circular saws and then peel back the bark slowly and carefully. Extreme caution must be taken to avoid chipping the pith beneath or warts will run the bark afterward. The stripped cork is boiled to soften it and then ironed flat for transport. Since it naturally expands to fill open spaces, it's in wide use by industry in construction, refrigeration and aerospace technology, wine bottling only accounts for a fraction of total cork production.

Still, wine connoisseurs insist that cork is critical to the bouquet of fine aged wine, since its porous consistency supposedly allows the wine to breathe a tiny amount of air. Accordingly, even Yanks who only do domestic vintages, drinking them just weeks or months after they're bottled, indignantly reject plastic stoppers and screw tops in favor of cork.

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# S O U T H A M E R I C A

## Endangered Microcountry Beggars to Stay C

BELMOPAN, BELIZE—The debate over this nation's status as one of the last British dependencies in the Americas is being conducted by two political parties that are not basically opposed at all. The Peoples United Party, which has led Belize since the establishment of internal self government in 1964, is anxious to maintain the country's colonial status; the opposition, the United Democratic Party, is trying to show it's even more anxious to stick with the queen. Like many other small countries in the Caribbean area, Belize over the last decade has discarded traditional anticolonialist rhetoric and rather nervously developed a neocolonialist attitude—partly to protect its fragile economy but mainly out of fear of aggression from larger neighboring countries.

In the case of Belize—formerly known as British Honduras—the main problem is neighboring Guatemala, which covets the port facilities of Belize City. Guatemala's own Caribbean ports are mainly undeveloped, so since 1946 the Guatemalan constitution itself has carried a solemn official claim to much of the Belize coastline. The historical basis for annexation, says Guatemala, is that in the 19th century both Belize and Guatemala were administered by Spain as the Captaincy-General of Guatemala. However, the Guatemalans are not staking out several departments of southern Mexico that were also included in the Captaincy General



It's not asking too much. Guatemala only wants enough of Belize (shaded area) to get to the sea.

and the United Nations has tended to doubt the sincerity of the nation's political nostalgia.

But the Guatemalan military government keeps the issue at a high emotional pitch at home, posting lurid patriotic posters reading "Belize Is Ours!" and so on. Since Guatemala has a very vigorous army and a population of about 6 million, this is deliberately intimidating to the 140,000 Belizeans. In sharp contrast to most Latin American countries, Belize has one of the lowest population densities in the world, and its people, mainly descendants of 17th-century British woodcutters and their black slaves, speak English. The nation's military consists of a British jet squadron and a corps of commonwealth troops, and their withdrawal would undoubtedly incite an instant Guatemalan invasion.

But while Premier George Price and his main opponent Dean Lindo battle to see who can offer the people of Belize less independence, the conservative government in London has made the divestiture of colonies like Belize official British policy. Although the Thatcher foreign office insists that it has no intention of ditching Belize, Tory officials have repeatedly stated that Britain would not "stand in the way" of any Belizean move for self rule—which worries many people here.

The question of Guatemala's territorial claim repeatedly arises at the United Nations, where it has the support of the fascist bloc of South

# A U S T R A L I A

## Bounty Offspring Fight Australian Impe

NORFOLK ISLAND: Quoth Australian home minister R.J. Ellicott: Norfolk Island is an honored part of the Australian nation and community and, although it has its own identity, it shares fully in our common national life and destiny. May it ever be so.

Not many of Norfolk Island's permanent residents, descendants of the crew of HMS *Bounty*, feel that sanguine about it all. "We were a happy people until the Australians took over," seethes one direct descendant of *Bounty* first mate Fletcher Christian. "How do you stop it short of taking up arms?"

Australia, once the British Empire's showcase penal colony, has been laying some heavy imperialism on its own on little Norfolk Island, a volcanic atoll rising abruptly out of the Pacific halfway between Sydney and Fiji. In 1975, after a three-year investigation, Australian magistrate Sir John Nimmo decreed that all islanders should henceforth be subject to the Australian income tax—and also to the extensive welfare state socialism and trade-union supremacy of Australia, which, in the opinion of the rock-bottom conservative *Bounty* descendants, would inexorably lead to mass poverty and atheism.

"We're ethnically different from Australians," points out Bernie Christian-Bailey. "We're English Polynesians." Other islanders openly term themselves a unique "Pitcairn race" and advocate taking the same tack toward Australia as Christian took toward Capt. William Bligh.

In 1789, Christian put Bligh over the side of

the *Bounty* into an open boat along with 18 crewmen as the ship lay in open sea near Tonga. Miraculously, Bligh navigated the overcrowded boat across 3,618 miles of cannibal-infested Asian waters to Portuguese Timor and made it back to England without a single casualty. Though it was inconceivable that Bligh could have done this, back in Tahiti the mutineers grew increasingly fearful of facing the admiral's vengeance, and in 1790 they set out for a safer refuge. Eventually they came across Pitcairn Island, lying about halfway between Tahiti and Easter Island, and settled there—nine mutineers, 12 Tahitian women and six Tahitian men.

Christian subsequently died of burns sustained while trying to save the *Bounty* after other mutineers set her afire at her mooring. Some time after that, all the men except mudshipman John Adams murdered each other in a ghastly epidemic of something like mass cabin fever. Most of them had fathered children by that time, though, and when an American ship finally discovered the little Pitcairn community in 1808, Adams was presiding as patriarch over a religious congregation of ten women and 30 British Tahitian children.

While Pitcairn was habitable enough, it lacked any viable harbor, so living there was decidedly lonesome. However, in 1855 Great Britain formally dissolved its penal colony at Norfolk Island, 3,000 miles west, and the Pitcairners moved here. And here they live yet about 500 of them, raising cattle and fruit





# olonized

American countries such as Chile, Paraguay, Uruguay and Bolivia and the opposition of Surinam, Venezuela, Cuba and many Caribbean island nations. The United States has always abstained from voting on the issue which, as Price points out—effectively helps Guatemala. U.S. corporations control extensive agricultural holdings in both Belize and Guatemala and have nothing to lose from a Guatemalan invasion.

The export of sugar and bananas to the United States, Mexico and Canada is the main source of capital in Belize, with fruit, rice and honey as sidelines. Most businesses in Belize are run by cooperatives and tax credits for foreign investors depend heavily on whether or not the corporations provide decent wages and working conditions for Belizean employees.

Currently the government is tentatively gearing up to exploit Belize's potential as a tourist spot. Located at the base of the Yucatán Peninsula, Belize has a long, gorgeous coastline guarded by a spectacular barrier reef harboring a myriad of tropical Robinson Crusoe-style islands in the intracoastal waterway. And so, what was once a land of note mainly for dope smugglers will soon be in the thick of the travel business, if the Price government has its way.

But a Belmopan official explains that Belize will discourage casinos: "They would bring in a lot of dollars but would have disquieting effects on the social fabric."


# rialism

whaling, and bartering with passing ships. They still bear the surnames of their mutinous forebears and devoutly practice an ecstatic form of superfundamentalist Christianity speaking an English-Polynesian patois. But since they've never paid taxes, Norfolk Islanders have created the optimum haven for crooked Australian entrepreneurs.

Throughout the '60s, hundreds of Australian corporations had themselves registered in Norfolk Island. Moreover, numerous duty-free shops were set up here, purveying all sorts of expensive luxuries, and a concomitant tourist trade sprang up. Immigrant Aussies swelled the population to 1,800, putting the Pitcairners decidedly in the minority—and inspiring several Australian colonization schemes.

The latest such scheme, the 1969 Norfolk Islands Act in Canberra, officially drops Judge Nimmo's insistence on taxation—but by instituting proportional voting, it effectively turns over the island to the new Australian majority. The Pitcairners are currently collecting petitions to challenge the new system and the process may take years.

In any case, islanders insist Queen Victoria officially gave them Norfolk Island in 1856 and they have original letters to prove it. Affirms Greg Quintal, 61: "I love my homeland. It's only a little place. You can hardly call it a dot on the map. But it's my belief, and no government will ever take it away from me—that Norfolk Island was given to the people of Pitcairn."



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## Legal Hooking Brings Peace To Hamburg's Red-Light District

**HAMBURG, WEST GERMANY** The main hazard generated by legalized street prostitution according to cops on the red-light Reeperbahn beat here is boredom. For years now the Reeperbahn's "mile of sin"—a special Hamburg borough given over entirely to sidewalk hookers, live sex shows, smut shops, porno theaters and bordellos—has been pulling in up to 40,000 visitors on a night, mainly tourists. They're served by 2,000-odd registered prostitutes, who drift from strip bar to sex show, amiably soliciting johns. And yet very little out of the ordinary given the extraordinary atmosphere of the Reeperbahn—appears to occur very often.

We have a very low rate of crime and almost no drug traffic anymore, reveals Michael Kuehl, precinct chief, who describes much the same police problems any small-town cop force faces on a wild Saturday night. "Trouble, when it comes, stems mostly from people who have stepped out of line and lost their sense of proportion, a solid burgher mad because his money is blown, a nuff artst from one of the joints, whatever."

Folks visiting the Reeperbahn expect to booze it up and get laid, but very few get injured or ripped off, thanks to the well-established routines of legal hooking here. A girl starts herself



*Sleek Mercedes of diplomats and millionaires line the sinful but safe Reeperbahn.*

off at \$16 on the street, handed over to her there by the john, and rarely exerts more than \$16 more in the bedroom, plus drinks and whatnot. Moreover, every registered prostitute gets two VD checkups per month under the health code, so that the street is rarely visited by shamed middle-class husbands seeking vengeance.

Oddly, though, pimping is still a fixture of Hamburg hooking, even though the prostitutes no longer need men to protect them from the cops or other pimps. "Pimping is one institution we haven't been able to touch," marvels Kuehl. "There is a strange love-hate bond between the prostitute and her pimp."

But pimping remains illegal, and the law is rigorously enforced; this discourages pimps from trying to supplement their intake by mugging booze-fuddled johns, which is no longer necessary anyway, since their girls' income is assured.

This peaceful state of affairs only came about, Kuehl emphasizes, after a long and strenuous police campaign to subdue the naturally violent propensities of vice profiteers. Ultimately, though, it became clear to even what cops call "the milieu" that big bucks could be made, safely and easily, merely by living within the law.

## Nuke Trash "Sabotaged" in East London Station

**LONDON**—When a train bearing radioactive nuke wastes pulled into the Stratford station in London's East End duly at 12.13 one night last fall, three men on the platform leveled a rocket launcher at one of the cars and pulled the trigger at point-blank range. Had the men been IRA terrorists or some other brand of psychopath, nearly two square miles of London would have been hot for the next 125 years.

Thankfully, the men were only demonstrators for the Freedom of Information Campaign, dramatizing the hazards of the pending Protection of Official Information Bill, which if passed by Parliament, would prohibit press reports of incidents like this. At the same time, sort of by the by, they got British Railways to flatly admit that it would be impossible to protect nuke shipments from actual terrorist attacks.

The train had been carrying a blend of plutonium, uranium and other irradiated wastes from the Bradwell power station in Essex and the Sizewell plant in Suffolk on a regular run to the nuke-treatment facility at Windscale in Cumbria. The three Freedom of Information men determined the time for its Stratford stop merely by calling a railway hut at Ipswich and asking someone on the waste-loading team about it. Just after midnight they walked into the Stratford station, bought tickets and waited on the platform—with the rocket launcher in full view of station employees on the opposite platform. Not once were they even asked what they were doing with a rocket launcher in the middle of the night.

When questioned afterward by the London Observer, a British Railways official said that even people with heavy ordnance have "a perfect right" to be around train platforms, as long as they've bought tickets. Railway workers, they pointed out, aren't in the business of busting people with rocket launchers. "What we would do is notify the police to get them to take action."

Besides contemplating new restrictions on the press, Parliament is also very enthusiastic these days about expanding the production of nuke plants all around the country. This would inevitably result in many more unprotectable shipments of hot nuke garbage on British Railways rolling stock, but that does not appear to deeply concern them. "The traffic has been passing for many years now without an incident," a company official complacently notes.

## Greek Reds Slander Orthodox Bishops

**ATHENS**—Hard-pressed Orthodox clergy are blaming the Greek Communist Party for the series of scandals that has effectively ruined several top church figures lately. Unsubstantiated and even disproven rumors about Greek church officials are sufficient to have them severely disciplined in synodal courts, just for being the subject of reports that scandalize the faithful. In the last year the faithful have been extremely scandalized by charges against high-ranking clergy, and a lawyer for two of them has put the blame squarely on the 1975 decision by the government to recognize the Communists as a legitimate political party.

In one instance, Bishop Prokopios of Cephalonia was accused in the local papers of filching a mummified toe and some skin from the reliquary of St. Gerasimos, a patron saint of the Ionian Islands, and selling them. The bishop was never charged in civil court by any witnesses, but the synod intends to try him just for

being the focus of the rumors.

An even wilder case involves Bishop Stylianos of Preveza. Greek papers have actually run photos that purport to show the bishop lying on a bed with a naked lady. (Celibacy is not required for admission to the Orthodox clergy, but high promotions go only to those who take celibacy vows.) Even though a government crime lab failed to authenticate the photo's negative as genuine, and even after the defrocked priest who instigated the story admitted to trying to extort \$8,600 from the bishop, the synodal court voted to suspend him from office.

Attorney Alexandros Katsantonis, defending both bishops, characterizes them as victims of organized rumor-slander campaigns by reds. Both are ardent anti-Communists, he points out, and Bishop Stylianos served as chaplain at Makronisos, where thousands of Communists were imprisoned by the last fascist regime and routinely tortured.



Take a Vacation to 3000 B.C.:

## Ancient Glyphs Draw Tourists to French Alps

LA VALLE DES MERVEILLES, FRANCE—About 5 000 years ago, people succeeded in making this mountain pass in the south of France into one of the world's most intriguing—and pleasant—archaeological tourist attractions. The tumbled rocks around the "Valley of Miracles" are abundantly decorated with more than 4,000 figures of prehistoric imagery: some weirdly naturalistic and some totally abstract. The valley itself—actually a pass in the hills 70 miles inland from Nice on the Riviera—affords an exceedingly pleasing prospect of wind-shimmered meadows, stony pastures and the ponds and lakes of the broad saddleback valleys of the Maritime Alps.

Research into the people who left so much of their graffiti in the Valle des Merveilles circa 3000 B.C. is proceeding leisurely, and for a good reason. In recent years, archaeologists have become increasingly convinced that—contrary to previous belief—Western Europe was the site of a thriving, cosmopolitan civilization about the same time that the Sumerian and Akkadian civilizations of Mesopotamia were in full fig. Due to extreme climatic conditions and the exceedingly violent rise and fall of subsequent civilizations—only random artifacts of this putative proto-European culture remain. La Valle des Merveilles may be one of the most important collections of these artifacts, and so archaeologists are investigating slowly to avoid jumping to conclusions.

The most intensive study of the ancient glyphs to date was undertaken in 1929 by Italian archaeologist Carlo Conti. Conti distinguished various animal figures that indicate the husbandry of domesticated cattle and distinguished between figures of people carrying weapons and figures wielding plows. Then brilliantly he began correlating some of the more abstract designs with natural figures in the landscape around the Valle des Merveilles; if these people were a highly advanced agricultural society, what better way to symbolically record pasture and grazing deeds than with ideographic sketches showing, for instance, a square patch of crosshatched pasture next to a squiggly lake? And what better place to record them than in a mountain pass with a prospect of the countryside under consideration?

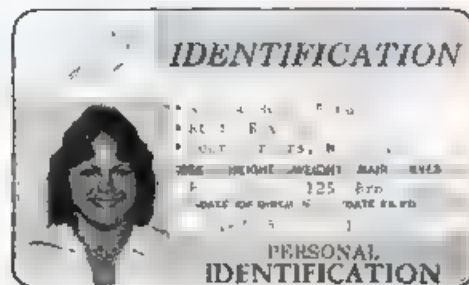
Conti's interpretations have been hailed and reviled in archaeological circles ever since. Meanwhile—for the benefit of well-motivated sightseers, the Club Alpin Française operates a lodge not far from the valley—but it happens to be at the end of a 15-mile mostly uphill hike.

It doesn't matter who created the glyphs or why, says one tourist. "The important thing to realize is that this is a trip back into time. No buses, no cars, no telephones, no TV antennas, no neon lights. This is the way people once lived."

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Male "Tour Groups" Enjoy Life of Riley-san

## Japanese Women Outraged by Asian Sex Tours

TOKYO—Licentiousness among traveling Japanese males has hugely and rather blatantly increased in just the last few years, but so far the only people to publicly complain about it are Japanese women. Recently, the Women's Christian Temperance Union (WCTU) of Japan, unutterably scandalized, broadcast a resounding condemnation of the many "package sex tours" that have sprung up lately all over the Far East, pandering vigorously to Japanese business types.

Taipei, Manila, Bangkok and Seoul have all opened up their red light districts to regular all-male Japanese "tour groups." Plane fare, motel meals and females are provided for about \$400 in advance, so that the Japanese john needn't carry cash around. The Japanese WCTU expressed great astonishment that these joy junkets would be not merely tolerated but promoted by the host city officials. Few men were surprised, though. These tours are extensively advertised on national telly, with a trademark of armed "palace guards" in front of one of the sex-junket motels.

Salaciousness has been surfacing increasingly over the years. Through the late '70s, a massive newsstand increase was seen in pornography of all sorts, from *Playboy* cheesecake to total Danish hard-core. Government flunkies still tediously blank out all visible public appurtenances, which only seems to enhance the appeal of such reading matter. At least one authentic upper-crust brothel has opened, down the coast in Yokohama, the Queen Elizabeth Motel, fashioned after the famous ocean liner, charging \$60 to \$80 a night. "Good thing they didn't name it the Queen Victoria, with keep-weep-cracking."



For many women it's come as a shock to realize that middle-class Japanese men—traditionally sober, job-oriented and absolutely domesticated—are demonstrating any sex urge at all. Just last year, an international women's study group held a serious symposium on the question "Why aren't Japanese men sexy?" One farsighted Japan Women's University lecturer theorized that men here would probably be just as beastly as any other variety "if they were free from the constraints and limitations of their society; they would exude the attractiveness of men who are relaxed and natural."

The popularity of the tours may be a sign that this is becoming the case. "What else can you do if you're a workaholic and live in one of those Tokyo rabbit hutches?" points out one



traveling Japanese exec. As in most Oriental societies, legitimate areas of privacy hardly exist. Japanese bedrooms are far from soundproof, and most families still sleep in the same room anyway. Even long-established married couples make romantic occasions out of fucking, hiring baby-sitters and renting special rooms in *rob hoteru*—literally, love hotels.

So nowadays, with the Japanese trade balance skyrocketing, it's no surprise that "travel agents" should be promoting foreign hooker tours to as far away as Hamburg and Copenhagen. The response of Japanese women to all this should be interesting. Will they continue to echo the WCTU, or will they come to trying out some licentiousness—and tourist business—themselves?

Is the White Rhino Extinct?

## Uganda's Wildlife Stocks Nearly Wiped Out

KAMPALA, UGANDA—Last year's civil war devastated many of the largest wildlife areas in Uganda and may even have extinguished the last surviving white rhinos. Most of the official blame goes to the retreating armies of Field Marshal Idi Amin, but it's known that troops of the triumphant Tanzanian Army of Liberation also slaughtered animals wholesale and that a brisk trade in horns, skins and game meat flourished for months after the new regime was established.

Not very many Africans, frankly, have any great love for wildlife. Rural people consider them a dangerous nuisance and educated people tend to call them "sleepers"—wasteful anachronisms preserved entirely at the expense and effort of poverty-stricken Africans to please some sentimental tendency of industrialized Westerners. Also, there's a multibillion-dollar demand for hides, elephant tusks and rhino horns (the latter two believed since ancient times to have aphrodisiac properties) in the Orient and legions of Hong Kong smugglers are always avid to jump into East Africa at the first sign of instability.

The smugglers cleaned up in the early years of the Amin regime when the government itself quickly reduced the Ugandan elephant population from 18,000 to 3,500. After that Amin left the wildlife mostly alone and stocks were replenished to some indeterminate degree until last year. Then, when Amin's army was driven northward to its sanctuaries in the Sudan and Ethiopia, they slaughtered even Nile crocodiles for food. After them came the Tanzanian forces, who carried on the slaughter both for smuggling profits and for food. At least four staffers at Rwenzori National Park were shot by Amin troops, a Cambridge research student Karl von Orsdol lost an entire pride of lions to the troops and was very nearly shot himself.

Soon after Amin's fall the new tourism and wildlife minister James Obua-Otoa declared an emergency ban on game killing, however, says parks director Dr. Eric Edroma, the slaughter went on apace. Last winter it was discovered that no white rhinos at all were to be found in Kabalega Falls National Park where only 19 had existed before Amin's departure. Some may

still survive in Kidepo Park in the northeastern Karamajong district, but hope is dim.

Nevertheless, aside from the white rhino, viable populations of elephant, buffalo, antelope, zebra, hippos, leopards and other distinctive East African animals abound in Tanzania. Formerly Tanganyika (the British Empire's showcase African tourist trap) and Zanzibar, Tanzania has been scrupulous in keeping its own wildlife on the hoof. It's conceivable that Tanzanian breeding stock may be used in a program to build Uganda's herds back up to strength.

Such a program would, however, place an enormous burden on the Ugandan people. Since Amin left the country in an absolute shambles of underdevelopment, poverty and disease, it may be a long while yet before Ugandans are ready to care about the problems of other species.

The last living white rhino (right) may have been bumped off so that some jet-set Japanese account exec. (above) could work up a little fire in his furnace.



## Pollution Shock Hits Worker's Paradise

PEKING—A major scandal erupted here not long ago when a convention of ecologists from Switzerland, Kenya, the United States, the Philippines and China had to move its meeting site because of the ear-splitting racket of nearby factories.

Noise pollution in our country has reached an extremely serious stage, a party hack told the *People's Daily* afterward. "Right now, millions of workers are toiling under conditions that exceed noise limits that are considered healthy." The *Daily* spoke of one particular Peking factory where "as many as 90 percent of the workers suffer from varying degrees of deafness, insomnia, headaches and abnormal

blood pressure" probably because of industrial noise.

"The many chimneys in Peking belching black smoke profoundly shocked these foreign ecologists," noted the *Daily*, which pointed out that many of the city's ancient statues are severely corroded from pollution and that scores of the lovely pines that line Peking's boulevards are dying. For years now the government has spoken of decentralizing factories into suburban industrial parks, but little has been done about it. After the ecology-convention gaffe, though, the Chinese leadership may be shamed into action.

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## Stone Age Family Finds Europeans

LAE, PAPUA NEW GUINEA—Another community of isolated "Stone Age" people has turned up, dwelling in a wooded highland valley nearly inaccessible from the coast. An international team of explorers undertaking a global tour (called Operation Drake, after the first Englishman to circumnavigate the world) of uncharted wilderness regions encountered the little aboriginal society while traversing the unknown headwaters of the Strickland River.

The 15 to 20 people in the tribe, though they live in a classic Paleolithic society, were not absolutely out of contact with the rest of the world. They possessed a few metal hunting axes they'd acquired from neighboring villages and understood the basic barter pidgin of the area. Thus, they were able to communicate with the Europeans in Operation Drake through a four-language series of interpreters. They said they'd never seen white people before in their valley; in fact, they could hardly remember seeing anybody different before.

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## Mining the Void

The next gold rush will not be headed westward, thanks to recent scientific findings, but straight up. It seems that asteroids, those

a single international commission. Therefore suggests ISI, truly farsighted investors should begin staking out the asteroids right away

### Thou Shalt!

A schoolteacher in Haifa, Israel, was recently brought to the local rabbinical court there by his wife who charged him with failure to discharge his conjugal offices "because he no longer desired her." After consulting the Talmud, the rabbis confirmed that the husband was indeed liable for nonperformance under Mosaic law, solemnly urged him to set about his business and finally dunned him for 36 pieces of gold when he still proved refractory. The size of the fine evidently brought wives to courts all over Israel, alleging normal sexual neglect on the part of their spouses.

According to the newspaper *Maariv*, however Talmudic scholars have determined that a "piece" of gold need be no larger than a grain of wheat. Even at current prices, 36 "pieces" wouldn't amount to much.

### Donald, Duck!

Dr Donald Duck expresses sympathy with mere mortals, who are always expecting him to be embarrassed on first introduction. "On the contrary," says the physician of Mallat, Scotland, "I find it is other people who are more likely to be sensitive, trying desperately not to

ever the passport he carried when he entered the States had been issued in Switzerland by the World Service Authority, a group promoting



clumps of space junk orbiting the sun between Mars and Jupiter, are chock-full of platinum—not to mention iron, nickel and other industrial metals. Thus, for not much more than it'd take to launch a major terrestrial mining endeavor these days, outer-space entrepreneurs could go up and commence spelting asteroids for the base metals, and collect significant quantities of platinum in the slag by-products; the income would be handsome and steady and best of all none of the profits would ever have to be plowed back into environmental reclamation efforts.

Industrial venality, then, may well be the prime force that finally drags humankind off Earth in the 80s. Banking on this prospect, a group of high-tech speculators in Tucson, Arizona, has formed International Satellite Industries, Inc. (ISI) to round up investors in outer space. For a basic \$1,000 investment, folks now can get a piece of a cosmic scam that will involve leasing flights on the NASA space shuttle to put up "sun sails" in Earth orbit about 900 miles out. The sails, vast acres of photovoltaic film screens, will draw teams of prospectors across the sky to the asteroid belt as described by ISI tankerman Keith Henson: huge rocks would be herded back to Earth orbit and "boiled" down into immense cables of metal and the platinum retrieved from the orbiting slag. Once the financial returns start making waves in the global economy, whole colonies of deep space forty-niners will be heading into the wild black yonder to set up permanent "boom globes" among the asteroids—enormous aluminum-coated balloons rotating majestically in space holding hundreds of prospectors (and probably claim jumpers, whores and honky-tonk performers) in cozy half gravity.

These sublime prospects aren't going to be achieved without deft wheeling and dealing though. Henson points out that terrestrial interests have already laid claim to the entire moon as of last year, no independent contractor can begin developing the moon without applying to



laugh." Duck was christened, he says, a good while before Walt Disney invented his cartoon namesake.

### No Tickee, No Visa

Life without a passport can be a real bitch, attests Gary Davis, 58, who has been jailed 27 times in 20 countries since renouncing his U.S. citizenship in 1948. Being "a citizen of the world" isn't all tea and skittles, he discovered, since virtually every nation on the globe demands that all citizens and visitors carry various official identification papers and jails anyone who's remiss. Virtually the only country that doesn't do so in fact is the United States, so thither Davis finally returned last year. How



"world citizenship" that happens to be run by Davis himself. Washington, D.C. U.S. district judge Thomas Flannery nixed Davis's request to stay in the country. Flannery did point out that friends or relatives of world citizens can apply on their behalf for visas permitting them to stay as aliens without permanent residence.

### Banned in Bloemfontein

"In a curious way I like being banned in South Africa," concedes American novelist William Styron, "because I think it's a country of enormous repressiveness. I admit to feeling some satisfaction in joining Joseph Heller, Nadine Gordimer and many other distinguished writers who have been similarly excluded from South Africa." Styron's best-selling *Sophie's Choice* (Random House), a rather spicy item about a Polish survivor of Auschwitz and her New York Jewish lover, was nixed last year by Pretoria censors, probably on grounds of obscenity. Random House chairman and president Robert Bernstein is appealing the ban to the Publication Appeal Board in Johannesburg, but the Boer bureaucracy is exceedingly down on anything they consider smut.

### Who Feed in the Perrier?

Bottled-water drinkers should be aware that one of France's prime freshwater fountains, the Fontaine spring located 150 feet below Fontaine bleau, has been shown to contain feces spawed streptococci, colibacilli and sufficient nitrate content to cause blood disorders in children. Health officers in the Yvelines district outside of Paris have ordered the destruction of all table water from Fontaine, which is distributed by the Perrier cartel, the Perrier lab at Montigny-le-Bretonneux is currently undergoing daily checks for pollutants. Perrier, however, contested the health department's move saying they found the water to contain only light pollution with no danger to consumers.



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## Hooked on Horses

(continued from page 62)

football games back home on television, and they have voices that are louder than a politician's advertising campaign car cruising through a quiet neighborhood during election time. "DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT LEAD FILLY ANGEL! LET HER RUN HERSELF RIGHT INTO THE GROUND! SHE'S GOT ER TONGUE HANGING OUT OF HER MOUTH. BOY! SHE'S ALL TIRED OUT!"

You can just barely hear the track announcer over all this. "THEY'RE COMING OUT OF THE TURN FOR HOME AND IT'S STILL KANSAS CITY KITTY FOLLOWED HALF A LENGTH BACK BY DIMESTORE ROMEO WITH HOG HEAVEN NOW FADING AND RAGTIME COWBOY JOE BEGINNING TO MOVE ALONG THE OUTSIDE THREE LENGTHS BACK FURTHER BACK IT'S..." Down the homestretch drive, the crowd is on its feet and roaring. The numbers of the four horses in front are suddenly taken off the tote board as per custom, forcing everybody to jump up and see for themselves what the hell's going on. Kansas City Kitty still has the lead, but is beginning to tire ("SHE'S BACKING UP ANGEL!" yells the sports fan) with Dimestore Romeo galloping steadily along and Ragtime Cowboy Joe turning on the speed, steadily narrowing the gap until the three horses are running abreast. Then Kansas City Kitty decides to take a raincheck and backs off and it's just Dimestore Romeo and Ragtime Cowboy Joe.

Now the crowd has started a rhythmic chant for their favorite, Ragtime Cowboy Joe—"NINE! NINE! NINE! NINE! NINE!"—but Dimestore Romeo hangs on right there, and, with a sixteenth of a mile to go, they're locked stride for stride. Then Ragtime Cowboy Joe pulls a head in front and the crowd goes nuts, as if their chanting and combined psychic power moved him up a space. They're roaring, screaming, yelling, cheering, clapping and kicking the metal shell of the grandstand till the whole place echoes like the inside of a steel drum during carnival time in Rio.

NO, RUBIN BABY! DON'T QUIT YET, SWEET HEART! HANG ON, BABY! JUST A LIT MORE, RUBIN! GIVE 'EM THE STICK, RUBIN BABY! THE STICK! HIT 'EM WITH YOUR RHYTHM STICK!" Rubin leans forward in his saddle and back hands Dimestore Romeo with his whip in rhythm to the big colt's strides three times on the rump. And then a magic thing happens, something you seldom see in racing. Dimestore Romeo comes back after being passed with one last surge of speed and under the wire it's... who can tell? "THE JUDGES WILL VIEW THE OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH BEFORE DECLARING A WINNER!" says the track announcer, punctuated by a dull roar from the crowd, one of anticlimax, that ends in a question mark.

After more than five minutes ("They could've painted a goddamn oil painting of

it in that time," says Toothpick Tony) the results are official. The winner is Dimestore Romeo. A wall of dismay, with isolated shrieks, goes up from the crowd. Tony hurls \$30 of worthless win tickets into the air, cursing. "Should've played the fuckin' horse to place!" And the lady behind me squeals, "OH HARRUBINI! I LLOVE YOU!" as she goes running off to the cashier's window.

Toothpick Tony is outraged. "I got beat by a donkey! A goddamn donkey from Atlantic City wakes up and decides he's goddamn Secretariat in the stretch! Doesn't figure. Must be hopped up on dope. That's it! IT'S A FIX! FIX! FIX! FIX!" he bawls.

**F**ixes. They do happen. Have happened since the beginning of the sport in ancient Egypt. Your chances of witnessing a fix at a big racetrack are a real long shot—way over 100 to 1. But at the smaller bullrings, the odds are cut considerably. Of New England's mob-controlled Ice Cream Tracks (called that either because "ice cream" is Yankee slang for how easy it is to fix a race or because the track sold more ice cream than pari-mutuel tickets) Vincent Teresa, the only high-ranking mob figure ever to inform against the Mafia, said: "The trouble was, you never knew how many fixes were in. That's how bad things had got in New England. In one race, there might be three different fixes by three different wiseguys." Since then, all of New England's thoroughbred racing tracks have closed except the old Suffolk Downs in Boston and its sister summer track in New Hampshire, Rockingham Park.

The three most common ways to fix a race are using a ringer (the old switcheroo), drugging the horses or bribing track personnel—usually the jockey and owner-trainer. Often, the ringer case also requires paying off the man in the spit box—the racing official who checks the identity tattoos inside the horses' mouths before the race to make sure they're who they're supposed to be (and sometimes tests the saliva of suspect winners after a race for presence of drugs). The most famous ringer scandal occurred just a few years ago at beautiful Belmont Park in New York. In an equestrian version of *The Prince and the Pauper*, a classy South American stakes winner named Cinzano was switched for a plug named Lebón, and nobody knew the difference except for some guy who walked out of the track with \$77,000 in a brown paper bag. "Lebón" won at 57 to 1 odds, making for a \$29,855 ninth-race triple that day! Referred to as "the sting," it was such a successful scam nobody's quite sure how it happened.

Drugs have always been a popular standby when it comes to doctoring races. In the old days, no racetrack was without some unscrupulous horse doctor who hung out back of the shed-row stalls and carried every kind of upper and downer known to man and horse in his black medicine bag. But using drugs has been found to be gen-



erally less than certain and sometimes not too subtle. A horse can get so screwed up on smack he won't ever hear the bell go off in the starting gate. Stimulants can make a cart horse think he's Spectacular Bid till he snaps a leg like a toothpick going into the turn for home and has to be destroyed on the infield and carted across the finish line on the back of a garbage truck headed for the dog-food factory.

The greatest race fixer of all time is Anthony Ciulla, recently apprehended by the FBI and the Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau (TRPB). "Big Tony" (six foot three, 320 pounds) fixed hundreds of races at 39 tracks across the country. He did it for a living. He did it for fun. He did it because he loved cashing exacta and trifecta tickets.

Ciulla experimented with drugs on horses, finding them not particularly effective for making a horse win, but certainly useful in assuring the horse lost. He also got jockeys to use batteries (also called joints) to wake horses up. But Anthony found that the most effective way to stage a banana race was to buy off the jockeys, which he did, either with money or cocaine or both.

Anthony Ciulla makes a good courtroom show. He's been as successful getting indictments that stick as he was at bagging races: so far, seven indictments in New Jersey, eight in Michigan, six in Pennsylvania and seven in Massachusetts. Courtrooms in New York, Illinois, Florida, Maryland and Delaware also wanna talk to the boy. Ciulla worked out a deal with the FBI. In return for knocking about 210 years off his sentence and giving him a new identity, he'd talk. So he's naming names, going after individuals he claims are "the big guys who train horses that Latin American drug dealers secretly own."

Ciulla has a great Runyonesque sense of racetrack humor. His idea of a practical joke was to bribe all the jockeys in a ten-horse race to stiff their mounts. Then he'd sit back and watch as the horses came walking around the turn for home, riders hopped the walls, horses shifted into reverse to pass and backed up, and jockeys fell off their horses, all trying to lose!

Ciulla's greatest racetrack scam involved buying a horse named Spread the Word from a New York trainer buddy of his, Johnny Campo, for \$26,000. The gelding was worth it. Spread the Word had proved himself with the tough Aqueduct and Belmont competition. Ciulla's plan was to reduce the apparent value of the horse until he was racing against the cheap plugs and cart horses they race around the tracks he grew up around like Suffolk Downs, where some of the trackrats can outrun the horses down the homestretch to the wire.

He started by faking a receipt that showed he paid only \$15,000 for the horse. Then, he raced him at tracks in New En-

gland, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, always instructing the riders to stiff the horse. After half a year of racing, Spread the Word's past performance record in the bible was reading something like "18 lengths back, no factor," "simply outrun," and "eased." On paper, and for all appearances, the horse had fallen into equestrian skid row. Only a lunched-out hunch player would play the old nag off the sheets. In truth, Ciulla continued to work the horse out on a private training track in North Reading, Massachusetts, a half mile away from the eyes of nosy track clockers. The gelding from the Big A was as sound as ever.

When Ciulla was ready to spring the trap, he entered Spread the Word against \$3,000 plugs at Garden State Racetrack. Now, racing a \$26,000 horse against \$3,000 ones is like racing a Ferrari against a wheelbarrow, but Anthony wasn't taking any chances. Of the six other horses competing, he paid off the jockeys on three to stiff their mounts. Then he proceeded to bet till his thumbs were numb. He got on the phone and bet till there were blisters on his fingers, telling one Las Vegas bookie, "Start at noon and bet me as much money as you can across the board with any bookies around the country not tied in with the New England mob guys." Stinging the New England mob guys, Anthony had found out at 23, was strictly a no-no if you wanted to keep your good looks, money and life. Ciulla claims he only got \$30,000 across with his Las Vegas connections, saying they must've known he only played fixed races and "bet mostly for themselves and claimed they could only get me down for a ham sandwich."

But Ciulla had his own runners at trackside at Garden State in New Jersey. To avoid suspicion, he chose a dozen fresh faces from the halls of Aqueduct and Philadelphia, all instructed to bet till their eyes fell out. The results were worth all the wait and trouble. Spread the Word lay back and languidly galloped behind the three "live" horses after the stiffed ones fell out. Then, at the three-eighths pole, the jockey aboard Spread the Word tooted his horn for the outside passing lane and scooted on by, winning by an easy but unsuspicious length and a half. Ciulla's profits for the race totaled more than \$500,000.

"So who says crime doesn't pay," says Toothpick Tony, looking over his Racing Form. "And after all the courtroom gab, there'll be a novel or an autobiography, you can bet your breakfast money on it!" It's the first thing he's been right about all day, but I wouldn't bet on it. There's the long shot that the big man could get himself... fixed.

"But hey, gotta git," says Toothpick Tony, elbowing his way through the railbirds. "Five minutes till post. Don't wanna get shut out." He trots off to the \$2 ticket window, a walking, talking, living testament to the old jummy the Greek proverb, "The next best thing to playing and winning is playing and losing." □

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## Interview: George Clinton

(continued from page 41)

see a return of the '60s, the rock 'n' roll superstars and rock 'n' roll funk stars, no more Jimi Hendrix, Beatles, Led Zeppelin. It's totally against this now, that superstar personality. Rollerball is a reality now. So a relationship better be forged between rock stars, rhythm-and-blues stars, 'cause they want mechanical stars so they can tell 'em to stop when they want. If you get too popular they set you down or tell you to quit. That's not gonna happen with the funk.

I say I'll get out and I'll make the funk more powerful. The group will still be alive — Funkadelic and Bootsy and the Brides — and I'll be able to put more energy into it. The band will be on the road much more. They'd rather work all the time. They hate to be off. Now they have to wait for me to rest or to be ready to go. So I'm doing this last one. But I don't come out until about the fourth song and by then the group done killed 'em. They still be happy to see me. But it's established that these mothers are just playin' and they can handle their own shit. But I got no choice. I know if I did this another year the records would catch hell, I'd be a tired ass, and it won't work either. So it's a lucky thing. And if I need some rock 'n' roll star vibe, I'll just put on my shit and go out to the airport and pinch myself. Or I'll go visit whoever's in town and jump on the stage with 'em. I ain't saying I'll never be on the stage again. But I'll be in the studio and then I'll be able to aim a lot of funk at 'em.

**High Times:** They say imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

**Clinton:** Unless they fuck it up. Naw, it's cool. If they got any funk in them, I'm grateful. Shut.

**High Times:** What do you think about Mutiny on the Mamashup? [A brilliant funk concept album by former P-Funk drummer Jerome Brailey, an unauthorized departure from the concepts of P-Funk—Ed.]

**Clinton:** Slander with a backbeat. Naw, it's cool. Any form of funk is cool. As a matter of fact I like it. 'Cause that makes people rap. It's the same vibe we use on Let's Take It to the Stage. I think it could have been a better record.

Jerome—and that little horn player—he can really do good stuff. Once they get the P-Funk thing out of their head—they'll still be mutinies and stolen treasure chests and everything else—but I think we should get together on it. It's really hard to separate those fans. The funk is just comin' of age itself. To have it torn down from within... People have to know we're playin' with each other. We did it on Let's Take It to the Stage: Tuff, Hot Air and No Fire, Fool and the Gang, James Clown. On the new album there's Slick James, Donna Bummers, Mick Jagoff. Whoever's hot, we take a poke at 'em. It's on the fun side, but if they



want to wear us out back they have to meet us on the stage

**High Times:** Sometimes you'd think there's something to it.

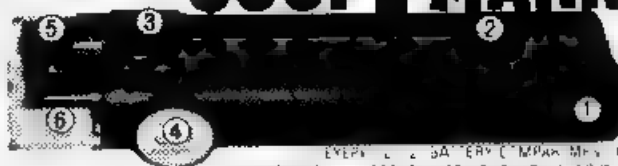
**Clinton:** Yeah, I know It's meant to lead you to think there's something to it, but in the final analysis, we would not refuse to be on stage with anybody and we would not apologize if anybody took offense to it. People have got to know that we're goofy anyway. We started with Let's Take It to the Stage. We were serious in the beginning, till I realized there was no sense in being mad with 'em.

We were serious with Earth, Wind and Fire, of all people. We went to a gig and they wouldn't let us play. We was hungry as hell and when they found out it was us on the show, they said they didn't have that kind of stuff on their show and they wouldn't let us play. We had drove about seven hundred miles and were hungry, so I think I did have a little attitude. After I had something to eat I could see where they were coming from, so I wasn't really mad, but I kept the feud as a way of poking fun. And then I started poking fun at everybody. Then I started poking fun at the business. 'Cause it was about who's the star of the show, who would pull the plug on who, who would turn the sound down on who. There was so much of this going down. The sound companies always ask the headliner, "Do you want us to keep the power down on the first two acts?" We realized this is a regular thing. They do this shit to each other. So we did "Let's Take It to the Stage." Believe it or not it quieted down. You don't hear too much of that no more—pulling the plug, having power surges on each other. I think we brought that one down front, the out and out joke of it. And then the thing about playing with each other. That's why we had Boots and the Brides, 'cause we couldn't get nobody to play on a show with us and we couldn't be on nobody else's show. But now it's the easiest thing in the world to be on anybody's show and they can be on ours.

**High Times:** I didn't realize that you were so controversial that nobody would tour with you.

**Clinton:** We wasn't that big. We was just breaking into it. The first one to take us around the country was Chaka [Khan]. We went on tour with her two or three times in a row, and that was really cool. But some of the other tours we went on... We was on tour and I won't mention the two groups' names but they used to pull guns on each other every night. That was really sick, having people turn the power down on you. They'd come on with little Fenders and the shit would sound big as hell, and we'd come on with more equipment than anybody and you couldn't hear anything. So it was about making friends with everybody, not letting nobody be mad at you, and if you wanted to be mad at them, it was about not letting that take place. And I think we mastered that pretty good, 'cause there ain't hardly nobody that don't like working with us. ■

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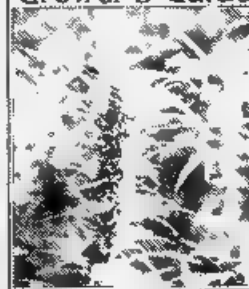
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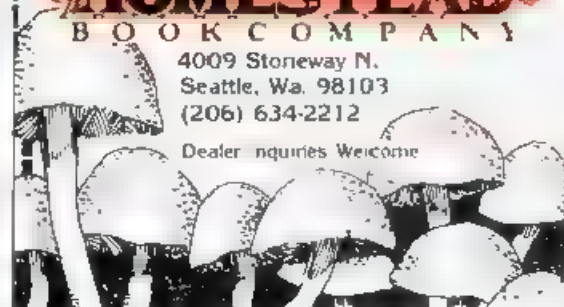
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# Health

## NEW EVIDENCE THAT FOOD DYES BLOW KIDS' MINDS

TORONTO—It has long been suspected that common food additives play a large role in the development of chronic emotional dysfunctions in children. Now researchers at the Hospital for Sick Children here have determined that the much-used food dye erythrosin B (FD&C red no. 3, which gives maraschino cherries their bright hue) has an unmistakable effect on consciousness-altering brain hormones, at least in isolated rat-brain tissue.



Neurologists William Logan and James Swanson pulped up whole brains from albino rats and injected radioactively labeled nerve-transmission hormones and food dyes into them. The tissue was then centrifuged and checked to see how much of the injected hormones had been absorbed. It was found that all seven commercial food dyes tested (blue nos. 1 and 2, red nos. 2, 3 and 4, and yellow nos. 5 and 6) significantly interfered with the absorption of neurotransmitter hormones into the brain tissue. Other identical tissue preparations with no added food dyes absorbed from 36 to 70 percent more hormones.

It can be reasonably speculated, then, that these food dyes may actually have a subtle mood-altering effect like Ritalin or imipramine—drugs that alter behavior by altering levels of neurotransmitter hormones in brain tissue. Erythrosin B was found particularly to inhibit the absorption of the hormone dopamine into the brain tissue; abnormal brain levels of dopamine are implicated in a broad variety of grave mental disorders, including schizophrenia, Huntington's chorea and amphetamine-

induced toxic psychosis.

Precisely how erythrosin B or any of the other dyes may alter people's perceptions and behavior is still unknown: Future studies will have to be undertaken to determine whether it raises or lowers the brain levels of dopamine, to see what precise behavior changes it causes. The paramount concern is that growing children, and perhaps even fetuses, may develop serious neurochemical brain dysfunctions from continuous exposure to these food additives.

Drs. Logan and Swanson point out, however, that their lab observations should not be misconstrued as necessarily applying to how these chemicals are normally ingested by humans. Lab animals fed large doses of these dyes, they say, "tolerate" them well: "Much of the dye is apparently excreted unchanged in the feces," so their action in the human brain is probably nowhere near as drastic as that observed in homogenized rat-brain tissues.

Still, since these dyes are added nowadays to nearly everything people eat—and for purely cosmetic, not dietary, reasons—there's simply no way to tell how much of them is in your brain at any given time.

## L-TRYPTOPHAN MAY REDUCE AGGRESSIVENESS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—In the very first study of its kind, doctors at Bethesda Naval Hospital did a direct brain scan of particularly violent psychiatric-ward inmates and found that they all had one thing in common: lowered brain levels of the hormone serotonin and raised levels of the neural transmitter hormone norepinephrine. The study involved 26 male patients, all under observation for "a variety of troublesome activities" ranging from mild infractions of discipline to chronic temper outbursts and assaults. It was found that the diminished serotonin (5-HT) and elevated norepinephrine had a direct correlation with the amount of aggressive, hostile behavior exhibited by each patient.

In the past, 5-HT has been shown to reduce aggression and promote sleep when administered directly or through the common health-food dietary supplement L-tryptophan, which metabolizes directly in the brain to 5-HT. L-tryptophan, in fact, though not a "drug"—it's available in health-food stores everywhere—is currently being employed in some medical centers as a mild antidepressant and in the treatment of insomnia. □

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## MEET ME IN KARACHI

I read the news today. Oh boy, what a headline: ALL OUT PUSH BY RUSSIANS: RED ARMY 25 MILES FROM PAKISTAN. God knows where the bastards will be by the time you read this. The *New York Post* is trumpeting the end of the world. The '80s are coming in with a boom. And on *Sabotage Live* (Spy Records SP 004) John Cale wants to march on Russia!

Let's go, let's go, let's go to Moscow  
Find the back door to the Kremlin  
Push it down and walk on in  
And say, 'how dee ya dee do da  
How dee ya dee do da  
Must go, must go, must go to Moscow.

Cale's humor is beyond black, it's bleak. In the 15 years since he was a prime force in the Velvet Underground, Cale has gone beyond nihilism, beyond angst, all the way to nada.

*Sabotage* is haunted by dark visions: a self-pitying Captain Hook yearning for his lost command and life; Dr. Mudd, a strange black eagle, always circling, waiting for the right time to shit nuclear death on us; Sherlock Holmes and Jesse James snorting cocaine on their way back from mercenary service in Angola. Even Cale's cover of "Walkin' the Dog" is ominous, drenched in heroin.

The image that runs through *Sabotage* is war. The war that's just around the corner. The everyday war that turns us into mercenaries and victims. And the war Cale has declared on the hope that keeps people safe and sane.

Rock 'n' roll has always been a war zone. The casualty list makes you want to weep: Jimi Hendrix, Lowell George, the Cincinnati 11. Cale's been in the trenches as long as anyone. In *Sabotage* he's striking back. Like his Welsh countryman Dylan Thomas, he rages against the dying of the light.

The album was recorded live at CBGB's. So there's nothing, not even a big room, between you and Cale's projection of passion, torment and rage. It's completely free from the veil the music biz uses to soften excess and smooth over rough surfaces. Consequently, the performance is profound. Cale actually seems to reenact the creative tensions that generated the songs. His emotional range is extraordinary.

Conceptually the music is simple but sophisticated. I've never met anyone else at CBGB's who's classically trained and has worked with John Cage and other major figures of the avant-garde. Cale knows what to do with chords and what not to do with them. No matter how hard his music



**John Cale's humor is beyond black. In the 15 years since he was a prime force in the Velvet Underground, Cale has gone beyond nihilism, beyond angst, all the way to nada.**

rocks and writhes you can always hear unusual melodic structures. Cale can actually use atonality and dissonance to express feeling precisely. On this session, the musicians basically do their job. The guitar effectively highlights Cale's screaming emotionalism but the bass seems to be missing in action as a rhythm instrument, which makes the mix especially harsh.

Cale's strongest showing as a talent scout is the winsome backup singer Deerfrance. With a childlike modal voice, she plays much the same role here as Nico did for the Velvets. They even look alike. She does eerie support vocals and takes a wonderfully vulnerable lead on "Only Time Will Tell."

The band is good enough to give depth to Cale's expression. On the title cut, for example, the guitar and bass are used spasmodically as percussion instruments. Their attacks are varied and their interaction seems almost but not quite random. As a result, the structure seems tenuous and intermittent. The music and the meaning are the same. "Sabotage" for Cale is an attack on structure, on culture as we know it. In

his words, "Whatever you read in the books, leave it there/The word for that is sabotage."

*Sabotage* is deeply pessimistic but also surprisingly religious. It's much more satisfying than apocalyptic Sunday-school claptrap like Dylan's *Slow Train Coming*. Cale has glimpsed the end (maybe) but hasn't folded his tents and rolled over. There's passion and humanity here. His perception of the ultimate death creates great vitality. When the big meltdown comes and the offspring of Stalin get to Karachi, I'll play this record. There's a sort of Welsh lullaby, "Chorale," that ends *Sabotage*. It feels just right for the worst times.

Hold me down, hold me down, hold  
me down  
To the light in your room, hold me down  
Where the windows are broken around  
And all the ingénue living is done  
And the code of living  
And the code of the dead  
Hand in hand from the beginning to  
the end.

—Jake Poobah



# Resurrection of a Ladies' Man

Old Attar, the Persian drunkard, tells this one: A lover knocked at the door of his beloved. "Who is it?" "It is I." "Go away. This house will not hold you and I." The rejected lover retreated into the wilderness. For a long time he prayed and meditated on the beloved's words. Finally he returned and knocked at the door again. "Who is it?" "It is you." Immediately the door opened.

Okay, *Recent Songs* (Columbia JC 36264) should be Cohen's biggest LP, sure to go silver if not gold. Just like Dylan, who seems to have finally succumbed to the temptation to be king for a day (remember his lines in *Renaldo and Clara*: "What does God look like? Does he have a beard? Does he play guitar?"), Cohen comes to us now draped in mourning. You think he's a prophet of pain—okay, send for the gypsy violin. Too hot-blooded for the passionless '70s? Add some '80s oud. And top it off with some funeral tones from Garth Hudson, the master of the Yamaha.

Cohen's last collaboration, *Death of a Ladies' Man*, with the mono-maniacal Phil Spector, was a masterful period piece, a slice of '50s pie, when we all went home with our hard-ons. Unfortunately, the album sold about nine copies and Cohen had to hustle for months to find an American label for his old-world sensibilities.



**Leonard Cohen comes to us  
now draped in mourning.  
You think he's a prophet  
of pain—okay, send for  
the gypsy violin.**

*Recent Songs* is the resurrection of a ladies' man, the latest issue from the fertile wandering Canadian. More scenes from the silver mine, more scrapings from the crucible of passion, more dispatches from the frothy front, new songs for the old

ceremony. And Cohen's brilliance and vision shine through, as does his uncelebrated wit. A master of the self-parody, who else could have written

And you say you've been humbled in love  
cut down in your love  
Forced to kneel in the mud next to me  
Ah but why so bitterly turn from  
the one  
Who kneels there as deeply as thee

and delivered it as sprightly chorus, complete with Negro-locker-room doo-wop backup vocals? Throughout the album the production (aided by Henry Lewey, Joni Mitchell's right-hand man) and playing are superb and Cohen croons to new heights.

So what happens when that door opens? Thought you'd never ask. Well, the way Cohen sees it:

All at once the torches flare  
The inner door flies open  
One by one they enter there in every style  
of passion  
And here they take their sweet repeat  
While house and grounds dissolve  
And one by one the guests are cast  
beyond the garden walls

But you'd thought it be a happy ending,  
eh?  
—Larry Sloman

(continued)



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A bluesy Bonnie Raitt



James and Carly: The new Steve and Eydie?



Ban the Nukes—but Save the Limo. The No Nukes Gang a group shot. Notables include Jackson Browne, Nicolson, Crosby, Stills and Nash and John Hall in polemical. But if plutonium is forever, why is everyone smiling?

Hey kids! Jackson Browne wants you! Once again you can relive the heady days of social protest in an atmosphere of utter boredom and self-righteousness. If you've been troubled by inflation, depression, rising food and rent prices, no jobs and the end of the world as we know it, just light a joint, sit back and relax. Graham Nash has the answer to all your problems. No Nukes is the greatest thing since snake oil—it revives sagging careers, provides an airtight political platform for windbags to declaim from, gives a little election-year boost to California wonder boy Jerry Brown and, not accidentally, distracts a whole generation of kids from the real political and economic dilemma they're faced with.

The politics of No Nukes are the politics of privilege. These musicians keep talking about how their children's children's children are threatened, a concern that fits the kind of master-race smugness that characterizes the upper-class sensibilities of this event's purveyors. Is this a more important issue than the fund raisers for the starving in Bangladesh, or the recent bene-

fit for Cambodian refugees in Britain? They're threatened with immediate extinction. Of course not. Yet these performers, whose medium is for the most part a whining lament against the oppression of modern society, find No Nukes a convenient rallying point. It's a measure of their pathetic self-righteousness that they don't even realize how stupid they appear.

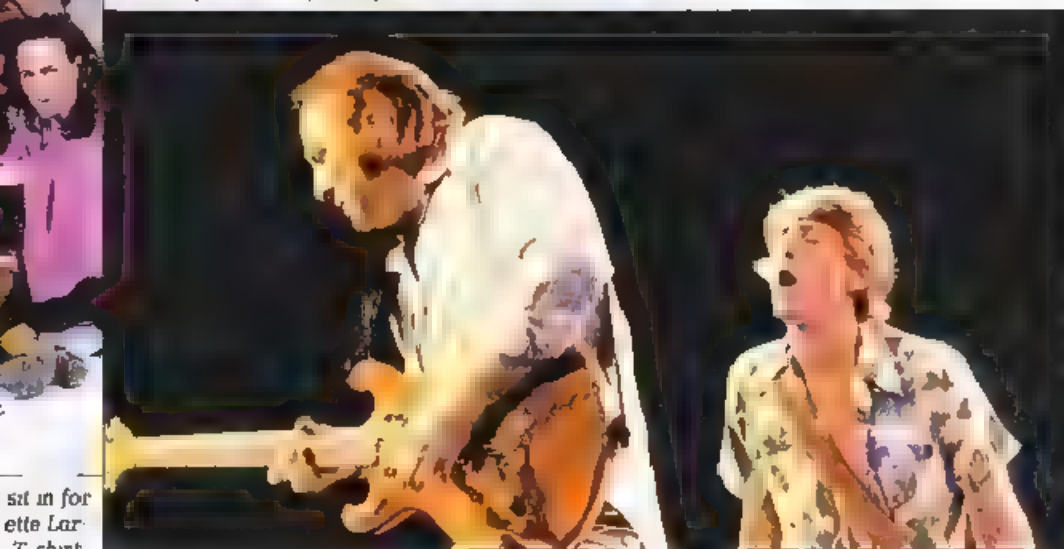
Of course, this may be too kind a view. The three-record MUSE (Musicians United for Safe Energy) set, *No Nukes* (Asylum ML-801), is so colossally boring you have to wonder if this isn't just a career extension for washed-up folkies. Crosby, Stills and Nash began their careers at Woodstock and this reunion was apparently meant to evoke such memories, but it looks more like the end of the road for these croaking turkeys, who bore us to tears for almost a full side of the record. We get a washed-through version of "The Times Are A Changin'," with Nash posing with James and Carly, the Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme of rock, some very tepid Doobie Brothers, two excruciatingly banal pole-



# SPRINGSTEEN!



Bruce Springsteen joins up with the left coast crowd



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Stills and Nash: Only nuclear and/or career extinction could get them together again.

mics from John and Johanna Hall (one called "Plutonium Is Forever") and even Jesse Colin Young singing "Get Together."

The myth here is that these musicians are marshaling the aesthetic power of rock 'n' roll in service of a great social cause around which to rally a generation. But none of these people seem to have any connection with rock—aging and bitter, their strident attempts at protest have nothing to do with rock's liberating power or mass consciousness. In the process of putting on this event they've actually set the cause of music back by turning it into a sideshow for the political center stage, diffusing the immense power rock has for creating an atmosphere of change on its own terms. I keep getting the uncomfortable feeling that what we're seeing here are the Ronald Reagans of the future.

I'm certainly not trying to advocate the use of nuclear power, but I do resent has-beens trying to make themselves look relevant by hiding behind an issue that they figure gives them the moral authority to

place them above reproach. They've covered their asses somewhat by recruiting several black acts (nuclear power is not an especially big ghetto issue) and a confused-sounding Bruce Springsteen, but there's no mistaking what the real thrust of this deal is. The proceeds are said by the MUSE press release to be earmarked for "organizational support"—very thinly disguised election-year politicking. Most of the musicians involved in this project are supporters of Jerry Brown, a candidate all too willing to provide a little antinuke lip service in exchange for the grass-roots political organization being assembled with the proceeds from this record. Brown obviously hopes to make use of this little perk the same way Carter mobilized Southern rockers to help raise funds for his '76 campaign, except that this is more devious. While No Nukes is a perfectly reasonable cause for which to raise money (so, by the way, is the Jerry Lewis telethon), you have to wonder about the kind of urgency surrounding the whole thing. After all, it is an election year.

—John Swenson ☐

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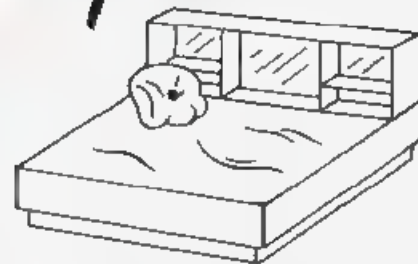
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## IT'S A WEIRD, WEIRD, WEIRD, WEIRD WORLD

**PHENOMENA: A Book of Wonders**, by John Michell and Robert J.M. Rickard (New York: Pantheon Books, \$5.95).

Contemporary scientific method is a mother. It has the disturbing habit of disregarding its own rules of objectivity, especially when it runs into inexplicable events like UFOs, spontaneous human combustion, rains of frogs or visitations of the Blessed Virgin Mary (BVMs for short). It's easier to chalk up another encounter of the first or second kind to an injudicious mixture of alcohol and swamp gas than to openly and clearly attempt to see it for what it is. Hell, any explanation will do just to get rid of those damned things.

Charles Fort (1874-1932), an American newspaperman and archivist, was fascinated by strange events too, but unlike those slaves to scientific method, he allowed the weirdness to stand on its own, letting pathologies develop as they may, sans criticism, sans regret. He published four books in the early 20th century, *Book of the Damned*, *Lo!*, *New Lands* and *Wild Talents*, airing his speculations to a delighted public and an astonished establishment. In many ways, it was Fort's dispassionately wry skepticism that enraged science while influencing a whole younger generation of researchers. Such speculations grew in the psychedelic haze of the latter '60s.

Which brings us to *Phenomena. A Book of Wonders* by John Michell and J.M. Rickard, two formidable Fortean minds. (The Fortean Times, Rickard's English journal, is in the forefront of new research.) These two gentlemen have collected the old items and folded in new, up-to-date material of a Fortean nature. Like their mentor, their overall purpose is to develop an inclusive cosmology of events based on total observation. Dispassionate and unbiased, they are concerned with the miraculous—not as science would like to have it, but as things are in nature.

For instance, let's say that over a period of a few hundred years a particular geographical region has reported numerous sightings of unidentified lights. Science would first explain away the most recent events with some technological sleight of hand while discrediting the observers. Fortean would try to correlate the frequency of the sightings with the place itself and then attempt to connect it to other places of similar geography. One investigation proceeds from inherent fear of the unknown, the other welcomes the unknown

In *Phenomena* we plunge into a world of showers of frogs and fishes, strange disappearances, materializations and flights of objects, fairies, stigmata, stones that move and grow by themselves, levitation, werewolves, the hollow earth and other psychic treats.

*Phenomena: A Book of Wonders* is entertaining as well as thought-provoking. To

the scientific method, it offers the developing science of neophenomenalism. It is a science with nothing to prove, no faiths, no pet theories or taboos to overcome. Its main concern is to understand the universe by directly examining the evidence that it chooses to offer.

Readers, hold on to your heads.

—David Walley

**In *Phenomena* we plunge into a world of showers of frogs, strange disappearances, fairies, stigmata, stones that move a hollow earth and other psychic treats.**





# CELESTIAL PALATES



**ALIEN LANDSCAPES**, edited by Robert Holdstock and Malcolm Edwards (New York: Mayflower Books, \$16.95 cloth, \$9.95 paper).

Since the time of Homer, the classic formula for adventure fiction has been to pit recognizable people against unknown, inhospitable environments and bizarre, often dangerous, creatures. The confrontation—whether it be between the wily Odysseus and the Cyclops, Gulliver and the Lilliputians or Joseph Conrad's seedy adventures and the heart of darkness—has an almost universal appeal. Until the turn of the century, our globe was still unknown enough to provide ample settings for adventure tales. But as the last of the earth's own

frontiers were charted, the globe lost its mystery. Writers turned toward the stars.

Science-fiction writers, for the most part, have retained the classic adventure formula: Their characters struggle to survive in strange environments, inhabited by even stranger creatures. In *Alien Landscapes*, editors Holdstock and Edwards have commissioned 11 of today's top science-fiction illustrators to depict some of the most memorable places and beings in the contemporary SF universe. The reader travels from Arthur C. Clarke's *Rama*, the colossal spaceship that buzzed our solar system in A.D. 2130, inhabited by giant crablike "biots" housing thousands of random holograms of a lost culture in its Temple of Glass, to Arrakis, the desert

planet from Frank Herbert's *Dune*, to Trantor, from Isaac Asimov's *Foundation Trilogy*, a single enormous planet-wide city, jewel of the Federation of Man and the administrative center of 25 million populated worlds. Other distant realms include Larry Niven's *Ringworld*, James Blisch's *Okie cities* and Anne McCaffrey's *Pern*. The illustrations are consistently gorgeous, featuring work by Jim Burns, Roger and Linda Garland, Tony Roberts, Colin Hay, Stuart Hughes, Les Edwards and others who have lifted science-fiction art out of the pulp category. The editors have provided background material on the different worlds but the paintings easily stand alone.

—Jeff Goldberg

(continued)

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**TEONANACATL: Hallucinogenic Mushrooms of North America**, edited by Jonathan Ott and Jeremy Bigwood (Seattle: Madrona Publishers, \$14.15 cloth, \$8.95 paper). The Aztecs ate their psilocy-



bins in a highly dramatic fashion that might be a little heavy for your average norteamericano mycophagist. They mixed them with honey, cacao beans and chili, which was undoubtedly intoxicating enough all by itself.

We who do our 'shrooms steeped in hot milk with salt, trying for that down-home tang of canned cream o' mushroom, might have considerably more trouble coping with the chili than with the psilocybin alkaloids.

But the Aztecs were Mexicans, after all, and they moreover enjoyed a continuous tradition of 'shroomery that predated 1500 B.C. Then Cortes came in 1519, and by 1914, there was a general academic consensus that there'd never been any magic mushrooms in Mexico. Even after R. Gordon Wasson tripped with the celebrated Oaxacan curandera (she-shaman) Maria Sabina in 1955, the establishment was decidedly suspicious as to whether the effects were pharmacologic or strictly hypnotic.

So interestingly enough, it was pure scientists, not shamans, who reintroduced holy teonanacatl to the community of human experience. Wasson tipped LSD's originator, Dr. Albert Hofmann of Sandoz, to psilocybin, and he used up nearly his whole 100-gram stash in fruitless animal experiments. Finally, Hofmann capitulated and did 33 'shrooms himself, a heroic curandero dose. Seven hours of exceptional Aztec imagery supervened: "When the doctor . . . bent over me he was transformed into an Aztec priest, and I would not have been astonished if he had drawn an obsidian knife."

That settled the question of whether the mushrooms were magic. Hofmann's essay here follows his enchanting trip script with various biochemical methods by which he extracted psilocybin from his 'shrooms and then synthesized it. In 1962 he and Wasson tripped on the synthetic with Maria Sabina, and she said it was just as good as the earth-borne. The issue was settled once and forever in 1970, when U.S. narcs put psilocybin on Schedule I with pot and smack.

Just gobbling them for the "high" has diminishing returns, though, since the high really isn't that powerful—it's more subtle than powerful, if you catch the distinction—and tolerance readily develops to it. It's strictly special-occasion dope, to promote introspection or enhance unique experiences. Reading this book, and then reflecting on the magic history of teonanacatl, would most splendidly prove one such special occasion. —Dean Labmer

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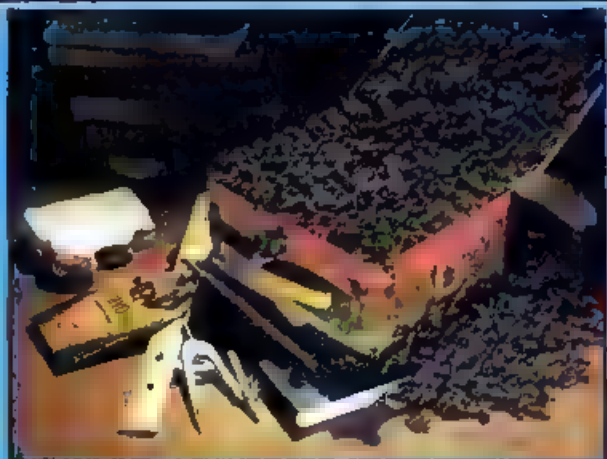
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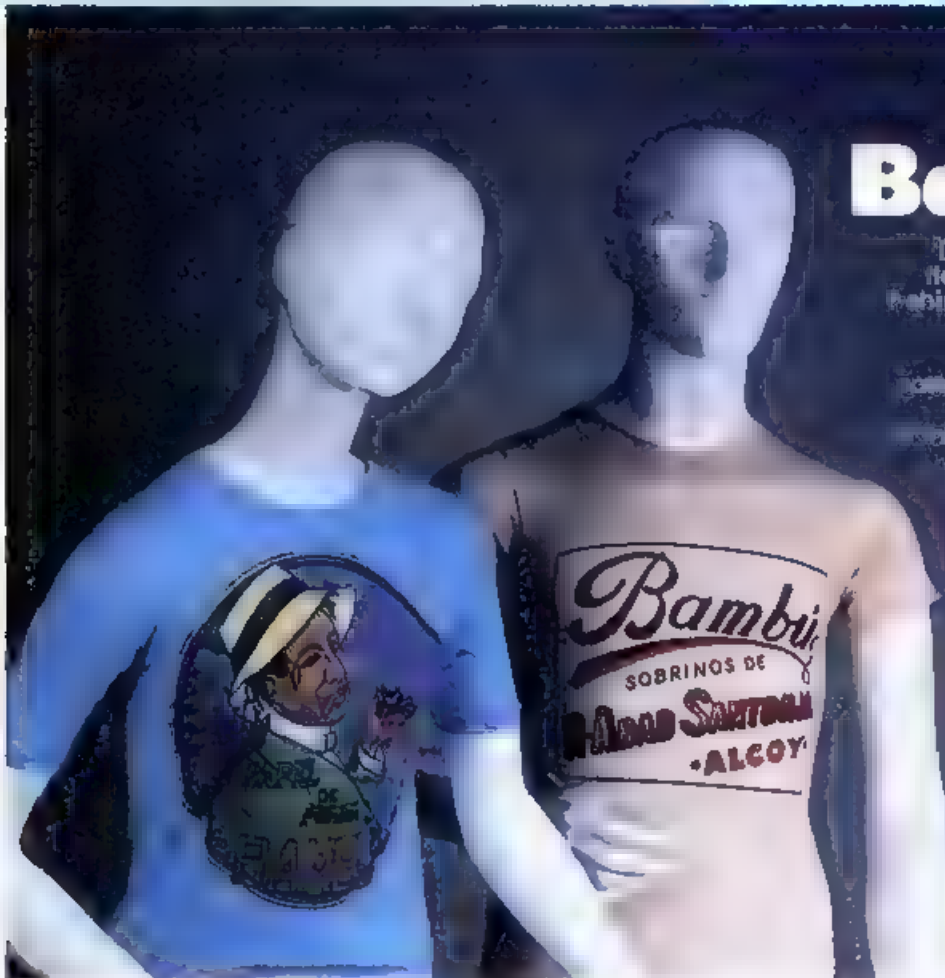


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Photos by Jack Abraham

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# Sideshow

## HIGH ARCHITECTURE

by John Robert Tebbel

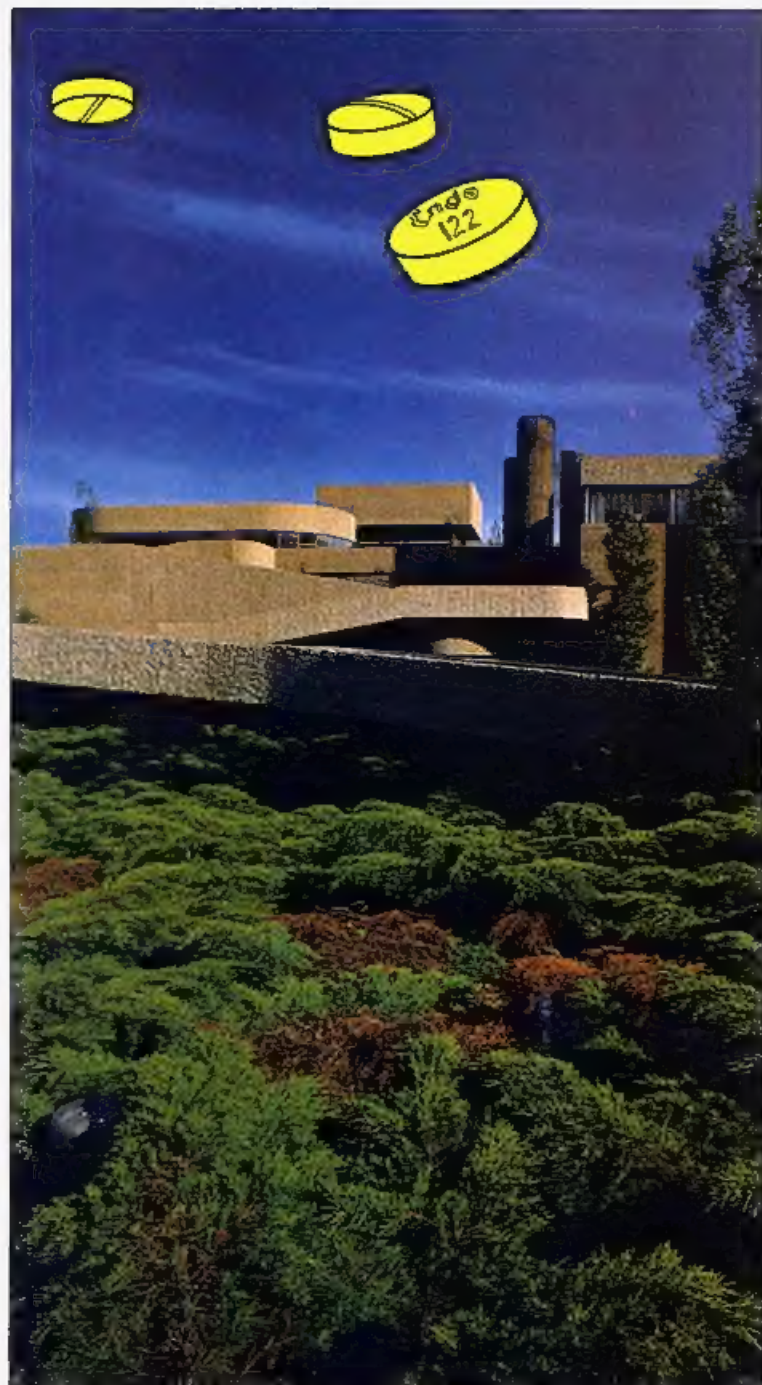


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Kindly critics call it a château; less kindly ones, a prison. For architect Paul Rudolph it is a formidable example of his "brutalist" style. But whatever you call it, the Endo building clearly keeps pace with the most mind-boggling advances in modern pharmacology. For those who work there, its revolutionary concept and line provide a constant counterpoint to the demanding, repetitious labors of the laboratory. To its larger audience—the unknown motorists who pass it daily—the building is a euphoric distraction from the highway's endless little white lines. ☐



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